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THE LITERATURE OF ROGUERY

BY

FRANK WADLEIGH CHANDLER

VOLUME II

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THE LITERATURE OF ROGUERY

BY

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Humani nihil a me alienum puto

IN TWO VOLUMES
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THE LITERATURE OF ROGUERY

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CHAPTER VII

THE PICARESQUE NOVEL IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

1. *Defoe*

THE eighteenth century, as the age of prose and observation, rather than of poetry and free imagination, fathered the modern novel. Even Richardson, who was laughed at by Fielding as an idealist, and who borrowed the letter-form from heroic romance, won success by his bourgeois realism, and owed a debt to the observational studies of the picaresque tale. Still more potent, of course, were such picaresque models in determining the fictions of the professed realists. Translations from the Spanish and the French continued to bear fruit, vying with native rogue elements long maturing. Though the day of direct borrowing was past, what was best in the picaresque manner and method only now became truly effective.

Fresh English renderings of the Spanish novels were not lacking. The "Garduña" was compressed from Davies's earlier version, and became "The Life of Donna Rosina" (*c.* 1700). Its inserted *novelas* were separately issued as "Three Ingenious Spanish Novels" (1712), and L'Estrange and Ozell made a fresh translation of the whole (1717, 1727). Cervantes's "Novelas" was Englished in part by Ozell (1709), and was redone by other hands in 1728 and 1729. Captain John Stevens issued "The Comical Works of Quevedo" (1707, 1709, 1742), and upon this was based the version of Pedro Pineda (1743). Stevens, too, in "The Spanish Libertines" (1707) presented to English readers "La Pícara Justina," "Celestina," and "Estevanillo Gonzalez;" and the "Celestina" and "Guzman" in 1708 came once more into English through the French. Even "Lazarillo," unwearied by its sixteenth and seventeenth century vogue, reappeared in 1708 and 1726, while Quevedo's "Visions" was read in versions of 1702, 1708, and 1715.

These facts sufficiently indicate that Defoe did not want for Spanish picaresque matter had he cared to utilize it. What distinguishes him and his followers from preceding makers of fiction is their refusal to be content with the story for the story's sake, independent of the conditions of actual life. Jests and *fabliaux*, the tricks of the Italian *novella* or the Spanish romance of roguery, count for little in the modern novel, and the first to turn his back upon them is Defoe. Where others had taken the romance of roguery's jests, and yet others were to appropriate its satire, Defoe was content to apply to native material its observational method.

His realistic temperament favored this. He wrote for the moment to be read by the many. When his work seems farthest removed from the present, as in the "Journal of the Plague Year," it is reportorial, and depends upon a current event, — the threatened pest of 1722. Contemporary interest partially induced his criminal pamphlets, "Crusoe," the tales of rogues and adventurers, his didactic treatises for servants, families, and tradesmen, his essays on projects and commerce, and even his dealings with the supernatural.

Writing the thing that the public would read at the instant, he did not care that for fact he must often substitute its semblance. Journalism was yet without adequate means for gathering data, and the imagination to supply spontaneously a host of missing details was a newspaper requisite. This was Defoe's special gift, and he used it so well that, although his elaborate "Tour Thro' the Whole Island of Great Britain" might be based upon seventeen journeys, it was hardly more circumstantial than the narrative of the great storm, penned while in prison. Small wonder, then, that his novels insist upon their veracity, and seek to attest it by accumulations of the unimportant.

But Defoe's realism as a factor in his success was variously supplemented in different works. In "Crusoe" the zest of adventure, the spectacle of ingenuity in distress, and of solitary man face to face with Nature proved as potent as the realism. "Captain Singleton" and "Captain Avery" made a similar if more limited appeal; and the rogue novels supply what these and "Crusoe" lack, namely, an interest in conscience. For while Robinson has much to say of morality and preaches conventicle sermons in his "Serious Reflections," he remains without definite character, experiences no spiritual conflicts, and, however godly, knows no ethical development.

Defoe's interest in the picaresque has been variously explained. It is supposed to have been acquired during his imprisonment in Newgate for writing "The Shortest Way with Dissenters;" it is also alleged to have been due to his association with John Applebee, a printer of criminals' confessions and biographies. Certainly, as Applebee's representative, Defoe interviewed many condemned rogues, and his picaresque essays are coincident with this connection. Shortly after becoming a writer for "Applebee's Journal," he published there a letter professing to come from a woman prematurely returned from transportation. She complains of being bullied by a villain on the threat that he will give her up to justice unless she supplies his wants. Defoe's later contributions to the "Journal" included articles on Cartouche, Jack Sheppard, and Jonathan Wild, each of whom he made the subject of separate criminal pamphlets.[1]

It was the more romantic side of roguery, however, that attracted him. "Crusoe" had showed the merest touch of rascality in the hero's running off to sea and in his later repentance for it; but in "The King of Pirates, . . . Captain Avery" (1719), picaresque features became prominent, romantic sea thefts replacing Robinson's romantic island. In "The Life, Adventures, and Pyracies of the Famous Captain Singleton" (1720) similar dare-devil rascality is set off by that still more romantic journey across Africa, past the then undiscovered but rightly imagined sources of the Nile. Although this, the most interesting feature of the book, is mere adventure, and although much else here is not properly roguish, the vagabond life and piracies of Singleton, and the character of William Walters, the Quaker, deserve attention. As to the piracies, they are of a piece with those described in Defoe's account of Avery, and Madagascar is again the buccaneers' favorite rendezvous. Singleton, like Avery, returns to Europe by guile and in disguise, but, unlike that worthy, he grows tender of conscience, and reforms. In vicissitude, however, he is closer to the traditional rogue. For, kidnapped as a child, sold to a beggar woman, passed to a Gypsy, and thrown upon the parish at the latter's hanging, he early goes to sea, and is enslaved by Algerine rovers, then plays the picaro as cabin-boy aboard a Portuguese trader, and is marooned for his share in a mutiny. When the perils of his African expedition are past, he resumes his evil ways, to repent only at the pitch of piratical prosperity, on being admonished by the bellicose Quaker. This diverting companion in arms is a willing captive, who enjoys his fling in the world, fortified by a certificate that whatever he does is done under his captors' compulsion. He is the drollest and driest of pirates, a brave, sensible, merciful fellow, solemnly witty, and of all Defoe's characters the one conceived with most humor.

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[1] For Defoe's pamphlets, cf. *ante*, pp. 160–164, 186, 187, and 228. The *Street Robberies Consider'd* is analyzed *infra*, pp. 321–323. If this be indeed by Defoe, it is significant as his single fiction betraying foreign picaresque influence. As for his major novels of roguery, they descend unmistakably from the native criminal biographies.

In 1720, also, Defoe issued a biography of Duncan Campbell, the fortune-teller, which focuses the picaresque glass nearer home upon a humbler subject. Thereafter he inclined to deal with more matter-of-fact, petty reprobates, as witness his criminal pamphlets already described. Although these failed to attain the dignity of fiction, they were scarcely different in quality from the criminal novels. Thus, the description of the cheats of William Blewet, in the "Lives of Six Notorious Street Robbers," and the reference there to the vagabond boys of the glass-houses, might have come out of "Colonel Jacque" or "Moll Flanders."

The contrast between "The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders" (1722) and earlier picaresque fiction is remarkable. Allowing for national differences, the scope of the rogue novel had scarcely been altered during the seventeenth century. Even the later "Gil Blas" remained in aim and procedure allied with its Spanish models; but Defoe at a blow changed a comic and satirical fiction to one, in some sense, of character. He showed the decline of a soul from innocence to knowledge, temptation, and sin, and then its rise, by virtue of repentance, from distress through honesty to prosperity and calm. No doubt he thought less of character-development as such than of the moral influence his tract might exert upon discouraged thieves condemned to transportation; but his achievement was a long step in advance.

Born in Newgate of a thief, Moll falls among Gypsies, is reared by an honest creature, and adopted by a lady whose elder son seduces her. Frequent marriages and widowhoods follow. Her unthrifty tradesman decamps to the Continent; her Virginia planter she leaves on discovering him to be a half-brother. Her adventurer husband she parts with good-naturedly, each having been deceived in wealth-hunting by the other's pretensions. Her banker husband divorces a demented wife for love of Moll, and at his death she finds herself destitute.

So at the age of fifty, Moll commits her first theft. One cheat leads to another. A female receiver of stolen goods becomes her friend; all her companions are either rogues or dupes. She robs a tipsy gentleman in a coach, and attaches herself to him for a while, stands by vehicles before inns, and receives bundles as though she had been the porter's wife, is apprehended on error, secures damages against her false accuser, and, as the result of new rogueries, enters Newgate.

Condemned to be hanged, she secures a reprieve, and then, repentant, is transported to Virginia, accompanied by her adventurer husband. Eight years of increasing prosperity in the plantations make a new woman of her, and, with her husband and a son, she returns to England where, she says, "we resolve to spend the remainder of our years in sincere penitence for the wicked lives we have spent."

Now the significance of this story does not lie in its plot. Any other criminal incidents could as well have served Defoe's turn; and Moll in her cheats fails of much cunning. Her chief professional trick is the jostling of the victim whose pocket she is picking. She steals at a conflagration by pretending to rescue goods, and when revealing smuggled finery to a customs officer, takes his reward and her toll of laces, too. She knows how in case of danger to cry "Pickpocket" first, and being pursued in man's clothing, she contrives to be found in a wrapper unconcernedly sewing. That Defoe did not think it worth while to cull choicer frauds from the hundreds on record is evidence how little he cared for them. His interest lay not in the cheats but in the cheater, and less in the deeds of the cheater than in her conscience.

The account of Moll's first theft shows this clearly. She merely steps into an apothecary's shop, as if to avoid a passing vehicle, and, putting her hand behind her, clasps a bundle and walks out. "It is impossible to express the horror of my soul all the while I did it," she says. "When I went away I had no heart to run or scarce to mend my pace." That night she weeps and cannot sleep for thinking of the bundle's owner. "'Perhaps,' said I, 'it may be some poor widow like me, that had packed up their goods to go and sell them for a little bread for herself and her poor child, and are now starving and breaking their hearts for want of that little they would have fetched.'" Similarly, in Moll's theft of a necklace from a little girl coming from dancing-school, attention is fixed not upon the small skill required to pilfer from an innocent, but upon the conflicting emotions of avarice and remorse that surge over the thief, tempting her at one moment to kill the child, and at the next to set it on its way.

In his conduct of the narrative Defoe improved upon his predecessors. With Le Sage, he was the first to endow the picaresque form with a unity deeper than the anti-hero's identity. He surpasses Le Sage in adhering to the unity of character. Frequently when, according to the old formula, some subordinate would have told the story of his life, Defoe resists the temptation, and his protagonist will say, "He gave me also so many distinct accounts of his adventures that it is with great reluctance that I decline relating them. But this is my own story, not his." Such forbearance was unnecessary so long as the satirization of manners and the recounting of tricks were the aim, but as soon as the attempt to portray character prevailed, whatever would distract from that interest was properly suppressed. Moreover, Defoe assailed not only the interpolated tale and autobiography, but also the extraneous homily. To his anti-heroine, moral reflection was natural. With the lay figures of an Aleman, an Andrés Pérez, or a Geronimo de Alcalá, it was simply the author's ventriloquism.

But the sharpest contrast between Defoe and previous picaresque writers lies in his treatment of love. The Spanish and French anti-heroines seem never to have known unarmed innocence or natural affection. Moll Flanders experiences all the hopes and fears of a blind devotion. Her first affair with the elder son of her benefactress is alone sufficient to distinguish Defoe from every writer in the picaresque field before him. His description of the winning of her heart by the lover's seeming kindness, and her gradual yielding to his promises amid a cloud of misgivings, is no part of the train of literary influence that proceeds from "Lazarillo." When the lover had first caught her in his arms she says, "I struggled to get away, and yet did it but faintly neither, and he held me fast and still kissed me till he was almost out of breath, and then sitting down says, 'Dear Betty, I am in love with you.'"

She believed he meant to marry her, and spared him the ceremony because he said it would ruin his prospects. Then the younger brother made love to her honorably, and she found herself besieged, yet unable to tell him the truth. The elder brother, perceiving that her refusal of so advantageous an offer must arouse suspicion and perhaps discover himself, advised her to accede. "I gave him a look of horror at those words," says Moll, "and turning pale, was at the very point of sinking down out of the chair I sat in. . . . 'Is this your faith and honour, your love, and the solidity of your promises?'" she cries.

Long after, when she has become hardened and has married an adventurer for money, her conduct at his desertion of her is not at all that of the traditional anti-heroine. She eats but little and falls into a vehement fit of crying, calling him by name. "'O Jemmy,' said I, 'come back, come back; I will give you all I have; I will beg; I will give you all I have; I will beg, I will starve with you!'" So she raves on, and at dusk he does return, declaring he heard her calling him in Delamere Forest.

When it is said that Defoe's novels first graft the character-element upon the old picaresque stem, the statement is made, and should be accepted, with reservations. Defoe has no perception of fine shades of character or of character-development; the feelings he presents are the simplest; and emotion with him is the exception rather than the rule. Maternal affection, for example, although Moll is the mother of twelve children, finds no expression in action, and but little in words. Once only, when she is forbidden to recognize a son, she says, "Let any mother of children that reads this consider it, and but think with what anguish of mind I restrained myself, what yearnings of soul I had in me to embrace him, and weep over him."

Similar limitations are even more apparent in "The History of the Most Remarkable Life and Extraordinary Adventures of the Truly Honourable Colonel Jacque, Vulgarly Called Colonel Jack" (1722). The long title-page was calculated to sell the book rather than truthfully to proclaim its contents, and as a whole the story was inferior to its predecessor. It consists of three parts, the first describing Jack's roguish boyhood, the second his rise to fortune in Virginia, and the third his adventures in Europe and Mexico. The last sets forth a career neither wicked enough nor good enough to be interesting. Its chief events are foolish marriages to women who prove to be faithless. The central portion is devoted to exploiting the opportunities afforded criminals for living a prosperous life in Virginia. It is tediously minute in matters of debit and credit, and is given up to the sermons and Scripture citations of a reformed thief, Jack's tutor. Only the first third of the story shows skill in character-drawing and narrative power, and just this much of it is picaresque.

Jack is an unknown somebody's son, told, as a child, that his father was a gentleman. He comes up with another child of shame, reared by a poor woman whose own son, like these others, is called Jack. The three take military nicknames that they may be the better distinguished. The Captain is surly and stubborn, the Major merry and brave, and the Colonel "a poor unhappy, tractable dog." In summer the three sleep on bulkheads and shop-doors, and in winter they crawl under the nealing arches of a glass-house to lie on the warm ash-heaps. When vagabondage gives place to thievery, the Captain is whipped in Bridewell, but the Major proves fortunate and shares his profits with the Colonel, who being tutored by Will, another pickpocket, becomes adroit himself. "I never took this picking of pockets to be dishonesty," says he; "I looked upon it as a kind of trade that I was to be bred up to, and so I entered upon it until I became hardened in it beyond the power of retreating."

The tribulation brought upon him by the sudden acquisition of wealth is one of the master-strokes of the story. He is not touched in conscience, but care weighs him down. His pocket is full of holes; he knows that the other boys will attack him if they get wind of his treasure. The guineas he hides in his shoe, but they hurt him and he is forced to wrap them in a dirty cloth. He can sleep but little at night for anxiety and the fear that he may talk out in his dreams. In quest of a safe hiding-place, he climbs a tree and thrusts his money into a hole. When he reaches for it again it is gone. The tree is hollow and he has lost it. Frantically he reaches after it, scratches his arm till it bleeds, and then clambering down in despair, happens upon his rag-bound treasure lying in a cavity of the trunk close to the ground. "I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I hollo'd quite out loud when I saw it; then I ran to it and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times; then danced and jumped about, ran from one end of the field to another, and, in short, I knew not what, much less do I know now what I did, though I shall never forget the thing, either what a sinking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I thought I had got it again." So careful a study of an inconsequential act, for the sake of the emotion involved, had never before been known in the literature of roguery.

Jack now delivers stolen bills for a reward, and in his dialogue with their owner, approximates a passage in "Simplicissimus."[1] He and Will practice many rogueries and even use mild violence. But his blood runs chill when he overhears the master of the glass-house rebuking a customer for swearing, and declaring it fit only for the ragged, blackguard boys who sleep among his ashes. Often he stops and asks himself if this be the life of a gentleman. In company with a gang of footpads he robs a woman, and then turns to Will demanding, "'Was it like a gentleman for me to take that twenty-two shillings from a poor ancient woman, when she begged of me on her knees not to take it, and told me it was all she had in the world to buy her bread for herself and a sick child which she had at home? Do you think I could have been so cruel had you not stood by and made me do it? Why, I cried at doing it as much as the poor woman did, though I did not let you see me.' 'You fool you,' says Will, 'you will never be fit for our business, indeed!'"

This is the turning-point in Jack's early life; for Will is presently executed, and the Colonel, after narrowly escaping that fate, flees to Scotland with the Captain, who forages by the way. In Edinburgh they are frightened at beholding a public whipping of rogues, and enlist for the wars, but when their troop is ordered to Flanders, they desert. At Newcastle they are wheedled aboard a vessel, ostensibly bound for London, but find themselves kidnapped as slaves for Virginia. Colonel Jack grows reconciled to his fate, realizing that he has little to lose by the change, and with his arrival in the New World the picaresque scenes are at an end.

Defoe in this novel arouses expectations never satisfied.

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[1] Cf. T. S. Perry's *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*, p. 314. The resemblance is probably fortuitous, for the situation is the obvious one of a child's not knowing its parents and so declaring it never had any. Jack seems inexplicably simple for one who has consorted all his life with street arabs.

Jack's recollection that he is the son of a gentleman and his boyish striving in his poor way to be true to that ideal seem significant. Yet after much apparent preparation for the discovery of the father or the final redemption of the son, nothing happens. Again, Captain Jack, on being kidnapped, vows that he will kill the ship's master on land or sea, sooner or later. The threat is so often repeated, and the reader's mind is so thoroughly prepared for a vengeance in keeping with the rogue's dogged character and with hints of his ultimate fate by hanging, that nothing short of a tragedy of hate can be expected. But Defoe misses fire; the ship's master is never heard of again, and Captain Jack hangs for a matter unexplained.

Once more, and for the last time, Defoe paid his respects to the literature of roguery in "Roxana" (1724).[1]

A woman wedded to a fool, and deserted by him, deserts in turn her children. At first through necessity, then through avarice, she becomes the mistress of successive lovers, — a jeweler, a prince, a merchant, a lord. After years of guilty independence she is persuaded to marry. She gains a title; but, being discovered by the children she had wronged, is brought to shame. Cut off without resources on the death of her husband, she dies penitent in a debtor's prison.

This sombre story is not enlivened by a ray of humor. It is bloodless and unnatural. It lacks the pathos to be found in the struggles of little Jack, and the too generous love of Moll Flanders for her young master, and her anguish of soul at the first crime. Roxana is almost without emotion. She certainly wins no sympathy. Her passion is controlled by avarice. She knows no parental instincts. Her children are disposed of as readily as they are begotten. Marriage she considers a crushing limitation upon individual liberty. Naturally the prosperous alone are to be loved, and the lady herself, as becomes a picara, devotes much attention to questions of profit and loss.

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[1] *The Fortunate Mistress, or a History of . . . Mademoiselle de Beleau. . . . known by the Name of the Lady Roxana, in the Time of Charles II.*

More serious than the lack of emotion is the lack of psychology. Defoe has been called a realist, but he is here essentially unreal. His characters not only possess no natural affections, but they act without adequate motives. In Paris a Jew takes a mad antipathy to Roxana merely because she has commented upon his ugliness. He hounds her about in consequence, and even lays a murder at her door. Long afterwards, when everybody else has forgotten him, Roxana sends a friend to France to ascertain his whereabouts. Her action is unreasonable, but it reawakens the reader's belief that a crisis is impending. Instead, nothing further is ever said of the Jew. Again, Roxana, when she has every advantage to gain by accepting the proffer of marriage made by a Dutch merchant who has already won her favors, sends him away and will not receive him until a dozen years have elapsed. The daughter of Roxana, who has unwittingly acted as her mother's servant, embarks upon a foolish quest for that mother, although she knows it to be detrimental to all her interests. Amy, Roxana's maid and confidante, succumbs to an overmastering desire to murder this daughter who has never done her an injury. The Dutch merchant, when he has become a baronet and the husband of Roxana, discovers that this girl and his valet are Roxana's children. He must have known his wife's character, if only from her early conduct with himself, yet he rages at her, and on his death-bed forbids her receiving assistance from his executors or from her son.

The most absurd situation, however, is Roxana's forcing the jeweler, upon whose favors she is wholly dependent, to outrageous infidelity with her own maid. The jeweler has no desire to forsake his mistress, but Roxana insists, and even supervises the deed, merely that thereafter the maid shall not be able to boast her moral superiority. With characters so perverse in motive, with personages who are simply puppets, it is only natural that the morality of "Roxana" should be external and distorted.

The anti-heroine is first subject only to superstitious forebodings. Before one lover is murdered she fancies that his face looks like a death's-head, and begs him not to leave her. When he has gone, she only waits to receive the dismal news, so sure is she of its coming. Once her Dutch merchant "foretold some fatal things which he said he was well assured I should fall into; . . . and when those things did come to pass, I was persuaded he had some more than human knowledge." During her flight from France with Amy, a storm at sea awakens Roxana's conscience and offers Defoe an occasion for moral reflections. But the lady herself admits that this was only the momentary effect of fear. "I saw nothing of the corruption of nature, the sin of my life, as an offense against God, as a thing odious to the holiness of his being, as abusing his mercy, and despising his goodness." Unlike Moll Flanders and Colonel Jack, Roxana persists in her evil courses almost to the last, and even then, although her maid declares that "she was a sincere penitent, and in every action had all the behaviour of a Christian," the reader sees no evidence of such a change of heart. In his Preface, however, Defoe had said of her repentance, "The noble inferences that are drawn from this one part are worth all the rest of the story, and abundantly justify, as they are the professed design of the publication."

What relationship exists between this novel and its Spanish predecessors? Walter Scott was one of the first to proclaim the connection. Was he justified in deeming Defoe's minor fictions legitimate heirs of "Lazarillo de Tormes" and "Guzman de Alfarache"? So far as "Roxana" is concerned, the only portion of the story devoted to cheats is that describing the deceits practiced by Amy and Roxana upon the latter's son and daughter. Here there is no parallel with the cheats perpetrated for thievery in the classic picaresque tales. The closest resemblance to the southern romance of roguery is the passing of Roxana from lover to lover, a feminine substitute for the service of masters. But this is no evidence of foreign inspiration, and "Roxana" fails in satire, observation, and humor. A bad woman tells the story of her life. Justina, Elena, Rufina, and Teresa of Manzanares were bad women, too, but they possessed rare wit, sharp tongues, and merry hearts; they laughed at the follies of the world and profited by them.

"Roxana," in brief, lacks unity, plan, and interest. It is uselessly clogged with irrelevant detail. It is simply a tale of adventure, and insignificant adventure at that. In "Moll Flanders," and to a less extent in "Colonel Jacque," Defoe had struck the keynote of the modern novel. He had partially subordinated incidents to character. His predilection for ethical studies had made his thought pivot upon the moral quality of every act. Unconsciously he had marked out the way for the later development of the novel. But just as with appalling absence of artistic feeling he had supplemented Crusoe's absorbing island adventures by Crusoe's commonplace continental travels and his reflections, so here in "Roxana," and even in the latter part of "Colonel Jacque," he appears serenely unaware of lost opportunities. "Roxana" is a reversion to the past. To have made Defoe's career as a novelist entirely rational, he should have begun with "Roxana," in which the incidents are everything, then have advanced to "Colonel Jacque," in which character begins to emerge, and have culminated in "Moll Flanders," in which character becomes paramount.

2. *Fielding*

Despite the excellent foundation for the novel laid by Defoe, nearly twenty years elapsed before Richardson continued the genre. Swift's "Gulliver" had intervened (1726), combining adventure and seeming realism with satire in the greatest of all fantastic journeys. But "Pamela" (1740) first revealed the possibilities of the new fiction as a reflection of actual life and character.

In its choice of a heroine in service, and in its attention to commonplace detail, this novel in letters superficially resembled the romance of roguery. In all else, however, the contrast was notable, and Richardson's other fictions only emphasized it. "Clarissa" (1748) and "Sir Charles Grandison" (1753) pictured polite society instead of low, and the libertinism of Lovelace or of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen had little in common with the cheating love-matches proposed by Spanish sharpers.

Henry Fielding, however, by temperament and experience of life was better calculated to profit from the picaresque tradition. His sensibilities were none too fine; his sense of humor was highly developed; every-day life with its misadventures, slips from virtue, and comfortable animalism, appealed to him; Richardson seemed a milksop; and so, having practiced his hand at twenty-five rough-and-tumble comedies, Fielding tried a fresh form and burlesqued "Pamela" in "Joseph Andrews" (1742).

This professed to be "written in imitation of the manner of Cervantes," and its Quixotic figure, Parson Adams, made the fortune of the book. Like his great prototype, Adams is a learned dreamer who suffers buffetings with undiminished dignity; but the method and comic spirit of the whole are the chief Cervantine reminiscences. Nor is Scarron forgotten in farcical scenes, such as Adams's and Trulliber's pigsty conference, Adams's encounter with the pan of hog's blood and the tub of water, or the mistakes by night at Booby Hall.[1]

But for all its practical jests and Spanish inspiration "Joseph Andrews" is not picaresque. The hero and his Fanny are impeccable, and although Lady Booby and Slipslop, her maid, bid fair to prove lax in virtue, it is all in the way of inclination hinted at, instead of performance broadly described. Even the amours recounted in the history of Betty the Chambermaid are prosecuted for the satisfaction of passion rather than for any hope of gain. The chief reminiscences of the picaresque type consist in the menial station of Joseph, Slipslop, and Fanny, and the peripatetic character of the adventures. But the latter are lacking in roguery, and the parody upon Richardson compelled the former. Only in the story of Joseph's father [2] is there an approach to a career of rascality.

Fielding's "Miscellanies" of the next year, however, contained two picaresque fictions. The first was the "Journey From This World to the Next," a fantasy supposedly found in manuscript in a stationer's attic and approved by Parson Adams.[3] It describes the adventures of a soul proceeding at death to the other world along with jolly spirits in a coach.

The soul passes through the City of Diseases, visits the Palace of Death and a Wheel of Fortune that determines the lot of those about to be born, and reaching Elysium meets the distinguished dead, — Homer with Mme. Dacier in his lap, Virgil with Mr. Addison under his arm, Shakespeare and Milton, Adam and Cæsar in friendly parley.

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[1] Scarron is referred to, together with *Gil Blas* and the *Paysan parvenu*, in bk. iii, ch. 1; *Don Quixote* receives mention in bk. ii, ch. 16, and in bk. iii, chs. 1, 9.

[2] Bk. iii, ch. 3.

[3] Probably suggested by a contemporary imitation of Quevedo, entitled *Cardinal Fleury's Journey to the Other World*, April, 1743.

Then Julian the Apostate takes the floor, and through all but one of the remaining chapters relates the story of his transmigrations. He has experienced incarnations as slave, Jew, general, heir, carpenter, beau, monk, fiddler, wise-man, king, fool, prince, beggar, statesman, soldier, tailor, alderman, poet, knight, and dancing-master. At each of his deaths, Minos has sent him scampering back to earth to do further penance, until as Bishop Latimer, his martyrdom has been deemed sufficient expiation of the sins done in the flesh.

It is in the device of satire upon estates through transmigrations in lieu of successive employments that Fielding recalls the "Siglo Pitagórico" of Enriquez Gómez. The adventures are roguish also. Julian as slave intrigues with his master's wife. As helper to a heathen priest, he assists in conveying away sacrifices, which the credulous assume their deities to have devoured. As carpenter he is guilty of fraud in measuring his work; as fiddler he discourses music while his mother picks the pockets of the auditors; as wise-man he is hypocrite; and as king of Spain he befools his armies with a claptrap vision of St. James, which brings victory. In the parts of statesman and alderman his craft is necessarily great, and as a Roman beggar he assumes the countenance miserable and the voice lamentable.

More picaresque, however, was the second fiction of the "Miscellanies," the well-known "Life of the Late Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great." It may easily have preceded "Joseph Andrews" in the writing, for it is further removed from the novel in substance and in treatment. Purporting to be the biography of the actual rascal who had terrorized London in the early decades of the century, and whose career Defoe among others had celebrated, it was rather a satire upon the assumption that greatness and goodness are necessarily allied. It also burlesqued heroic romance. When the anti-hero at sea in a leaky skiff leaps overboard to end it all, only to be "miraculously within two minutes after replaced in his boat," Fielding remarks, "And this without the assistance of a dolphin or a seahorse, or any other fish or animal, who are always as ready at hand when a poet or historian pleases to call for them to carry a hero through the sea, as any chairman at a coffee-house door near St. James's, to convey a beau over a street, and preserve his white stockings." At the end of a chapter of such banter, he explains that Wild merely changed his mind and climbed back into the boat.

Even more obvious is the burlesque of the criminal pamphlet, which no doubt gave rise to the satire upon greatness divorced from goodness. For through the whole array of such pamphlets rogues had been hailed in all seriousness as heroes. Their achievements and abilities had been extolled,[1] and the irony of Fielding consists in aping the grandiloquence of the criminal pamphlet, yet so overcharging it as to make his reader reverse the usual process and fall to detesting what is praised and sympathizing with what is condemned.

Two groups of personages were devised to accomplish this end; one including the rascals, — Wild and his comrades, La Ruse, Bob Bagshot, the Snap Family, Fireblood, and Blueskin; the other composed of the honorable Heartfree family and Friendly. The machinations of Wild against Heartfree and their ultimate defeat make up the plot, which is decorated with minor villainies serving to emphasize the ironic idea of greatness and the perfidy of every rogue toward every other. Throughout, the ironic praise of the wicked finds its balance in ironic dispraise of the good, and neither character nor plot is of importance as compared with this central purpose.

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[1] Captain Johnson's *Lives of Highwaymen* (1734) had shown Wild meditating self-destruction and being moved thereto by "the examples of the famous Heroes of Antiquity."

Jonathan Wild, descended from Longfinger, a pickpurse and one of Falstaff's ragged regiment, early discovers the antiquity of Priggism, and indulges in a course of picaresque reading. "Thus the Spanish Rogue was his favourite book, and the Cheats of Scapin his favourite play." He is first presented, however, in maturity as the friend of the imprisoned Count La Ruse, for whom his jailer has so high a regard that, "using only the precaution of keeping his doors well locked and barred," he "took his prisoner's word that he would not go forth." Wild is a favored frequenter of this house of detention and an admirer of the deputy bailiff's daughter, the chaste Laetitia Snap, who rejects his advances only to release from the closet another admirer as soon as this one has fled. Wild himself indulges in an amour with a certain Miss Molly, not being one of those "tainted with that mean, base. low vice or virtue as it is called of constancy." He plays at cards, organizes a band to plunder the winner, reflects on greatness, and divides mankind into "those who use their own hands, and those who employ the hands of others. The former are the base and the rabble; the latter, the genteel part of creation." Equipped with this philosophy, he is prepared to practice through others the series of frauds now perpetrated upon the guileless Heartfree.

The latter is a jeweler, an old schoolmate of Wild's, "withal so silly a fellow that he never took the least advantage of the ignorance of his customers, and contented himself with very moderate gains on his goods." His wife is a "mean-spirited, poor, domestic, low-bred animal, who confined herself mostly to the care of her family, placed her happiness in her husband and her children, and followed no expensive fashions or diversions." Through a series of intrigues and accidents, Wild obtains possession of Heartfree's jewels, fathers the crime on an enemy, who is hanged by the help of false witnesses, and sees the jeweler carried off to Bailiff Snap's after a scene of tenderness with his wife "too low and contemptible to be recounted to our great readers."

Wild's schemes are next played against Mrs. Heartfree. He lures her to sea, pretending that her husband desires her flight to Holland.

In a storm he makes violent love to her, and she is only saved by the Captain. Wild is set adrift in a skiff as punishment, and the vessel that rescues him he seeks to betray to the enemy. Having returned to London, he plans to consummate Heartfree's ruin, on the principle that men hate those they injure because they fear retaliation after discovery.

But the jeweler, who is without one spark of greatness, refuses to escape at Wild's offer of aid, and even thanklessly brings suit against the latter for spiriting away his wife. A few primed witnesses turn the case against Heartfree, who, accused of felony and embezzling, languishes in Newgate and is condemned to be hanged. Then Mrs. Heartfree returns to tell a rather silly tale of persecution in foreign lands by successive admirers, among whom has been La Ruse. From him she has recovered her husband's lost jewels, and to complete their happiness a reprieve arrives. "Yet lest our reprieve should seem to resemble that in 'The Beggar's Opera,'" says Fielding, he will vouch for it as perfectly natural. "We would rather have suffered half mankind to be hanged than have saved one, contrary to the strictest rules of writing and probability."

As to Wild, his star is no longer in the ascendant. In vain has he preached to his henchmen the nice rules of honor. They persist in withholding from him part of their booty. Moreover, the chaste Laetitia, wedded in rapture, turns termagant and worse. "A learned judge frames a law making it capital in a Prig to steal with the hands of other people, a law so plainly calculated for the destruction of all priggish greatness that it was indeed impossible for our hero to avoid it." So Newgate receives him with open arms. He prepares for his trial, "not like Socrates with patience and resignation, but with a good number of false witnesses;" yet, alas, to no purpose. Wild proceeds to the consummation of human greatness, the gallows, where the multitude is so ravished with his grandeur as to salute him with missiles that hasten the Ordinary's last offices. Nevertheless, Wild contrives to pick the parson's pocket of a bottle-screw before being turned off.

In all this ironic chronicle the Jonathan Wild of history emerges but faintly. His agency for the receipt and return of stolen goods, his practices of schooling neophytes to adroitness in thievery, and informing on them for blood-money, and the fact of his having been stabbed in revenge by Blueskin are the only features of the picture that render it a portrait. Characterization is nowhere attempted, and the example of Defoe in studying conscience is not followed, although in the absurd adventures of Mrs. Heartfree among the savages, the exploits of Defoe's travelers under similar conditions may be burlesqued. The good remain mere masks; the wicked, though possessing more life, are caricatures. Yet the mock heroic description of Miss Laetitia is excellent, and Blueskin cannot fail to amuse with his lordly "contempt of those ridiculous distinctions of *Meum* and *Tuum*, which would cause endless disputes, did not the law happily decide them by converting both into *Suum*." Similar touches of general satire are frequent. The Newgate Ordinary condemns Heartfree to perdition for saying that he believes a sincere Turk will be saved. When Heartfree is falsely accused, notwithstanding his former virtuous behavior, "this story of his embezzling was so far from surprising his neighbors, that many of them declared they expected no better from him."

The story is marked by but little realistic observation. Beyond a few cant terms, prison scenes, and character descriptions, it is woven from airy fancy. It lacks traditional cheats and jests. Not a clever piece of roguery is borrowed from the classic collections, and nothing that Wild does is notable as a device. Further, it fails to appropriate the Spanish picaresque scheme of the service of masters. Free, then, from most of the traits of the standard romance of roguery, this work is a study in irony. Never for more than a moment can the reader forget that behind these puppets is the author, manipulating them to produce a desired effect, extravagantly decrying their virtues and commending their villainies on the ground that "as we are to record the actions of a great man, so we have nowhere mentioned any spark of goodness."

Yet the English instinct for morality is everywhere present, and the anti-hero's fifteen rules of a picaro, which correspond to King Charles's virtuous twelve, are overturned in the author's closing reflection that, "while it is in the power of every man to be perfectly honest, not one in a thousand is capable of being a complete rogue."

In his preface to "Joseph Andrews," Fielding had formulated his theory of the comic prose epic. It should substitute a light fable for a grave one, amusing sentiments for the sublime, and inferior characters for those of superior rank. Its shafts of ridicule should be directed at vanity and hypocrisy. Vices it should present, since to picture life without them must be difficult if not impossible, but they should at no time constitute the principal figures upon the scene, or be shown as causes habitually existing in the mind.

This theory found its complete exemplification only in 1749 with the publication of "The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling." Here the form chanced upon by Fielding in his first fiction was brought to perfection. The plot was highly organized and manipulated with artistic freedom; the characters were multiplied, well developed, and vital; and life was surveyed with the toleration of a humorist rich in experience of the world. The inspiration of "Don Quixote" remained potent, especially in the quality of humor and in the person of Partridge, but it was now an influence diffused.

Similarly diffused and transformed was the contribution of the picaresque novel. For if Jones contrasts with the hero of romance by being human, he contrasts with the picaresque anti-hero by being humane. He is warm-hearted and generous, but he is also weak-willed and something of a scapegrace. He is a compromise between the picaro and the hero, intended by his creator to set forth humanity in the average. The satire of the novel is expended upon individual types rather than upon professions, and the service of masters as its instrument is discarded. The comic spirit here rises from farce to the highest comedy of character; realism subserves the ends of art, and the field of observation is wider than that of any picaresque novel. Romantic love, too, plays a conspicuous part; morality is made a matter of motive rather than of conformity to external prescription; and in lieu of giving a frightful example to warn the reader into avoiding evil courses, Fielding teaches sympathy with virtue, contempt for meanness, and indulgence for frailties.

"Tom Jones" indeed, though it could scarcely have come into being without picaresque predecessors, transcends them all, and cannot itself be ranked with the literature of roguery, notwithstanding such *dramatis personæ* as Blifil, Thwackum, and Square, Lady Bellaston, and Ensign Northerton. Nor can Fielding's last novel, "Amelia" (1751), be credited to the genre. Yet this story of the magnanimity of a heroine who sacrifices every prospect for a husband unworthy of her recalls the romance of roguery in many scenes of low-life. Captain Booth is even less of a hero than Jones, and his infidelity to Amelia is shocking. That he should be thrown into prison unjustly and bullied by jail-birds and keepers whose interest can only be bought, is small excuse for his prompt yielding to the wiles of a fellow prisoner and former acquaintance, Miss Matthews. Although constantly bolstered up by a kind benefactor, Booth gambles, runs in debt, and declines to the spunging-house. But his wife, besieged by lovers and aware of her husband's intrigue, never wavers in devotion, sells her clothes and her children's for his sake, and when he drinks or throws away the proceeds, sweetly forgives. At length, a pickpocket and the scheming lawyer who have conspired with Amelia's wicked sister in keeping her out of an estate are brought to bay, and Amelia, enriched, shares her fortune with the most contrite and least deserving of husbands.

3. *Smollett*

Where Fielding had acknowledged dependence upon Cervantes, Tobias George Smollett, his less able rival, confessed to the inspiration of Le Sage. The preface to his first novel, "The Adventures of Roderick Random" (1748), praised "Gil Blas" as describing the knavery and foibles of life with infinite humor and sagacity. It contended, however, that the anti-hero's transitions from distress to happiness, and from happiness to distress, are too sudden greatly to move the reader, and that at best mirth rather than compassion is excited.

Such caviling came with ill grace from one so little a master of emotion as Smollett, yet he professed to be able to do these things better. He would accept Le Sage's plan, and alter his execution wherever the situations were uncommon, extravagant, or peculiar to France or Spain. In reality, Smollett fell far short of his model. Compassion was just what he failed to arouse. His mirth was oftenest a loud guffaw at the expense of buffoons in trouble, and his satire was rough and angry. Though he relied on the picaresque formula, he used it but clumsily, and the worth of his novels consists less in their form and spirit than in their matter.

This is peculiarly the case with "Roderick Random," which embodies so much of Smollett's own experience. Roderick's early life is a hard one.

Born of a marriage displeasing to his grandfather, he is scourged unjustly, abused by his grandfather's heir, and after some schooling, goes to serve a surgeon, whose maid of all work by a false charge forces him to flight with her master's connivance. Accompanied by Strap, an old school fellow, he flits from inn to inn toward London, meeting experiences that savor of the "Roman Comique" in endless mistakes at night, and encountering the inevitable highwaymen and cheating landlords.

In London the fate of the pair is that of guileless rustics. They are laughed at, spattered by coachmen, bullied at an ale-house, and gulled at a public. Then Strap secures a place at a periwig-maker's, and Roderick devotes his time to seeing the town and seeking appointment as surgeon's mate in the navy. The trifling, red tape, importunate demands for money, and ridiculous examination he suffers discourage him, and he enters service with an apothecary. Here he learns the art of making up prescriptions that lack every honest ingredient, and observes the wiles of his master's daughter and her cheating lover. When he tries a fine match for himself, it is only to find his Miss Williams a lady of easy virtue, with a picaresque past.

A new series of adventures commences with Roderick's seizure by a press gang, and his being kidnapped aboard the man-of-war Thunder. Now he becomes surgeon's assistant, but life afloat proves a round of horrors, what with bad quarters, nauseating food, a brute for surgeon, a bully for midshipman, and a devil for captain. The sick are treated without humanity. The dropsical are sent to the shrouds, consumptives to the pumps, and when Jack Rattlin falls from the yard and breaks his leg, Dr. Macshane can be prevented from amputating it only at the pistol's point. Roderick himself is stapled to the deck and kept there during an engagement; kind-hearted Thomson leaps overboard crazed by ill-treatment; the chaplain goes mad from drink; and only proud Morgan the Welshman, who owes not a little to Shakespeare's Fluellen, can lighten this picture of the English navy at its worst.

Random is wrecked on returning to England, but secures a place as servant to a poetess. He makes love to her niece, Narcissa, is put to flight by a rival, and taking refuge in France, is robbed by a Capuchin and abused by innkeepers. Joining the Picardy regiment, he campaigns in Germany, and meeting his old friend Strap, parades as the latter's master, and returns to London, hoping to entrap an heiress.

The life of the town is now satirized upon a higher level than before, and the wits of the Bedford Coffee-House, the elegant Melinda, an amorous earl, and fine society in general are flayed. Roderick at Bath encounters Beau Nash and Narcissa, fights another of his many duels, loses at play, and in London, after cheating expedients, declines to the Marshalsea. Upon being released, he embarks on a slaving voyage to South America; his father turns up immensely rich; Roderick marries Narcissa; Strap weds her maid, the reformed Miss Williams; and all ends happily.

Very little is made here of the service of masters. Roderick, despite his employments with the surgeon, the apothecary, and the poetess, is chiefly an adventurer. He is the person to whom things happen; he lacks fixed character, and is not even a rogue consistently. Though ready for every prank and dissipation, and knowing no qualms of conscience, he is really admired by Smollett as a fine, high-spirited youth engaged in sowing wild oats. His physical courage and vivacity are made to atone for his lack of morality, and he is never condemned as a rascal. Other persons, however, like Miss Williams the courtesan, Beau Jackson the poor devil spunging for favors, Rourk Oregan the Irish fortune-hunter, Banter who confesses to "having subsisted many years entirely by his wit," and Melopyn the poet of the Marshalsea, are excellent picaresque types. Love is a mere device for ending the story with a marriage, and plot and character-development count for nothing. But the scenes and the whimsical folk Roderick paints so graphically are the novel's great contribution. In the study of life at sea, a whole province is added to fiction; and the blustering salt, Tom Bowling, who appears but too seldom to unravel the knots that defy Roderick's skill, and to cut his sea capers and talk his sea jargon, is the father of all delectable tars in literature.

For single incidents, Smollett was as largely indebted to "Joseph Andrews" as to Scarron or Le Sage.[1] But Fielding's superior performance in "Tom Jones" seems to have served him very little in "The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle" (1751). Though written in the third person, this lacks even the unity of "Random," and relies far more on burlesque and the satire of personal enemies. The early chapters are amusing if over-detailed, but the story scarce holds together after the introduction in the third volume of the "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality," an account of Frances Hawes, afterwards Lady Vane, who is twice married and boasts many lovers.

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[1] Cf. Roderick's notebook kept in Greek characters (ch. xxx), from *Joseph Andrews*, book ii, ch. 10; Roderick's being hunted with dogs by his grandfather's heir (ch. ii), from *Joseph Andrews*, bk. iii, ch. 6; Rod-

Peregrine himself is adopted by Commodore Trunnion, that merry grotesque, who, with Lieutenant Jack Hatchway and simple Thomas Pipes, lives in the "garrison" as if at sea. After waggish pranks on the Commodore, Peregrine goes to the Continent in charge of a tutor, whose life he proceeds to make miserable. Pallet, a painter, is also his butt, and the "Roman Comique" inspires many farcical scenes. Confusions at inns by night, amorous intrigues discovered by accident, dupes persuaded that they are ill or under arrest, and quarrels fomented that cowards may duel, make up the fun.

Then Peregrine returns to England, and bestows his attention upon gamesters and the cheating physicians of Bath. He meets a picaresque misanthrope, Cadwallader Crabtree, who like Guzman de Alfarache has been robbed of his luggage by servants at Bologna, and like Le Sage's Estevanille has barely escaped an *auto da fé* in Portugal. "In short," says Crabtree, "I have travelled over the greatest part of Europe as a beggar, pilgrim, priest, soldier, gamester, and quack; and felt the extreme of indigence and opulence, with the inclemency of the weather in all its vicissitudes. I have learned that the characters of mankind are everywhere the same: that common sense and honesty bear an infinitely small proportion to folly and vice; and that life is at best a paltry province."

With this philosopher Peregrine sets up a fortune-telling establishment in order to subject the town to ridicule, a device borrowed from such character-books as "The Man in the Moone Telling Strange

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erick's endeavors to overcome bribery in securing a place in the navy (chs. xvi–xviii), foreshadowed by the story of the ale-house keeper in *Joseph Andrews*, bk. ii, ch. 17 ; and Melopyn's story of literary disappointments (chs. lxii, lxiii), from Wilson's tale in *Joseph Andrews*, bk. iii, ch. 3.

Fortunes" (1609) and the more fully developed "Wandering Jew Telling Fortunes to Englishmen" (1649). Ill-connected adventures follow. Nothing can damp Peregrine's ardor for practical jests. By responding to two advertisements requesting loans, he leads each borrower to take the other for a lender. He buys a beggar girl that he may teach her, parrot-like, sentences from Shakespeare, Otway, and Pope; and as a crowning jest he joins a college of authors. Arrested for debt and confined in the Fleet, he hears accounts of the capture of each of his fellows, which echo Captain Smith's "Lives and Adventures of Bayliffs." The narrative proper revives only when kind-hearted Hatchway and Pipes come to take up their lodgings in the Fleet in order to bear Peregrine company. At the death of his father he inherits a fortune and weds his Emilia, whom earlier he has tried to abduct.

In plan and incidents this novel is a reflection of its predecessor. Pipes is a second Strap, Trunnion a more comical Bowling, Peregrine a more profligate Roderick. The haphazard succession of events leads here to the Fleet, as there to the Marshalsea; and happiness in both is achieved through no skill or merit of the anti-hero, but by gods out of the machine in the persons of wealthy fathers and willing brides. In "Peregrine Pickle," however, the service of masters has vanished; no personage moves with any purpose; the journey to France, though based upon Smollett's own trip with Dr. John Moore in quest of novelistic material, but poorly supplies the place of Roderick's voyage in the Thunder; and the story is diffuse. Peregrine commits more rogueries for pure mischief than Roderick, but is even less of a picaro. He excites no sympathy, for he struggles against no odds. Moreover, he is malicious and depraved.

Smollett had condoned the faults of Peregrine and of Roderick, but his "Adventures of Ferdinand, Count Fathom" (1753) deliberately conjured up a rascal to arouse the reader's detestation, and to serve as a "beacon for the benefit of the unexperienced and unwary." The idea was fathered in part by Fielding's "Jonathan Wild," and in part by foreign models. With regard to the latter, the opening chapter complains of readers who are offended at low-life characters of home growth, yet "who delight in following Guzman de Alfarache through all the mazes of squalid beggary; who with pleasure accompany Don Quixote and his squire in the lowest paths of fortune; who are diverted with the adventures of Scarron's ragged troop of strollers; and are highly entertained with the servile situations of 'Gil Blas.'" Somewhat later the author refers to a French chevalier as "an odd sort of a man, a kind of Lazarillo de Tormes, a caricatura."

It was only in the account of Fathom's mother, however, that the Spanish picaresque spirit really prevailed.

> The lady is a liquor-dispensing baggage of the army, so fond of a soldier that she never knows which of a company the lad's father may be. She bears him about strapped in a knapsack at her back, balancing a keg of Geneva before, and gives him the name of a German trooper. In peace she keeps a cabaret in Prague, and in war traverses the field of battle with a poniard and a bag, like Hugo's Madame Thénardier, relieving the wounded at once of their pains and their property. On one occasion she saves the life of a nobleman, reflecting that he will doubtless reward her, and to him she consigns her Ferdinand. Ere long she falls on the field of glory, laden down with the enemy's spoils, but shot by a wounded hussar she had been seeking to relieve — of his valuable standard.

Although so much of the story has the right Spanish ring, it soon loses humor and becomes a record of mediocre frauds. Smollett grows more and more vexed with the monster of his making, until at last he exclaims, "Perfidious wretch! thy crimes turn out so atrocious that I half repent me of having undertaken to record thy memoirs." After this, whatever of interest remains centres in the melodrama of injured innocence triumphing over the machinations of the wicked.

Fathom's boyhood is passed as page to the young Renaldo, Count de Melville. He pilfers his master's exercises at school, and makes love to his master's sister out of it. When rebuffed, he courts the lady's waiting maid, and connives to steal her mistress's jewels and cast suspicion on another. His philosophy of life is complete at eighteen. "He had formerly imagined, but was now fully persuaded that the sons of men preyed upon one another, and such was the end and condition of their being."

Accompanying Renaldo to Venice, Fathom intrigues with the wife and the daughter of a jeweler. Then as a soldier he feigns illness to escape active service, gallops off and fires a pistol that he may appear to have been captured by the enemy, and when actually taken by the French, professes to be a deserter to their side. After harrowing adventures, he reaches Paris, assumes the title of count, succumbs at cards to a pair of English swindlers, relieves a distressed Spaniard of his jewels, and crosses over to England.

For a time his rise is rapid, because the natives of the island are so jealous of their liberties "that they will not bear the restraint of necessary police, and an able artist may enrich himself with their spoils, without running any risk of attracting the notice of the magistrate, or incurring the least penalty of the law." He manufactures false Cremonas, palms off gems at extravagant values, plays havoc with the hearts of the ladies, and for one season reigns paramount at Bristol Well. The tide then turns, and through the suit of an irate husband Fathom goes to jail.

From this misfortune he is now released by his old master Renaldo, who turns up deeply in love with a fair unknown. Fathom needs but a glimpse of this divinity to determine on securing her for himself. He prevails upon Renaldo to return to Austria; and the lady, thus deserted, endures every persecution ingenuity can suggest, and sinks into an untimely grave.

At least, Smollett does his best to convince the reader that this happens, picturing her tormentor gloating over her "sable hearse adorned with white plumes as emblems of Monimia's purity." The lady is very much alive, however, and after Renaldo has tardily realized Fathom's perfidy and returned to lament at her tomb, she suddenly appears to him, and a joyous marriage ensues. Fathom, in the meantime, has played the quack and husband to ill purpose, so he repents and is forgiven.

This novel is distinguished among picaresque fictions by several noteworthy traits. It boasts a close-woven plot, and personages encountered at different stages of the action are carefully drawn into relationship. Thus, the tragic tale of the Spaniard, Don Diego de Zelos, exiled from home after having, as he believes, poisoned his wife and daughter and stabbed the latter's lover, seems a mere interpolated narrative like those in "Gil Blas;" yet it proves an essential of the whole. For Zelos is discovered to be the long-lost father of Monimia; the lover was Renaldo in disguise; the ladies prove to have been simply stupefied, not killed; and the father's victim was not Renaldo, but a robber. These secrets are kept to the close, and the author is further at pains to unite repentant Fathom in marriage with one of his early victims, and to pair off the now widowed Don Diego with the lady who has shielded Monimia in distress.

Insistence on the Gothic differentiates the tale still further from previous picaresque fiction. Melodrama colors not only plot and episodes, but the style. Fathom on his way to Paris, seeking refuge by night from a storm, is locked by a beldame into a loft, where he discovers beneath some straw a corpse yet warm. Never doubting that his own murder is intended, he disrobes the body, lays it on the bed, and hides, with pistols cocked, to await developments. "About midnight he heard the sound of feet ascending the ladder; the door was softly opened; he saw the shadow of two men stalking towards the bed; a dark lanthorn being unshrouded, directed their aim to the supposed sleeper; and he that held it thrust a poniard to his heart; the force of the blow made a compression on the chest, and a sort of groan issued from the windpipe of the defunct."

So well has the adventurer on this occasion learned the lesson of terror, that at another time, in order to ruin a young girl, he plays upon her nervous fears with groans and rappings and the music of an Æolian harp, until, terrified, she claims his insidious protection.

The climax in Gothic episode is reached when Monimia, supposed by Renaldo to be dead, appears to him as a ghost. "The clock struck twelve, the owl screeched from the ruined battlement, the door was opened by the sexton, who by the light of a glimmering taper conducted the despairing lover to a dreary aisle, and stamped upon the ground with his foot, saying, 'Here the young lady lies interred.'"

Then in the spirit of that literature of melancholy to which Blair, Parnell, Young, and Hervey had paid their tearful tribute, Renaldo punctuates the night with rhythmic rhapsodies. A few solemn notes sound from the organ; Renaldo shivers "at this awful salutation;" and the phantom appears. "He heard the voice of his Monimia call Renaldo! Thrice he essayed to answer: as oft his tongue denied its office. His hair stood upright, and a cold vapour seemed to thrill through every nerve." The outpourings of poetic prose with which he salutes the apparition are received quite sensibly by Monimia, who "sunk down upon a chair, and with a sigh exclaimed, 'Indeed, this is too much!'"

Smollett is never more ridiculous than when, forsaking his true field of realistic portraiture, he indulges in sentiment. Renaldo, reunited with Monimia, "ravished a banquet from her glowing lips, that kindled in his heart a flame which rushed through every vein and glided to his marrow." When he enters his bride's apartment it is "like a lion rushing on his prey." The high emotional dialogue is invariably unreal, and even sober descriptions are couched in fustian and mock-Shakespearean phrases.

Such a strain was ill suited to satire, and here Smollett's smartest comment concerned the wiles of physicians at Tunbridge and London. Ferdinand as one of the fraternity keeps a chariot, drives about as if on errands of mercy, arranges to be summoned from church, and inserts the news of his cures in the papers. But, when nature can no longer hold out against his potions, and disaster threatens, he pretends an accident that leads to dispensing with the chariot, excuses the dismissal of the footman by alleging his drunkenness, and explains withdrawal into a quiet court as a relief from the noise of the avenue. Compared with the widely distributed satire of "Gil Blas" or of "Guzman de Alfarache," such sallies are insignificant; and Fathom's ingenuity in tricks is even slighter than his satiric power. His rival, Ratchcali the Tyrolese rogue, and the English swindlers in Paris are no abler, and the eccentrics of the London jail are devoid of cleverness, despite their devotion to such masterpieces as "the adventures of Loveill, Lady Frail, George Edwards, Joe Thompson, Bampfylde-Moore Carew, Young Scarron, and Miss Betsy Thoughtless." Ratchcali, indeed, points out the opportunities afforded by the metropolis to the scheming *valet de chambre*, the empiric or operator for the teeth, the rascal violinist, and the false foreign count; yet none of these is minutely described.

The novel remains a story of fanciful villainy crowned by the superimposed contrition of the wicked and the miraculous triumph of the good. Its morality is external, its world unreal. It is a fiction neither of manners nor of character; it deserves to be remembered, however, as the most conspicuous ancestor of the modern penny-dreadful.

A year after the issue of "Roderick Random" Smollett had produced the authoritative translation of "Gil Blas,"[1] and two years after the publication of "Fathom" he did "Don Quixote" into English, following in the footsteps of Shelton, Motteux, and Jervas. But his imitation of Cervantes, "The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves" (1762), was foredoomed to failure. Smollett anticipated the objection of his critics when he made Ferret declare to Sir Launcelot, "what was a humourous romance and well-time satire in Spain near two hundred years ago, will make but a sorry jest, and appear equally insipid and absurd, when really acted from affectation at this time of day in a country like England." The scenes among which the knight and his squire progress are realistic enough, and Captain Crowe, fresh from the sea but allured to knight-errantry, is of the diverting family of Bowling and Trunnion. Yet the novel at best is a parody that burlesques the incidents and fails to comprehend the spirit of its original.

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[1] Le Sage's masterpiece had already appeared in English dress in 1737 and in 1744. Smollett's translation saw a dozen editions in the eighteenth

A more picaresque fiction followed in "The History and Adventures of an Atom" (1769), imitating Fielding's "Journey From This World to the Next," though describing the migrations of an atom instead of those of a soul. Smollett pays poor tribute to Swift in devoting attention to an inane account of the buffooneries and imbecilities of an unreal Japan, a nation created in sport by the gods and ruled by the meanest of all preëxisting spirits.[1] The atom's later migrations through a Dutch mariner, a salad, an English supercargo, a duck, and

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century, and versions of the novel were given by P. Proctor in 1774, by Martin Smart in 1807, and by B. H. Malkin in 1809. Of Le Sage's other fictions, *The Devil upon Two Sticks* appeared in 1708, and *The Devil upon Crutches* in 1759, both with frequent reprints; Lockman presented *The Bachelor of Salamanca* in 1737, and it was re-done by Townsend in 1825; *The Adventures of Chevalier de Beauchesne* was issued in 1745, and *The History of Vanillo Gonzalez* in 1792.

[1] Pitt and Bute were assailed here as Orator Taycho and as Yak-Strot respectively. A key to the satire's political significance appeared in *A Second Journey Round the Library of a Bibliomaniac* (1825), by William Davis.

the father of the editor of its memoirs, as well as the adventures of several souls, recall the "Siglo Pitagórico."

In "The Expedition of Humphry Clinker" (1771) Smollett still held to the peripatetic notion, but his description of a journey by means of the letters of five different persons was a happy invention, calculated to broaden the humor and to lay stress upon character in lieu of incident. The picaresque scheme in this most genial of its author's fictions was thus relinquished, and bustle, bluster, and horseplay declined in importance. If Miss Tabitha Bramble and her gaunt Lieutenant Lismahago are portraits in the burlesque style of Quevedo, and if the jests upon the latter and Mr. Justice Frogmore, or the confusion caused by fire at an inn, are souvenirs of Scarron, roguery has sunk to low ebb. Humphry possesses the varied talents of a picaro, makes as many blunders as the German jesters, and moralizes like the Spanish Alonso; but when jailed on suspicion of being a road-knight he simply exhorts his fellows to repentance. The highwayman who desires to reform is only the inverted ghost of a picaro; and Lismahago's early adventures in America as captive to the Indians, and finally as sachem of the Badger Tribe, but faintly revive those of Le Sage's Chevalier de Beauchêne. Smollett had outgrown the picaresque form, although he could not forget picaresque episodes. Had he lived longer he would scarcely have contributed more to the literature of roguery. There are few, however, who have contributed so much.

4. *Imitators and Innovators*

Laurence Sterne broke with the picaresque tradition, and never drew a rogue. The merely external eccentricities beloved of Smollett became with him whimsicalities of the mind. The Cervantine influence, instead of producing the capers of a

Launcelot Greaves, gave birth to the temperamentally incommensurable Walter Shandy and Uncle Toby. Character revealed in dialogue, adventure for the sake of the adventurer's moods and emotions, travel with the eye turned inward rather than outward, mark Sterne's fiction. The "Sentimental Journey" (1768), with its exquisite art and luxurious play upon the feelings, stands at a far remove from the wanderings of any picaro; and even the wild buffoonery of the author and his characters in "Tristram Shandy" (1759-67) fails to resemble the practical jests of earlier picaresque literature. Uncle Toby the guileless and generous, Corporal Trim, Widow Wadman, Mrs. Shandy, Le Fevre, and the rest, live quite apart from the things that they do, and are fresh and original. Whatever of picaresque influence Sterne may have felt from Rabelais, Béroalde de Verville, or Scarron, he makes all his own, and diverts from the channels of roguery.

Lesser writers, however, did the obvious thing. An anonymous piece, attributed to Defoe but out of his usual spirit, appeared in 1728 as "Street Robberies Consider'd." This unpromising title referred only to the last pages, which contained some account of police corruption and the "Warning for Travellers," derived from Clavell's "Recantation" (1628), already repeated in "The Catterpillers of this Nation" and in "The English Rogue." But the body of the work was a smart picaresque story quite in the vein of Quevedo.

A reformed thief relates the events of his life. His mother was condemned for stealing, and because it would be difficult for a weak person to walk up Holborn Hill it was arranged "she should be carry'd, with a suitable attendance to her Quality." In order to escape she bribed a jury of matrons to swear she was with child, and then tried to persuade the divine who visited her to justify their word. Eight pirates happening to stop at Newgate, they strove all they could to oblige her, and succeeded among them. In a quarrel his mother wished them hanged, "which alas! came to pass," says the thief, "for before I came into the world to rejoice my fathers, they all lovingly swung together at Execution Dock without leaving any provision for their posthumous offspring." His mother was pardoned, and the keepers were glad to be rid of her lest she should lay the child to them. The virtuous lady tied him in a basket to a knocker in Cornhill, and when he was handed over to the churchwardens she was so loud in her abuse of the unknown profligate that they paid her ten pounds to care for him. At nine he had made some progress in the nimming art, but he was fourteen before he attempted anything noble. This was cutting the purse of a fruit-woman, and his mother approved it, saying that a curse attends idleness.

Henceforth his cheats were unceasing. He pretended to be a cook-shop's boy, and accepted money intended for the proprietor. At Smithfield he followed a courser and his customer to an inn, and being mistaken by them for the tap-boy and by the landlord for their servant, received a note to be changed, and walked off.[1] When his mother was carried to Tyburn, he sought consolation in a clever mort. They played the old crosbiting trick upon an amorous Quaker; and with accomplices as servants, a chariot and six, and a self-imposed title, the rogue set out for Bath, devising on the way a canting dictionary identical with that in "The English Rogue." Out of humanity he relieved a traveler of his heavy portmanteau; and a sea captain who bragged of having money that nobody could come at, he outwitted by a false cry of fire.

Having lost his last penny to gamblers, he discarded his breeches, and, with their absence concealed by a long coat, rode to an inn. Next morning he declared that his garments and money had been stolen. The chamberlain was suspected, and the landlord, to save the reputation of his house, disbursed several guineas and wiped out the reckoning.[2] Despite the rogue's protest that he and his mort had no business with a priest save at the cart, and none with a ring save that under the left ear, the lady insisted that he should marry her. He gave his promise, intending to break it; but both were taken to Newgate and he was forced to comply. They secured release, but the bride fell ill and spoke so movingly upon her death-bed that the thief turned repentant. His confessions, except that they make no use of the service of masters, might have been written in Spain in the heyday of rogue romance.

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[1] A variation upon tricks in the *Histoire générale des larrons* (pt. i, ch. 6), in *The English Rogue* (pt. iii, ch. 18), and in *Swalpo*.

[2] A trick recorded of the actual Colonel Francis Charteris (1675–1732). Cf. *The Lives of Twelve Bad Men* (1894), p. 201. Charteris, however, burned his breeches at the inn.

Such rollicking irony was lost upon Sarah Fielding, whose "Adventures of David Simple" (1744) borrows the picaresque form, but misses its spirit. Her David is a virtuous gentleman of leisure predisposed to believe all men good, and therein constantly disappointed. Having been cheated by his brother, he sets out in quest of a real friend. He fixes his heart upon a jeweler's daughter, only to overhear her debating with a maid the advisability of rejecting him for a richer suitor. He is everywhere confronted by the *desengaño* of the Spaniards, yet a pessimistic conclusion is avoided by his discovery of a knot of friends, and his marriage to one worthy of him. Though the satire is occasionally sharp, the novel suffers from lack of humor, grasp on character, and knowledge of the world. David's brother is a rogue, but his autobiography, dictated in repentance to a clergyman, is so moralized that it scarce seems a part of the literature of roguery.

Two other fictions that partake but slightly of picaresque elements are the "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus" (1741), by Swift's satellite, John Arbuthnot, and the curious history of "John Buncle" (1756–66), by Thomas Amory, the "English Rabelais." The latter contains the adventures of an accomplished, eccentric, and much-married Unitarian; the former laughs at false learning, and shows precocious Martin taught among other matters "an odd and secret manner of stealing according to the custom of the Lacedemonians, wherein he succeeded so well that he practised it till the day of his death." Such works contributed to the Shandeian school, as did "The Sisters" (1754), by the notorious "macaroni parson," Dr. William Dodd; but most that were picaresque looked to Smollett as a model.

Foremost in this class was the anonymous "Life and Adventures of Joe Thompson" (1750). Its account of school life recalls Quevedo, and prefigures Marryat and Dickens.

> Mr. Prosody, the master, is a brute, and his wife is wont "to harangue plentifully on the salutiferous and grateful nature of soups, and the excellent properties of mutton dripping, which was, from its healing and balsamic qualities, given to us in lieu of butter." The scholars are all so oppressed by hunger that they are driven to the robbing of orchards, and when the offense comes near home are cruelly flogged. Many crude rogueries are practiced by Thompson, who only escapes from this place by apprenticeship to a linen draper. Here the usual low-life adventures succeed. He falls a victim to his master's serving maid, turns rake, intrigues with the married, is crosbitten, beaten, and robbed, and, being left penniless after gaming, seeks refuge at home. But, chancing to save his master's son from highwaymen, he gains forgiveness. He falls in love, is opposed by his lady's relatives, and, believing her dead, takes to dissipation, and sinks to a spunging-house and the Fleet. When released he travels and does business in the East, is captured by the French, meets many old friends by coincidence, and among them his devoted Louisa, whom he marries.

In its use of scenes of recognition and interpolated autobiographies, and in its shift to the Orient, this novel is reminiscent of "The English Rogue," but it benefits from the art of Le Sage.

Smollett further inspired "The Life and Adventures of John Connor" (1752), which stole several incidents direct from "Roderick Random," and in its Miss Dunn duplicated Miss Williams. Connor is an Irish rascal who sings: —

> I 'm Jack the Bachelor, a flashy, roving blade,
> And my whole delight is in the smuggling trade.

With Tom Field he outwits the authorities on land and sea, now by hiding in an empty cask, now by disguising in woman's garb. He fights the officers in the open, and defeats their schemes when they give a coffin full of stones a grand funeral in the hope that Jack will come forth from concealment to view it.

Satirical studies of various trades, and sketches of low-life in town, are given in "The Fortunate Imposter; or, the Very Entertaining Adventures of Dick Hazard" (1759), whose anti-hero for amusement dresses as a beggar and interviews successively a parson, a sailor, a Frenchman, and a lawyer. He enters partnership with a professional rogue, and is introduced to an organization of mendicants. He examines all the haunts of vice, listens to the life histories of ladies of light virtue, and while drunk stumbles into an intrigue that ends in a happy marriage.

Four years earlier a different picaro bearing the same name was celebrated at greater length in "The Adventures of Dick Hazard." Here an Irishman expelled from Trinity College, Dublin, for participation in a blasphemous academy, passes over to England to achieve a rich marriage. An accomplice proves faithless, but a lady unhappily wed robs her husband, and flees with Hazard to France. While voyaging to Italy they are seized by Barbary pirates, and at Algiers the rogue passes off the lady as his sister and encourages her to receive their captor's advances. In the meantime he himself fascinates the Moor's daughter, and escapes with her to London. Being left a widower, he turns author, and then preacher, and, after the usual imprisonment for debt, remarries. The incidents of Moorish captivity echo familiar episodes in the Spanish novels, and the mysterious veiled lady to whom the adventurer is carried each evening in a chair is a counterpart of one who figures in Cespedes y Meneses's "Soldado Píndaro."[1] The satire on authors, however, confided to Metaphor, the chief ballad master and murder writer of the town, is pure Smollett.

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[1] *Soldado Píndaro*, pt. ii, ch. 3. Cf. Massuccio, *Il novellino*, *novella* xxvi.

To the same class, despite its dedication "To Tristram Shandy, Esq.," belongs "The History of Tom Fool" (1760).

Tom is taken to the Marshalsea, when a girl for whom he gave bond decamps, "by mistake packing up his things for her own." His fellow prisoners recount their experiences, and the most roguish are those of John Junior. This fellow's father, a natural son of Peter the Great, after consorting with a beggar woman and a tribe of Gypsies, became footboy to a clergyman, and eloped with his daughter. Junior was born of the match, but the Gypsies objected to his elegance, his mother ran away, and his father was obliged to undertake a septennial exile. The young rogue entered service with a puppet-showman, but his being discovered in a compromising situation with the showman's wife "occasioned some little uneasiness in the family." The lady slipped from Junior's arms to those of a recruiting sergeant, and next to those of an ensign, who made the rogue his servant. London proved alluring, and his further adventures satirize the vices of the town. He hears the picaresque histories of Squire Singleten and Miss Mask, and, although he falls into the clutches of the law, secures release by a bribe to his jailer's wife. After his departure she discovers that the bag of guineas he has given her is a bag of curtain rings and pewter scrap, and that her husband, with whom she has arranged for the rascal's recapture, has been outwitted.

Both the incidents and the irony of this fiction derive from the romance of roguery. "We are to live in the world, and disinterestedness won't pay turnpikes" is the book's philosophy. "Let me but secure a sufficient dependency," exclaims one character, "and I'll live as virtuous as Penelope; that is I'll keep up the appearance of it." In thrusting at idealistic literature "Tom Fool" is never weary. "I know 't is against all rules of romance to mind eating when the distress'd damsel is going to relate her sorrows," exclaims the author, "but what say ye ladies? The story won't cool, the meat may;" and apropos of pastoral writing it is said that "innocence might go to market in Arcadia, but in England's country towns, vice and folly are as well received as in any parish within the bills of mortality."

A special phase of the Smollettian novel was imitated in "The Adventures of a Kidnapped Orphan" (1767), decrying the system of impressment resorted to in the English army and navy, and tracing the fortunes at sea and in India of a wealthy victim of crimps. In the meantime other types of fiction had been cultivated. Thomas Mozeen's "Young Scarron" (1752) had exhibited Will Glitter's troop of strollers touring England in emulation of the French journeys of Destin's company in the "Roman Comique." If the interpolated tales of the original are here rejected, the comic adventures at inns and the romantic plot remain. Ramble as the Léandre of the piece rescues his Diana from a libertine, who is promptly forgiven by the lady and her lover on presenting the following apology: "Zounds, Madam, my design was no worse than what is practis'd every day. I love a pretty girl, and you, being such, struck my fancy, and then I us'd my best endeavours to get possession of you."

Gentlemen of similar morals persecute the heroine of "The History of Betty Barnes" (1753), a child of honest but impoverished parents, who begins life by begging, enters service, and changes mistresses with picaresque facility. Carried off by violence, she is saved by one villain from the brutality of another. She retains her virtue, marries, and "is now the happy mistress of a well-regulated family." Such an obvious descendant of "Pamela" was soon joined by an imitation of "Clarissa," entitled "The Memoirs of Miss Sidney Bidulph" (1761), dedicated to Richardson, as "a tribute due to exemplary goodness and distinguished genius when found united in one person." The rascals who here harass the heroine are too violent for rogues, but the realism of an unfortunate conclusion is excused on the ground that experience shows few cases of punishments and rewards properly adjusted in this life, whence may be inferred another life for compensation. Richardson was generally laughed at, however, by the realists, as in "The True Anti-Pamela" (2d ed. 1770), relating the adventures of a choir-boy who runs away to Carolina from his master, an organist, and upon his enforced return is jilted by a lady. The reversal of the usual male and female rôles recalls Fielding's burlesque of "Pamela" in "Joseph Andrews," although a second part, describing the anti-hero's cruise against the Spaniards, savors rather of Smollett.

Ten years before the latter writer's imitation of "Don Quixote" in "Launcelot Greaves," Mrs. Charlotte Lennox had composed her "Female Quixote" (1752), satirizing the romance-fed young lady who applies heroic standards to common life; and ten years after Smollett's venture Richard Graves in his "Spiritual Quixote" (1772) poked fun at the Methodists through Geoffry Wildgoose and his cobbler squire, Jeremiah Tugwell. How plenteously novels, both satiric and romantic, poured from the press after the middle of the century is attested by George Colman's farce, "Polly Honeycomb" (1760), directed against circulating libraries, and containing in a preface a list of one hundred and eighty-two fictions, classified as Adventures, Histories, and Memoirs. The great majority of these are the fruit of a single decade, and the titles of most argue their contents. Such volumes as "The Accomplished Rake," "The Female Rambler," "Lady Frail," "The Jilts, or the Female Fortune Hunters," "The Intriguing Coxcomb," "The Man of Pleasure," "The Temple Beau, or the Town Rakes," "Prostitutes of Quality, or Adultery *à la mode*," "The Adventures" of "James Ramble," of "Will Ramble," of "Will Hammond," of "Jerry Buck," and of "Jack Smart," and "The Histories" of "Dicky Gotham and Doll Clod," of "Jasper Banks," and of "Some of the Penitents in the Magdalen House," deserve the oblivion into which they have fallen.

Yet in more worthy fictions picaresque influence crops out when least expected. It appears very slightly in "The Vicar of Wakefield" (1766), though good Dr. Primrose and his family are merely the victims of roguery. It was Goldsmith's privilege to refine the harsher practice of his predecessors, to avoid the clownish whimsicality of an Adams or a Trunnion, the violent and unredeemed villainy of a Lovelace, and the repulsive realism of city life as described by a Random. Accordingly, when he pictures the sharping trick played upon Moses or the experiences of the Vicar in prison, it is to smile at the boy's gullibility and to commend the philanthropist's zeal. Jenkinson, the amusing swindler who gets the better of the Vicar himself, may declare of the literature of roguery that "those relations which describe the tricks and vices only of mankind, by increasing our suspicion in life, retard our success;" yet in "The History of a Philosophic Vagabond" the adventures of the Vicar's son George mark the survival of the picaresque tradition. For George has become, or has tried to become, usher at an academy, hack author, parasite to a man of fashion, teacher of English to the Dutch, professor of Greek at Louvain, itinerant musician, critic of art in Paris, traveling tutor, professional disputant of university theses, player, and soldier.[1]

Similarly, the sentimental Mackenzie's "Man of the World" (1773) exhibits not a little rascality and low-life. For it shows Sir Thomas Sindall as the deliberate villain, who, to secure possession of a clergyman's daughter, lures her brother into fast company, makes a gambler of him, and, when he commits a robbery to retrieve his losses, and is condemned to transportation, feigns friendship for the sister and ruins her. The child she bears disappears, she and her father die, and years afterward Sir Thomas, on the point of outraging a young girl, discovers that she is his own daughter, and falls by the avenging hand of the returned convict.

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[1] Goldsmith's picaresque leanings are manifest, too, in such papers as "A City Night Piece" in *The Bee*, and "The Adventures of a Strolling Player" in *The British Magazine*, as well as in his translation of the *Roman Comique* (1775). *The Whole Comical Works of Scarron*, issued in 1700 by Thomas Brown, Savage, and others, saw seven editions by 1759.

The picaresque form had earlier been extended to include the adventures of a soul in its transmigrations, and in England Fielding's "Journey from this World to the Next" had been anticipated by the "Spectator," where Will Honeycomb in the person of a monkey writes the history of his incarnations.[1] Other devices for satire, such as the magic flight in the "Diablo Cojuelo," or the gift of invisibility common to "Fortunatus" and "Vogel-Nest," had found favor, and the notion of an animal that should pass from master to master was as old as the "Golden Ass." But although Addison had sketched the adventures of a shilling in the "Tatler,"[2] it was only in the second half of the century that the inanimate and the animal adventurer came to be largely cultivated.

The author of "The History of Pompey the Little, or the Life and Adventures of a Lap Dog" (1751), professes to be encouraged by the fact that no character is thought too inconsiderable to engage the public notice. "The lowest and most contemptible vagrants, parish girls, chamber-maids, and pickpockets find historians to record their praises and readers to wonder at their exploits. . . . The prisons and stews are ransacked to find materials for novels and romances." His Pompey can at least rank with these. Born in Bologna, "a place famous for lap-dogs and sausages," Pompey is first the property of a courtesan. He is then presented to a lover, is carried to England, is given to a lady of intrigue, and goes the rounds of high society. Later, he becomes the leader of a blind beggar, who lives luxuriously on the proceeds of his trade.

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[1] No. 343.

[2] No. 249.

Similar changes of fortune are exhibited in "The Adventures of a Louse,"[1] whose central figure passes from the pate of a charity-school boy to a fine lady, an old buck, a philosopher, and a hospital patient. "The Adventures of a Half Penny"[2] shows a counterfeit coin disposed of to a peddler, exalted with quicksilver into a shilling, reduced and made a gift to a child, tossed to an orange-woman, rescued from a gin-shop by her husband, who puts it to worse use, taken from a night-cellar by a blood, and thrown into his creditor's window.

Such works multiplied surprisingly, Smollett's "History of an Atom" being but one among many. "The Life and Adventures of a Cat," "The Memoirs of a Flea," "The Adventures" of a "Fly," of a "Horse in Peace and War," of a "Little White Mouse," and the "Life and Perambulations of a Mouse," found inanimate rivals in the "Adventures" of a "Bank Note," a "Rupee," a "Pincushion," a "Corkscrew," a "Peg Top," a "Whipping Top," a "Silver Three-Pence," an "Air Balloon," a "Hackney Coach," a "Pin," and an "Ostrich Feather of Quality." Most of these could boast of roguish incidents. In "The Adventures of a Black Coat" (1760), for example, the garment is hired for a day by a sharper. On leaving a coffee-house he mistakes another's coat for his own, and though he apologizes when the mistake is pointed out by the lawful owner, he forgets to pay for his refreshment. He calls a coach, and after a ride steps away through a house without satisfying the driver. He perpetrates an elaborate cheat on a lord and an auctioneer, bilks an innkeeper and a jeweler, and at the play steals an old gentleman's cloak, identifying it by marks he has taken the precaution to sew into it during the performance.

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[1] Published January 1, 1754, as No. 121, of Dr. Richard Bathurst's *Adventurer*.

[2] A shorter sketch in *The Adventurer*, No. 43, April 3, 1753.

Such works represent a decline in the picaresque genre, for the central figure can be used merely to focus the scenes satirized, and is necessarily deprived of all initiative in rascality. Yet the most conspicuous example of the type — "Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea" (1760–65), by Charles Johnstone — teems with roguery. This is the least agreeable and most virulent of books, a revelation of the iniquities of eighteenth-century society which constitutes in itself a fresh iniquity.

An alchemist is addressed by the spirit of a clipped guinea that he has consigned to his crucible. The coin relates its experiences, from the day of being mined in Peru by a convict, to its payment to the adept by a pawnbroker. Dishonor attaches to all of its changes of service. A priest, a ship's captain, a gaming lord, a quack, a general's gentleman, a courtesan, a bawd, a corrupt magistrate, a bishop, a lady of rank, a clyster-pipe seller, a minister of state, a general, a banker, a king, a Jesuit, an inquisitor, a sailor, and a peddler, are among its masters. The scene shifts from England to Holland, Germany, Bulgaria, and Portugal, and the satire lashes not only abstract types of vice, but political parties and "noted persons in every rank of life."

Johnstone produced three other satires allied with the literature of roguery. In "The Reverie" (1762) he depicts a flight to the paradise of fools entered upon one evening as the narrator was reading Milton. Ariel is his guide to that delectable region "where self-deluded man, thro' endless ages, continues to act over the absurdities in which he blindly places the happiness of his life." Bigots, libertines, and hypocrites are displayed in bewildering number, and the ostensible editor of this fantasy and of "Chrysal" is portrayed as a rogue who has been in turn player, doctor, author, broken soldier, shipwrecked sailor, fool, madman, Gypsy, and parson.

"The History of Arsaces, Prince of Betlis" (1774) parodies heroic romance, and retains the picaresque form with little of its matter. To his conqueror a captive relates the story of his life. He has been in service with Bedouins, a merchant, a vizier, an officer, and others, and invariably has fallen from grace by endeavoring to institute reforms. The scheme resembles that of the Spanish "Alonso," where the anti-hero displeases every master by his moralizings. A series of letters from a Chinese traveler to a friend at home constitutes "The Pilgrim" (1775), which invades the territory already occupied by Bishop Percy and by Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World." It spares neither laws nor religion, and dissects low-life in many phases, from the habits of courtesans to the practices of the debtor's prison. But Johnstone's chief contribution to the literature of roguery was made in two novels inspired by Smollett and Le Sage.

"The History of John Juniper, Esq., *alias* Juniper Jack" (1781) describes its anti-hero's early career with the minuteness of Sterne.

His mother keeps a gin cellar for gentlemen of industry, and she can never fix upon his father, although at the suggestion of a Jesuit she tries to raise money by imposing him upon three rich men at once. The trick miscarries, and she is obliged to make the tour for America. Jack is left behind to be nursed by an unscrupulous woman who is often on the point of putting him out of the world, but finds a better expedient. This involves changing him for a gentleman's son, and so Jack becomes a Juniper. Upon his new parents he practices a hundred rogueries before being sent to school with a Scotch tutor. This fellow, plagued by his pupil's knavishness under the guise of simplicity, is finally robbed, and Jack, now convinced that cheating is nobler than theft by force, takes lessons in the art from a Jew.

He attests his skill by outwitting his master, endeavors to shake a lady's constancy to her absent lover, and in order to defeat another rival undertakes in the disguise of a Genoese trickster to superintend and expose this nabob's bribing operations at an election. Then he turns player, falls in love with an actress, poses as the son of a rich Jamaica planter, gambles away a bequest, and encounters his mother and his half-sister, who have risen to prosperity in Virginia. As heir to half of the former's fortune he flourishes in society, plays the politician, and rescues a former flame from the wiles of a soldier of fortune. Of the rest of his life reports vary. That his mind failed at last is small disgrace, for, "as Marlborough, Swift, and Newton had died before, so died Juniper Jack."

Needless to say, this novel lacks plot and character. Its humor declines as the satire waxes, and toward the close its personages are too repulsive to amuse. The irony of "Jonathan Wild" is often in evidence, as when the author, fearing lest exception be taken to the word hero as applied to a rogue, explains that the term has always designated destroyers, and that Jack has as much title to it as Achilles or Alexander.

Johnstone's other picaresque fiction, "The Adventures of Anthony Varnish" (1786), is scarcely more genial.

It presents an Irishman, whose roguish life begins with his engagement as servant to a schoolmaster, reminiscent of Lazarillo's blindman in cruelty. When Varnish is beaten for his depredations he runs away and secures a place with a quack: Scotch snuff, gamboge, and vinegar are this master's favorite prescriptions, and he treats the poor with especial severity. Varnish is discharged, falls victim to a peddler on the road, engages with a traveling menagerie, and then joins a begging soldier and his doxy. The former, with many oaths and digressions, tells how he fought at Bunker Hill and found his wife in Boston, as clever a girl as ever pillaged a battlefield. Among other tricks, he feigns the falling sickness with soap under the tongue.

In Dublin Varnish takes service with a lieutenant who is soon arrested for the forfeit of a bond. But the gallant fellow escapes in woman's clothes, and with his valet reaches Liverpool. On the road to London the two attend a performance of "Hamlet" which recalls "Tom Jones," and in the metropolis Varnish is flattered and deceived by a putative foreign count. He is dismissed from the employ of a poet upon giving an adverse opinion of his master's works (a souvenir of Gil Blas's experience with the Archbishop of Granada), but, securing a new place from a servants' registry, saves the life of his master's niece, marries her, and inherits the old gentleman's property.

This performance is poor enough. Johnstone, like his rogues, lacked initiative. He could sketch personages and scenes with humor or scathing satire, but he could never bind these sketches together into an effective whole exhibiting character-development. To the last he remained a satirist rather than a novelist.

The best picaresque fiction contemporary with Johnstone's work was the anonymous "Modern Times, or the Adventures of Gabriel Outcast" (1785), written "in imitation of 'Gil Blas.'"

> Gabriel at the death of his parents sets out for London on top of a stagecoach, is robbed by the traditional peddler, enters service as tutor at the school of the cheating Doctor Slashem, is commissioned as auction-room bidder to keep up prices, and during a false imprisonment learns the drolleries and deceits of a jail. He acts as scandal-collector for the newspapers, sets up as divine on the strength of the godly discourses he has stolen, and as footman to an amorous widow chances to rescue from ignominy a young lady whose father employs him out of gratitude. A jealous lord forces him to flee in beggar's clothes, and, being set upon by highwaymen in the New Forest, he joins their band. "'Come,' said I, 'my lads, I don't mean to affront you. You may be as great in your way, as the best of men in theirs.'" Indeed, adds the author, "there are rascals in every walk of life, from the first minister of state to the beggar in St. Giles, and to upbraid them with their conduct is but to wage war with mankind."
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> The rogue's later adventures include service with a physician, and with actors. When the latter play "The Mock Doctor" and "The Beggar's Opera" they are obliged to wait for their costumes until enough people have assembled to get them out of pawn. The mayor of the town grows over-attentive to the leading lady, and his wife obliges the troop to move on. Gabriel tries letters, wins fame, marries, receives a bequest, enters Parliament, and becomes secretary to the First Lord of the Treasury. He is so adroit in arguing cases he privately disapproves that he is made minister. At length, wearied with the shams of life, he remarries, and retires to the country to write his autobiography.

How little such fictions had to add to the work of Le Sage is obvious. The picaresque formula of the Spanish and French type might continue to be applied to English conditions, but it could only repeat *ad nauseam* the same dull round of incidents. The literature of roguery required not only fresh matter, but new methods and aims. Eccentric George Parker, the self-dubbed "Librarian to the College of Wit, Mirth, and Humour," vainly strove in two autobiographic publications to make picaresque capital out of his adventurous career. But both the "View of Society and Manners in High and Low Life" (1781) and "Life's Painter of Variegated Characters" (1789) were distinguished for their essays on the orders and language of thieves instead of for their narrative passages.

Gothic romance, as cultivated by Horace Walpole, Clara Reeve, Anne Radcliffe, and Matthew Gregory Lewis, employed villains rather than rogues, a choice philosophically justified by Smollett's friend and editor, Dr. John Moore. "If the hero of a romance," he declares, "is described devoid of principle, and perfidious, the more detestable he is made in all other respects, the better will the work serve the purposes of morality."[1]

This theory he had exemplified in "Zeluco" (1786), which purposes "to trace the windings of vice and delineate the disgusting features of villainy" in order to prove "that misery is inseparable from vice, and that the concurrence of every fortunate circumstance cannot produce happiness, or even tranquillity, independent of conscious integrity." Zeluco, accordingly, is a pure monster. His story knows neither humor nor satire. And from the moment when he first appears, crushing a bird in his boyish hand, to that when repentance sets in after his being stabbed by the paramour of a mistress, he excites no sympathy and arouses no interest. He is brother to Smollett's Ferdinand, Count Fathom, and to Zavaleta's Conde de Matisio.

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[1] *The Works of Tobias Smollett, M. D., edited by John Moore, M. D.* (1797), vol. i, " The Life of Smollett."

As for the thin stream of historical fiction proceeding from Leland's "Longsword," and the studies of manners and character by Frances Burney and Jane Austen, they showed little or no roguery, and it was only in the new novel of purpose that picaresque elements survived. Here, however, they were wholly transformed. The young philanthropist of Henry Brooke's "Fool of Quality" examines prisons and slums from humanitarian motives. Mrs. Inchbald's "Nature and Art" (1796) deals with the gradual degradation of a girl, ultimately condemned to death by a judge who proves to have been her first seducer. Before learning who she really was he exclaims, "Spirit of Agnes! look down and behold all your wrongs revenged! William feels—remorse!" This unsatisfactory bit of poetic justice was designed to support Mrs. Inchbald's theory that happiness or misery is determined solely by mental states. But in Agnes's career there is a trace at least of picaresque incident and philosophy. "She began to suspect that dishonesty was only held a sin to secure the property of the rich; and that to take from those who did not want, by the art of stealing, was less guilt than to take from those who did want, by the power of the law."

It was William Godwin, however, chief of the English revolutionary circle, beloved and then hated by Mrs. Inchbald, who made the most striking use of roguish material to further a special purpose. This was done in his novel, "Things as They Are, or the Adventures of Caleb Williams" (1794), "a review of the modes of domestic and unrecorded despotism, by which man becomes the destroyer of man."

Falkland, although originally of noble nature, is provoked beyond endurance by a villain whom in passion he kills. Forced to a series of deceits to cover the crime, he even acquiesces in the execution for it of two who are guiltless. When his servant, Caleb Williams, learns the secret unwillingly, he too is drawn into the net, and presently, for his master's self-protection, is charged with a theft of jewels. Caleb breaks jail, is hounded about, and only informs on Falkland to save himself. When the two are brought face to face, Caleb relents. He analyzes his own mental anguish and the steps that have brought them both to this pass, and pays tribute to Falkland's natural excellence. But the latter now confesses and dies, overwhelmed by all he has suffered.

This is not a novel of intrigue, adventure, or manners. The attack upon social conditions and the study of character are its aims. But in the account of Caleb's falling into jail, his escape, his life among thieves, and his later shifts, the incidents of the picaresque novel are drawn upon. The worst rogue of the band into whose hands Caleb comes is Gines, a descendant of Cervantes's Ginés de Pasamonte. The old woman who houses the gang duplicates the hag of the cavern in "Gil Blas;" and Raymond, the leader, is a generous rascal, who dismisses Gines because of his unkindness to Caleb, and refuses to heed the entreaties of the rest to deliver up the fugitive for a reward. When Caleb escapes, it is to wander as a beggar, to suffer arrest as a mail robber, to bribe his accusers, change disguises day by day, counterfeit the Jew in the London ghetto, and keep body and soul together by composing "stories of Cartouche and Gusman d'Alfarache." But Gines, who from thief has turned thief-taker, dogs him relentlessly, first on his own account, then for Falkland. Wherever he has just won friends, there the thief-taker comes. Although Hugo more powerfully developed the situation in "Les Misérables," Gines is the germ of Javert, the ubiquitous, inflexible agent of society's vengeance.

Amid the crowd of imitative writers, content during the latter half of the eighteenth century to follow blindly the procedure of native and foreign masters of picaresque narrative, there had appeared but few innovators. If the great majority looked to the past, Mrs. Inchbald and Godwin faced the future. Their influence is especially to be discerned in such a rogue novel as Bulwer-Lytton's "Paul Clifford."

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CHAPTER VII

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CHAPTER VIII

ROMANTIC ROGUERY FROM SCOTT TO BULWER

1. *Scott*

IT was no part of the service of Walter Scott to rehabilitate the picaresque novel. He sought rather to temper the raw realism and crude melodrama of the eighteenth century with the spirit of true romance. Cervantes, two hundred years earlier, had modified romantic idealism with picaresque realism in "Don Quixote;" Scott reversed the process in the "Waverley Novels." He restored to fiction its lost balance, and what had been hysterical and false in the Otrantos and Udolphos was reduced to probability, while what had been low and mean in the Peregrine Pickles and John Junipers was raised to the plane of art. So skillfully were the two elements blended that a fiction truer to life than either resulted. The rogue of the realistic novel in ceasing to occupy the centre of the stage changed his nature, and usurped something of glamour from the hero of romance. The hero in turn caught more than a hint from the rogue.

Scott himself perceived the tendency. Writing of "Waverley" he confessed, "I am a bad hand at depicting a hero properly so called, and have an unfortunate propensity for the dubious characters of borderers, Highland robbers, and all others of a Robin Hood description." Yet he had frowned upon Defoe's secondary fictions, saying, "Though we could select from these picaresque romances a good deal that is not a little amusing, we let them pass by, as we would persons, howsoever otherwise interesting, who may not be in character and manners entirely fit for good society."

Romantic rascals had been painted in Scott's poems, and it was only natural that they should multiply on the ampler canvas of his novels. Edward Waverley, penetrating the haunts of Highland outlaws, is received in the inevitable robber's cave by Donald Bean Lean, falls vainly in love with Fergus Mac-Ivor's sister, and fights along with the rest for Prince Charlie. Donald in appearance is the reverse of the ideal bandit; but he is a dashing thief none the less, and deserves the hanging he gets. Robin Hood figures in "Ivanhoe" as a champion archer and a friend to the oppressed, and Friar Tuck proves the jolliest of mock hermits. Varney, the villainous manipulator of Lord Leicester in "Kenilworth," is backed by such rogues as the Puritan hypocrite Foster, the swashbuckler Lambourne, and the conjurer Alasco. Milder in roguery are sly Dickie Sludge and his friend Wayland Smith, the mountebank. Dousterswivel, the charlatan of "The Antiquary," reveals by magic the spring whose location he has previously ascertained, and unearths from a tomb the horn of coin he has buried there. On the other hand, Edie Ochiltree, the beggar of the same novel, possesses "something of poetical character and personal dignity," and is honest enough from the moment he first appears to explode the Antiquary's theory of the ruined prætorium. "Who is he?" asks the Antiquary; "why, he has gone the vole — has been soldier, ballad-singer, travelling tinker, and is now a beggar." His living original, Scott relates, was an itinerant gambler, Andrew Gemmells, merged with whose portrait was that also of an Edinburgh beadsman.

The Gypsy Meg Merrilies of "Guy Mannering" was similarly drawn from an actual prototype, Jean Gordon of Yetholm, who died of a ducking, and all nine of whose sons were hanged on one day. Madge Gordon, her granddaughter, Scott had seen in his boyhood. Meg he describes as possessed of a certain "wild sublimity" in appearance and character, and though Dominie Sampson proclaims her to be "harlot, thief, witch, and gypsy," she is lifted from the picaresque plane by her touch of ennobling madness, and her devotion to the heir of Ellangowan, whose birth-charm she has wrought, and whose kidnapping she avenges. Scott was later laughed at by Borrow for lack of fidelity to Gypsy ways and speech,[1] and Meg is indeed less a cousin to those Romanies of actual life who camp with Lavengro in the dingle than to Scott's own Norna of the Fitful Head. Dirk Hatteraick, however, is sufficiently roguish, a smuggler when his guns are in ballast, a privateer or pirate when he gets them mounted, and at all times a coiner of rare oaths, and the unscrupulous prosecutor of nefarious business.

Milder smugglers and freebooters appear in the later novels, from Willie Graeme of Westburnflat in "The Black Dwarf," and Christie of the Clinthill in "The Monastery," to the goodly company gathered in "Redgauntlet," which includes such rogues as Father Crackenthorp, Nanty Ewart of the Jumping Jenny, and Tam Trumbull, the contraband trader. "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" offers graphic prison scenes and the figure of Daddy Ratcliffe, a convict who becomes underkeeper of the Tolbooth, and gives Jeanie Deans a pass enabling her to go unscathed of all road-knights on her errand of mercy to London. Meg Murdockson, who has spirited away Effie's child to be revenged on its father, is hanged as a sorceress, and her crazy lass, Madge Wildfire, dies of a witch-ducking. Then Effie's son turns up as a Highland robber to kill in a fracas his own faithless father. Here, as in most of Scott's novels, the use of disparate picaresque elements is governed by a higher romantic purpose.

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[1] The supposed Gypsy jargon of Scott in *Guy Mannering*, ch. xxviii, is simply thieves' cant from the beggar-books.

By title and theme, at least two of the fictions should have proved romances of roguery, yet both elude such classification. In "Rob Roy" the philosophic Andrew Fairservice excuses his smuggling as "a mere spoiling o' the Egyptians," and Rob is portrayed as a kind and gentle thief who, like Robin Hood, would take from the rich to relieve the poor. He conceives himself insulted by the legal emissaries of his victims, turns outlaw, lifts blackmail from those who desire immunity from his depredations, and fights in the civil wars. He is less a rogue than a hero, sung in the spirit of Wordsworth's lines to him in "Rob Roy's Grave." But even so, his story remains subordinate in interest to that of Diana Vernon and Francis Osbaldistone.

In "The Pirate" (1822) three buccaneers play a part.

Mertoun, the Byronic recluse of Jarlshof, stalks in the background, doing penance among the bleak islands of Zetland for his wicked past as sea dog. His long-lost son, Clement Cleveland, the pirate, suffers shipwreck on this coast, and falls into rivalry with his rescuer and half-brother, Mordaunt. But he never figures on the high seas, and through his love for Minna Troil soon loses all taste for his old trade. Jack Bunce finds the fustian he mastered as strolling actor an excellent equipment for the rôle of corsair, and delights to picture the booty to be got upon the Spanish main. "Give me such a chase," he cries, "as we might see from the mast head off the island of Trinidado, your Don rolling as deep in the water as a grampus, deep-loaden with rum, sugar, and bales of tobacco, and all the rest ingots, moidores, and gold dust; then set all sail, clear the deck, stand to quarters, and up with the Jolly Roger." There are minor water-thieves, too, blustering Fletcher, Derrick the quartermaster, Hawkins the boatswain, and Captain Goffe, generally drunk as Davy's sow, and shooting his men in frolic.

When Goffe has been deposed by his crew, Cleveland accepts the captaincy on the condition that he be set ashore as soon as he has run the Fortune's Favourite safely out of the Orkneys. But before this can happen the pirates are taken, and Cleveland and Bunce escape hanging only because of an earlier act of heroism. Thus their rascality is redeemed, and Cleveland dies fighting in the king's service.

It is "The Fortunes of Nigel" (1822), however, that best represents Scott's employment of romantic roguery.

Nigel Olifaunt, who has come from Scotland to press his claims at the court of James I, falls in with Buckingham's favorite, Dalgarno, and through him meets the ruffling rogues of Beaujeu's Ordinary. The young man roisters and dices with the rest until he finds that Dalgarno is traducing him. Then he strikes his enemy within the royal precincts, and is only saved from arrest by a friendly Templar who procures his entrance to Whitefriars, the picaresque Alsatia, abounding in "desperadoes of every description, — bankrupt citizens, ruined gamesters, irreclaimable prodigals, desperate duellists, bravoes, homicides, and debauched profligates, — all leagued together to maintain the immunities of their asylum."

Here is an English *Cour des miracles* or *hampa* which boasts its own laws, government, and rebellions. Its rulers have been successively an old fishwife, a broken attorney, a reformado captain, and a hedge parson; but at Nigel's advent a new potentate — Duke Hildebrod — holds sway. He requires of each comer the payment of a garnish and registration in an entry book, and he keeps his discontented subjects quiet by assigning them rich refugees as boarders. Nigel is initiated as a grand compounder, one who pays double that he may be asked no questions. He meets old Trapbois, the usurer, later strangled for his gold at dead of night, and Captain Colepepper, suspected of the murder, a bully who has learned his blustering of Shakespeare's Pistol. Here is talk of conny-catching, crosbiting, rooking, and other matters known to the early anatomies of roguery.

But Nigel escapes from Alsatia, and his story moves back to the usual round of romance, — durance in the Tower, friendship for a page who proves to be the heroine in disguise, and a final pardon at the hands of the king. Dalgarno and Colepepper are caught in their own toils, and only Gypsy Lutin, page to Dalgarno, goes free. He, too, is a picaro, "unmatched in his tribe as rogue, thief, and liar," with parents of as high rank as the gallows could exalt them to. A companion figure is Dame Ursula Suddlechop, who comes of the family of Celestina.

Although Jonson's "New Inn" furnished the groundwork of Lutin's roguery, and Shadwell's "Squire of Alsatia" provided the scenes in Whitefriars, such realistic matter was wholly transmuted in Scott's romantic crucible.

2. *Picaros in the Orient*

Byron, whose success in verse drove Scott into novel-writing, was doubly romantic: in spirit, he asserted the primacy of emotion; in subject, he sought the picturesque. Spain, Italy, Greece, and the East early claimed his attention, and from the publication of "Childe Harold" to the issue of "Don Juan," the foreign scenes he portrayed were as romantic objectively as subjectively were the shades and shifts of emotion in his heroes. From Harold, the mild sentimentalist, he passed to gloomy, sin-haunted beings like the Corsair or Manfred, then to Cain the Promethean rebel, and at last, with a laugh at the uselessness of it all, to the cynical Juan. So he followed unconsciously the law of the sensualist's evolution, moving on from delight in emotion, through unsatisfied yearning, to despair and romantic irony.

It was at this final point and in "Don Juan" (1819–24) that Byron approached the romance of roguery. His hero now became an anti-hero, a jaunty rogue rather than a villain, a perpetrator of frauds and a mocker at the world and himself. He flits from one adventure to another, careless and satirical, involved in amorous intrigue in Spain, suffering shipwreck in the Mediterranean, finding refuge in the cave of a pirate chief in the Greek Archipelago, infatuated with the corsair's daughter but soon to forget her when fate has parted them. Disguised as a woman, he makes merry in the Sultan's harem at

Constantinople, then turns soldier and fights in the ranks at Ismail, presently figures as the favorite of Catherine II in Russia, and ere long reaches England, to kill a highwayman and to take a fall out of polite society.

Surely this peripatetic satirist is more closely affiliated with the gentry of the picaresque novels than with the Don Juan Tenorio of Andalusian tradition, and of Tirso de Molina's famous play. Where "El Burlador de Sevilla" presents a villain in one aspect, Byron's poem traces the various fortunes of a complex and volatile adventurer. But if Aleman and Quevedo and even Le Sage were concerned in the genesis of Byron's "Don Juan," their contribution was freely manipulated by one whose own career had been half picaresque, and whose masterful nature, defeated in its emotional quest, had turned to irony. This versified romance of roguery is therefore as individual as its author. Its rogue is no plebeian elbowing up from rank to rank in society; it offers no scenes from the gutters and stews; and cares nothing for the scheme of the service of masters. It flies at higher game. Don Juan is a young patrician, *blasé* at twenty and quite careless of his fate. Yet even so, his heart is capable of a range of emotion incomprehensible to the Spanish picaro, and the beauty and pathos of his love passages with Haidée are thrown into startling contrast by the cynical reflections with which he checks the welling tide of his own feeling.

Many of Don Juan's adventures pass in the Levant, already exploited by Byron in his narrative poems, "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," and "The Siege of Corinth." At this moment others, too, were turning to the East, — Moore in "Lalla Rookh" and "The Epicurean," Maturin in "The Milesian Chief," anonymous romancers in "Sephora, a Hebrew Tale" and "Rameses, an Egyptian

Tale," and Hope and Morier in excellent picaresque novels. But the clearest echo of Byron was to be heard in "The Adventures of a Younger Son" (1831), by his friend, E. J. Trelawny. This fanciful autobiography opens like a Marryat novel with an account of youthful hardships, pranks, and enlistment in the navy. Soon follows a racy tale of wild East Indian life, for Trelawny turns pirate, captains a crew of dare-devil Arabs, Mussulmans, Daccamen, Coolies, and Lascars, with a sprinkling of Swedes, Dutch, French, and Portuguese, and argues that in preying upon others he is but despoiling robbers. Most of his rascality proceeds, however, from unbridled passion. He plays the savage with zest, runs amuck, is devoted to wine and women, and in his thirst for liberty or license, his hatred of priests, and his romantic attachment to the Arab girl Zela is a more venturesome and less sentimental Byron.

The English poet's influence was happily diluted with that of Le Sage in "Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Greek at the Close of the Eighteenth Century" (1819). Its author, Thomas Hope, the son of an Amsterdam merchant, had settled in England after eight years of architectural study in Spain, Sicily, Greece, Turkey, Syria, and Egypt. As an art connoisseur he issued illustrated volumes concerning house furnishings and costumes, but "Anastasius" was put forth anonymously. Sydney Smith was not the only one to feel surprise on discovering that "the man of chairs and tables, and the gentleman of sofas" had produced it. Byron declared that on reading it he wept for two reasons, — first because he had not written it, and second because Hope had.

Anastasius is an adventurous rogue in service. The story's swiftness of action, tempered realism, range of satire, and burlesque spirit, all derive from "Gil Blas;" but sentimentality more and more crowds out these features. Anastasius becomes a prose Don Juan, and the picaro is replaced by the soldier of fortune and the gallant.

As a boy Anastasius flees from Chios when discovered in an intrigue, falls into the hands of Maynote pirates and then of Turks, becomes the favorite of a favorite of the Capitan Pasha, and rises to distinguished place through bravery in action. Sailing to Constantinople, he makes love to the wife of a high official, and, being dismissed, seeks in vain for aid from those formerly his friends. A band of rogues courts and then deserts him, and he enters the service of a Jewish quack. The rascal and his master advance from prescribing for the groom of a great-grandson of the Sultan to attendance upon the Vizier himself, but the chief physician of the seraglio casts them into prison, where a motley horde is terrorized by a liberated galley slave.

Anastasius secures release only to fall ill of the plague and barely to escape the assaults of hospital physicians. He acts as interpreter to foreign visitors, pays court to the wife of an effendee, and in flight is forced to turn Moslem. After indulgence in opium and magic he voyages home to Chios, to be cast off by his father, and to lament the death of his first mistress and perform upon her grave Byronic rites. This marks the sentimentalizing departure from the picaresque vein, and henceforth Anastasius is the rogue on a grander scale, a melancholy victim of ambition. Egypt beholds him rise from simple mamlūke to kiashef. He weds the jealous sister of Suleiman, but at her death is cashiered, goes on pilgrimage to Mecca, grows rich at Stamboul, and journeys from island to island of the Archipelago, accompanied by a friend who vainly strives to reconvert the renegade to Christianity. After soldiering on the Nile and in Wallachia he turns merchant, marries and tires of a Greek widow, ruins on a wager with gay companions the beautiful Euphrosyne, and only when she has perished learns to prize the treasure he has thrown away.

Thereafter his sole aim is to recover their lost child. At Damascus and Bagdad, in the Arabian deserts with a Bedouin bride and allied to the fanatical Wahhabees, he still is unable to forget Euphrosyne. At last the child is found in Alexandria, but dies at the end of the voyage to Trieste. Euphrosyne is avenged. And Anastasius, once all passion and ambition, now at thirty-five a victim of satiety and remorse, expires at a wayside cottage after dictating these dashing memoirs.

The interpolated histories of those encountered by Anastasius are frequently roguish, from that of the pirate to whom the anti-hero is bound in prison, to that of the Greek whose every friend proves false. The latter is misused by the lady who adopts him, by the captain, the baker, and the ballet master whom he serves, and he recalls Defoe's Colonel Jack, by hiding his savings in a hollow tree, by sleeping at night among the cinders of a public bath if not of a glass-house, and by falling on his knees in veneration before the hissing cutlets of a cookshop. The swaggering rake Aly, met on the voyage to Alexandria, is half a picaro, too, and the Egyptian thieves are especially clever. One clips the sleeve of a pelisse from its wearer's side; another professes to be a tailor, and while seeming to repair it absconds with the whole garment; and a third steals a horse from a Nile boat by swimming under water, upsetting the steed into the river, clinging to its tail as it swims ashore, and then galloping off. An Armenian banker makes away with a casket confided to him, and a pious sub-deacon robs a burying-ground of Turkish thigh-bones to show as Christian relics. For the Gypsies Anastasius speaks a good word, but the professional beggars of the Morea he condemns in passages that might have been drawn from the anatomies of roguery. When he comes upon a pack of mendicants whining by the roadside, and lays about him with a whip, "the lame found the use of their legs, the blind recovered their sight, and the deaf and dumb a stentorian voice. A poor decrepit creature, doubled with age and infirmity . . . became all at once as nimble as a stag; a man, shaped like a dromedary, slipped his hunch without missing it; and a woman, eighteen months gone with child, stumbling over a gravestone, brought to light a truss of straw."

If the later exploits of Anastasius are melodramatic, he never quite loses the character of picaro, whether assuming disguises on the journey to his province to spy upon cheating minions or resolving to turn highwayman. To the last, amid the sentiment satire remains, and the flings at physicians are worthy of Le Sage.

Even more obviously inspired by "Gil Blas" was James Justinian Morier's "Adventures of Hajjî Baba of Ispahan" (1824). The author, as diplomat, traveler, and artist, had twice visited Persia. Both journeys were chronicled in volumes of travel, but "Hajjî Baba," with its humorous panorama of Eastern manners seen through the eyes of a rogue, is Morier's best memorial. An ingenious introduction confesses the book's dependence upon "that excellent picture of European life, 'Gil Blas' of Le Sage," and the novel's adoption of the service of masters, of satire, of inserted stories, of historical background, and even its order of events, corroborates the confession.

Hajjî, son of an Ispahan barber, early wields the razor on muleteers and camel drivers, then serves a merchant, is captured by bandits, becomes body barber to their chief, rides with the rest on their forays, and pillages his native city. He is successively watercarrier and seller of smoke, story-telling dervish, pretended courier, servant to the Shah's chief physician, rival of the Shah in love, police officer, and sub-lieutenant to the chief executioner. Pursued by the royal anger, he takes sanctuary in the tomb of Fatimeh at Kom, practices religious cheats with a jolly dervish, and is forgiven by the Shah as an act of piety. He engages as scribe to a holy hypocrite whose zeal leads to his fall, but chance gives the rogue a fresh opportunity, for an official dies in a bath; Hajjî, the only spectator, impersonates him long enough to secure rich booty; and when suspicion has fallen on another, who in greed has assumed the dead man's garments, Hajjî sets out for the Turkish frontier as pilgrim. Discovered and charged with murder, he escapes in the confusion of an attack by robbers, and sets up as a merchant of pipes at Bagdad.

Accompanying a caravan to Constantinople, he marries an emir's widow after representing himself to be descended from Mohammed, but is soon exposed and cast off. He complains to the Persian ambassador, who finds amusement in Hajjî's story, and sets him to composing a history of Europe to be furnished the Shah. Having returned to Persia, he negotiates a bribe offered by the English ambassador to the grand vizier, and in recognition is appointed chief secretary of a mission to England.

There is as little plot here as in any romance of roguery. Only a few of those early encountered reappear. Of nine inserted tales that impede the progress of events, seven are autobiographies, and two are stories told for diversion. If unity of plot be lacking, complexity of character is no feature of Hajjî Baba. He is a ready rogue, without scruples or emotion. To get the better of others is his accepted business. If he wishes a bed, he points out that ill luck has ever attended it; if he wishes a mirror, he assures the jaundiced owner of being as pink as a rose, and declares that the glass is defective. When taken by robbers he is careful to secure by a trick the turban in which is concealed his master's gold; and when moved to restore the ducats to their owner, he reflects, "Had it not been for my ingenuity, the money was lost forever; who therefore has a better claim to it than myself?" Only once is he at all in love, but the lady has already intrigued with his master, and is presently delighted to be preferred by the Shah. Hajjî never thinks of her again until called upon as assistant executioner to bear off her corpse when she and her infant have been flung from the palace tower. The romantic love of Yusuf and Mariam is shown only in an inserted tale.

More important, however, than plot, incident, or character is the satire. All classes are laughed at, and three receive especial chastisement, — physicians, priests, and bureaucrats. Morier's physicians are generally conscious rascals. One writes a charm, and administers a solution of its ink to a patient. This acts as an emetic, and chances to save the invalid's life. Another is the Shah's chief doctor, who conspires to discredit a professional Frankish rival guilty of introducing vaccination. Sometimes the physician is ignorant rather than roguish. Hajjî's father is refused a cordial by his physician when he sneezes. The omen is so bad that two hours are allowed to elapse, and when the cup is again offered, the patient is dead.

Religious imposture is assailed in many forms, from the scrupulous outward conformity to rites on the part of the Shah, really at heart a Sûfi, to the audacious cheats of the dervish, Sefer. Hajjî finds that silence, bead-counting, and groans offer a sure road to sainthood. His master, the mollah, is a leader of prayer at the mosque, a lecturer at the college, and a raging fanatic in assaulting enemies of the faith, merely to get himself noticed. Moreover, he is privately interested in a scheme for providing all men with temporary spouses, and gladly shares his servant's stolen booty. The contentions of Sûni and Shiah, the requirements for the office of Mûshtehed, the gullibility or rascality of pilgrims, and a hundred other phases of religion, are laughed at in similar spirit.

But the severest satire is reserved for official corruption, cowardice, and inefficiency. When Hajjî has been robbed, the prince to whom he complains chastises the offenders, but pockets their booty, and at the victim's request for its restoration dismisses him with the slap of a slipper across the mouth. Hajjî himself, as police officer sent to exact tribute, is tendered a small bribe, and declares, "Unless you have money, ready downright cash, to give, any other offer is useless; with money in your hand, you may buy the Shah's crown from his head; but without it, I can only promise you a harvest of bastinadoes." When taking the field he describes the brilliant action of five hundred Persians who were turned back in fording a river by two Russian soldiers. "Whoever fought after this fashion? Killing,

killing, as if we were so many hogs!" exclaims the executioner. "O Allah, Allah, if there was no dying in the case how the Persians would fight!" The executioner reports a hot conflict, nevertheless, and the vizier, about to issue a proclamation of victory, instructs his secretary, "Let the account be suited to the dignity and character of our victorious monarch. We are in want of a victory just at present." When it has been announced that from ten to fifteen thousand Russians have succumbed the vizier is satisfied. "If the thing be not exactly so, yet, by the good luck of the Shah, it will be so, and therefore it amounts to the same thing." It is this vizier, the actual Mirza Sheffi, who suggests that the English forego their proposed gift of the potato to the nation, and bestow upon him instead a store of broadcloth. Neither he nor Hajjî can comprehend the English ambassador's speech, "unadorned, unpolished, neither more nor less than the truth, such as a camel driver might use to a muleteer." As for the Shah himself, he possesses all the greed, craft, vanity, and ignorance of his model, Fath Ali Shah, and the only wise and honest official depicted is the humblest. This sanitary officer detects Hajjî in selling adulterated tobacco, and orders him beaten till the soles of his feet be jelly.

In all this amusing satire a wide range of scenes is traversed. Life in the caravanserai, the bath, the harem, the palace, the caravan, the camp, and the sanctuary reveals many types of character, from the royal minister to the carpet spreader, from the Turcoman bandit to the sacred Mûshtehed. The fidelity of Hajjî's picture has been attested by travelers, and his portraits of individuals are recognizable, not only in the persons of the Shah and the vizier, but in those of the royal physician, the chief executioner, the poet, the Serdar of Erivan, and the French, English, and Persian ambassadors. With experience so ample

Morier was absolved from over-dependence upon literary models. No picaresque novel save "Gil Blas" seems to have given him anything, although in his captivity among the Turcomans and in the diviner's trick for recovering his stolen inheritance occur parallels with incidents of the Spanish "Alonso."[1]

A sequel, published in 1828, carried the Persian rogue across Europe and allowed him with his ambassador to inspect British manners. But "The Adventures of Hajjî Baba of Ispahan in England" lacks its predecessor's charm. Hajjî's own exploits are no longer amusing, and although the work follows remotely the plan of Montesquieu's "Lettres Persanes" and Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," the satire is at the expense of the travelers rather than at that of the country visited. Morier's other novels, "Zohrab the Hostage" (1832), "Ayeshah, the Maid of Kars" (1834), "The Mirzah" (1842), and "Misselmah" (1847), are sentimental rather than picaresque, although satire returns in "Martin Troutroud, or the Frenchman in London" (1849).

Persia and Turkey having been duly exploited in long fictions as the scenes of roguish adventure, it was India's turn, and in 1826 appeared "Pandurang Hàrì, or the Memoirs of a Hindoo." This has been assigned to William Browne Hockley, but, whoever its author, he professed to be merely the adapter of a Mahratta manuscript disclosing the shifts to which even the higher castes may be driven in a country where all depends upon the will of superiors in power, and the rajah of to-day may be the ryot of to-morrow. "Meanness, cunning, cowardice, and self-interest" are proclaimed to be Mahratta traits; and they certainly are well exemplified in this story.

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[1] *Alonso*, parte ii, cap. 3, and *Hajjî Baba*, chs. iii, l. The diviner's trick of allowing guilt to manifest itself had also appeared in *Marcos de Obregon*, rel. i, des. 16, translated into English by Major Algernon Langton (1816).

Pandurang Hàrì is a foundling, taken into service by a maharajah. He is early advised to pay no wages to his grooms or slipper-bearer, and he confesses concerning a bit of dishonesty that "having been gradually initiated in Mahratta roguery, it will not be matter of surprise that I entered into this scheme with true Hindoo delight." Urged to neglect no opportunity of fingering money, he takes bribes from a petitioner to his master, secretly observes him bury the treasure he has stolen from a murdered victim, digs it up, gets the thief arrested, and bleeds him to his last rupee. Then, although himself imprisoned for the murder, he secures release by announcing the other's guilt, and conspires with the dead man's son to declare far more to have been stolen than the victim ever possessed.

Pandurang next serves as clerk to an army corps. Here he is complained of by the soldiers for refusing them the arms that the arsenal lacks, but flatters his general by declaring the equipment to be of the best. The warriors are poltroons, and in battle feign death and are routed. Then Pandurang turns beggar, serving an old rogue provided with the emblems of religious mendicity, — a peacock's tail, a pole, a wallet, and a leopard's skin to swing at his back. He is greased and smeared all over with ashes and dirt, but when ordered to cut himself to excite pity, he cuts his master instead, and is immediately seized as an assassin and deprived of his money-bag.

When employed by an English merchant of Bombay, Pandurang admits, "I became heartily sick of a service in which there was no chance of profit beyond my wages." Presently, however, he becomes peon to another Englishman, whose chief clerk privily lets out his master's funds to native merchants. On being implicated in this affair and in the clerk's conspiracy to kill his employer, the anti-hero is driven out of Bombay and falls into the hands of Pindarees. Captured by the English, he becomes servant in a fort, but in seeking revenge on the lover of the commandant's daughter, rouses the garrison by night, receives a wound in trying to escape, and sees the Sepoys sent to take him unearth his savings buried beneath the tree in whose branches he is hiding.

So far the story conforms to the picaresque type, but from this point it becomes a fiction of complicated intrigue and altered purpose. The satire fades, the shifts of condition in the service of masters are at an end, roguery gives way to villainy, and haphazard adventure is replaced by a mystery plot. This is negligible, since Pandurang has ceased to be a picaro. Suffice it to say that he proves to be the Prince Jeoba, who with his father has been kept from succeeding to the musnud of Satarah, and is separated from his sweetheart by the machinations of a wicked uncle, disguised as a mendicant. It is this very rascal whom the hero has served unwittingly as third master, and the novel concludes with his overthrow and confession.

If in "Pandurang Hàrì" the picaresque element survives through but part of the tale, in Colonel Meadows Taylor's "Confessions of a Thug" (1839) it all but disappears. This stirring romance, suggested by the author's magisterial investigations of Thuggee, and based upon the actual admissions of a Thug guilty of more than seven hundred murders, more powerfully exhibits the frightful system of professional brigandage once prevalent throughout India than the scientific studies of Thornton, Sleeman, and Hutton.[1] Ameer Ali tells the story of his life, from the killing and plunder of his parents by Thugs and his own initiation into the order, to his capture by the English and his betrayal of former associates. As a devotee of the goddess Bhowánee, wife of Siva the Destroyer, Ameer Ali and his gang can claim religious sanction for their use of the deadly choking cloth; but their aim is primarily theft, and they are to be classed as the most violent and insidious of highwaymen. Necessarily, the account of their fortunes revels in crimes of the blackest, so that this novel, by virtue of its sanguinary character, as well as owing to its lack of humor, of satire, and of the service of masters, is left without the picaresque pale.

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[1] Cf. *ante*, p. 191.

3. *James and Ainsworth*

Among the heirs of Scott none was more prolific than G. P. R. James, whose century of novels includes such titles as "The Robber," "The Brigand," "The Smuggler," "The Convict," "The Gypsy," "The King's Highway," and "Forest Days," the last a tale of Robin Hood. It is noteworthy that in all such fictions James avoids the portrayal of roguery, or excuses it on romantic or philosophic grounds.

"The King's Highway" (1840), for example, deals with a Jacobite conspiracy against William III, and touches on the life of the Irish Rapparees. Colonel Sherbrooke joins the latter after the confiscation of his property. "Such things, alas! were not uncommon in those days, and gentlemen of high birth and education have been known to take to the king's highway, not like Prince Hal for sport, but for a mouthful of bread." Sherbrooke's adventures as road-knight are lightly sketched, and find justification as a political duty. The scene soon shifts from Ireland to the England of twenty years after, and although a robbery is here described, it does not involve Sherbrooke, who now opposes the Jacobite plot and eventually swears allegiance to William. In "The Robber" (1838) Franklin Gray, of "fierce and lionlike spirit," is captain of a desperate band. Sinned against and sinning, he at last shoots his faithful wife, believing she has betrayed him to justice, and, clasping his baby boy, makes a prodigious leap on horseback across a chasm. Then, maddened by remorse, he springs from a cliff to die.

A more philosophic robber figures in "The Brigand" (1841), whose scene is the Savoyard Alps and Paris of the sixteenth century. "It is because man's law is not God's law that I stand here upon the mountain," soliloquizes the hero. "Were laws equal and just, there would be found few to resist them. While they are unequal and unjust, the poor-hearted may submit and tremble; the powerless may yield and suffer; the bold, the free, the strong, and the determined fall back upon the law of God, and wage war against the injustice of man." This is the tone of Schiller and of Bulwer, and it is voiced also by the political transcendentalist of "The Convict" (1847), who learns from imprisonment that moral force alone can hope to triumph over wrong. The rogues of "The Smuggler" (1845), if lacking in theory, are romantic in daring. Indeed, any rascal without heroism or philosophy seems contemptible to James, who says of the olden days: "There was a grander roughness and daringness about both our rogues and our theorists. None but a small villain would consent to be a swindler. We had more robbers than cheats; and if a man chose to be an impostor, it was with all the dignity and decision of a Psalmanazor, or a bottle conjuror." Here every rogue is ruthlessly eliminated at the close. Some are hanged; Little Starlight vanishes, to be heard of long after as the pickpocket Night Ray, shot in escaping from Botany; and Harding the master smuggler, when pursued by a frigate, generously allows the crew of his lugger to put off in a boat, while he himself sails away single-handed and is heard of no more.

Pharold, in "The Gypsy" (1835), is a virtuous go-between in a plot that involves the enmity of brothers, the supposed murder of one by the other, and the putative victim's masquerading under an assumed name. The children of Egypt are romantic lay figures, "princes of honesty compared with the great majority of our dear friends and worldly companions," says James, who, with as little accuracy in phrasing as in fact, declares their language to be "a barbarous compound of some foreign tongue, the origin and structure of which has and most likely ever will, baffle inquiry, and of English, mingled with many a choice phrase from the very expressive jargon called slang."

Since James refused to meddle greatly with rascals, it was left to two other followers of Scott to show that romanticism and roguery are not incompatible. Bulwer-Lytton used picaresque matter for serious ends, but William Harrison Ainsworth employed it purely for entertainment. The first of Ainsworth's novels combined Gothic romance with picaresque fiction, as Smollett had done in "Ferdinand, Count Fathom." He profited, however, by acquaintance with a yet more distinguished predecessor in Gothicism. "I resolved," says he, "to attempt a story in the bygone style of Mrs. Radcliffe; substituting an old English squire, an old manorial residence, and an old English highwayman for the Italian *marchese*, the castle, and the brigand of that great mistress of romance." The result was "Rookwood" (1834), whose plot rings the changes upon the familiar theme of the enemy brothers.

> Luke Bradley discovers that by right he is Sir Luke Rookwood, and although betrothed to a Gypsy girl, he henceforth seeks to wed a cousin, already affianced to his usurping half-brother, Ranulph. Behind this conflict of the brothers stands Luke's grandfather, who turns out to be another Rookwood, ill-used long before by his brother, and bent upon wreaking revenge on this brother's descendants. The resentment of the Gypsy queen, the ambition of Lady Rookwood, who wishes to keep the title for her son, and would compass the death of his rival, and the rollicking schemes of Dick Turpin, king of the road, further complicate the intrigue.

The Castle of Rookwood, with its sepulchral vault, secret passages, sliding panels, and moving statue, is of the Otranto model, although incongruously set in the midst of a classic garden. Gypsies haunt the ivy-mantled ruins of Davenham Priory. Their queen inhabits a gloomy octagonal chamber.

The captive heroine is led to an enforced marriage within a subterranean cell, once the abode of an anchorite. Spells and prophecies, love philtres, omens, ghosts, — explained and inexplicable, — midnight funerals and bridals, corpses swinging in the moonlight from a gibbet, a dead hand on whose finger gleams a wedding ring, a poisoned tress of hair that kills, and an entombment alive,—these and similar devices of the Radcliffe School abound.

Where incidents and properties are so sensational, little can be expected of the characters. Lady Rookwood is preternaturally haughty; Luke is so slightly realized as at first to seem a hero in distress and later to prove a villain. Ranulph is as colorless as the lady he weds, and her parents are automata. Old Peter Bradley is endowed with the gift of prophecy; he revels in the dark secrets of the house, lapses into eldritch laughter, or sings such songs as "The Corpse Candle," "The Carrion Crow," "The Old Oak Coffin," "The Churchyard Yew," and "The Hand of Glory," and is responsible for most of the book's cheap tragedy. These people are not only unreal in emotion, but their motives run counter to unreasonable oaths. Father Checkley is so vowed to secrecy; the heroine swears that she will marry none but the dreaded Luke; and the Gypsy queen, having taken an oath to slay Luke's bride, discovers that chance has united him to her only daughter.

Picaresque rather than Gothic features, however, secure "Rookwood's" success, for the scenes where the Gypsies and Turpin take part are drawn in excellent spirit, and if realism be lacking, its place is supplied by romantic roguery.

The doughty Turpin first appears incognito as the crony of the late Sir Piers, singing ballads in praise of highwaymen. After the burial of his patron, he assails the wicked widow, disguised as the ghost of her lord, and gains possession of the marriage certificate that proves Luke

Bradley to be Sir Piers's lawful heir. From this moment he and Luke are bosom friends. When initiated into the Gypsy crew he captures the heroine as their prize and conspires to marry her to Luke. He keeps off the rival, who has come to the rescue, and secures immunity for himself by threatening to expose Lady Rookwood's perfidy. Then, surprised while carousing with other blades of the craft, he springs astride of Black Bess to lead his pursuers a mad chase.

Though his part in the plot is slight, and his character is nowhere analyzed, Turpin wins the reader's interest. He believes profoundly in the life of the highway. " Some of the finest gentlemen of their day, as Captains Lovelace, Hind, Hannum, and Dudley, were eminent on the road, and they set the fashion," he declares. As compared with the highwayman, "Who produces so great an effect by so few words? — 'Stand and deliver!' is sure to arrest attention. Every one is captivated by an address so *taking*. . . . Who so little need of a banker as he? All he has to apprehend is a check; — all he has to draw is a trigger. As to the women, they dote upon him; not even your red-coat is so successful." This is typical of Ainsworth's flippant treatment of roguery. Even when most in earnest, he regards it indulgently, lamenting that "The Beggar's Opera" should have laughed away England's "night errantry," and that "the spirit of devotion to the fair sex, which was first breathed upon the highway by the gay, gallant Claude Du Vall, should have been extinguished at last by the cord that tied the heroic Turpin to the remorseless tree."

Turpin's great feat, the ride on Black Bess from London to York, is entertaining, if slightly motived. Just why he should choose to kill his mare by a hundred-and-eighty-mile gallop when he might have eluded pursuit nearer home is difficult to say, unless it be for the reader's delectation. On he dashes, purposely never quite out of sight of the three riding behind. To leap a toll gate or a market wagon, to smoke his pipe in headlong flight, to drink his ale bridle in hand until the enemy is just upon him, to charge down a declivity from one door of a stable as the man-hunters burst in at the other, — all this is Turpin's delight. It little matters that improbable coincidences mark his ride, that he should happen to find in his pocket a mixture guaranteed to make a horse go to the death, that he should meet at odd intervals many acquaintances. Nor does it signify that at one page Dick is seen out of the saddle, "coolly quaffing a tankard of ale," and at another is said to have enjoyed thus far neither rest nor respite. The total effect is convincing, and the ride remains the book's best feature.

Of other rascals there is a pretty show, from Tom King, the gentleman highwayman, to Jerry Juniper, the sporting rogue, who masquerades as Count Conyers. The Gypsies contrast in their unreality with those portrayed by Borrow. Barbara Lovel and her granddaughter are stage masks set above stage costumes. The former is a sorceress, yellow as a toad, clad in skins, her waist encircled with the magic zodiacal zone, her companions an owl and an Egyptian aspic swimming in a crystal bowl. Sybil, with Oriental eyes, lithe figure, bodice of embroidered velvet, a costly kerchief at her throat, and a short poniard depending from a chain of silver at her waist, seems to have stepped from an opera. But the other Gypsies are Elizabethan cadgers appropriated from the anatomies of roguery. Balthazar the patrico, Zoroaster the upright man, and the ruffler, hooker, and limping palliard rejoice in the cozenages chronicled of them in the days of Shakespeare. At night the whip-jack throws away his wooden leg, the dummerar ceases to feign that his tongue has been cut out by the Algerines; "morts, autem morts, walking morts, dells, doxies, kinching morts, and their coes, with all the shades and grades of the canting crew" assemble to honor the installation of Turpin into the fraternity. Sixteenth-century cant mingles with nineteenth-century flash, and an actual swindler who victimized Canterbury in 1832 is absurdly identified with the type of Elizabethan ruffler.

Ainsworth's fiction, then, was wholly romantic. As based upon reading rather than observation, it betrays indebtedness to many sources. Schiller's "Die Räuber," aside from its glorification of brigandage, contributed to the plot of fraternal enmity and rivalry in love. The Elizabethan tragedy of blood reinforced Gothic romance in supplying melodrama. The tone of burlesque derived both from Spanish picaresque fiction and from English criminal pamphlets, one of which — the "Memoirs of the Right Villainous John Hall" — provided a long encomium upon highwaymen. Other rogues of reality and their "Lives" furnished matter, from Du Vall and William Holliday to James Hardy Vaux and "The History of Irish Rogues and Rapparees." With hints from sources so various as the tracts of Dekker, Brome's "Merry Beggars," "The Prince of Priggs Revels," Grose's "Dictionary," Hugo's "Dernier Jour d'un Condamné," and Sancho de Moncada's "Historia de los Gitanos," Ainsworth could dispense with reality.

The seventeen picaresque ballads of "Rookwood" hark back to the lyrics of "The Beggar's Opera." Some, like "A Chapter of Highwaymen" or "The Rapparees," disclose acquaintance with the deeds of many rogues of reality. Others, like "The Modern Greek" and "Oliver Whiddles," are exercises in flash. Turpin's rhymed oath of initiation is phrased in Elizabethan cant, and his "Song to Black Bess," and such ditties as "Will Davies and Dick Turpin," "The Pledge of the Highwayman," and "The Four Cautions," stick to simple English. Whatever the diction, the spirit of all is epitomized by Tom King, who sings: —

As the highwayman's life is the fullest of zest,
So the highwayman's death is the briefest and best;
He dies not as other men die, by degrees,
But at once! without flinching — and quite at his ease.

Ainsworth's second picaresque novel, "Jack Sheppard" (1839), avoided one pitfall of the first. This was the character in high life, most absurd of all the unrealities in "Rookwood." Thames Darrell, reared by a carpenter, and married to his daughter, discovers only in the last few pages that he is by birth a peer of France. Lady Trafford, his mother, appears only to disappear. Sir Rowland Trenchard, his uncle, plays some part as villain, it is true, but both he and Thames remain subordinate to the villain and the hero of the people. Wicked Wild and careless Jack Sheppard are the real centres of interest, and the scenes and personages associated with them are those of low-life.

"Jack Sheppard" was intended as a study in the Spanish style. Jack's relation to Peninsular picaros is more than once acknowledged. In describing his appearance Ainsworth says, "Taken altogether, his physiognomy resembled one of those vagabond heads which Murillo delighted to paint, and for which Guzman d'Alfarache, Lazarillo de Tormes, or Estevanillo Gonzalez might have sat: faces that almost make one in love with roguery, they seem so full of vivacity and enjoyment." When Jack is visited in prison by Hogarth and Thornhill, the artists, and by the poet Gay, the last remarks: "Egad, Jack, you should write your adventures. They would be quite as entertaining as the histories of Guzman d'Alfarache, Lazarillo de Tormes, Estevanillo Gonzalez, Meriton Latroon, or any of my favorite rogues — and far more instructive." Thereupon Jack suggests to Gay the writing of "The Beggar's Opera."

Despite his literary ancestry, Jack Sheppard differs from

Continental picaros. At first he lacks their spirit of fun; later, he is presented over-seriously as a noble fellow oppressed. In other words, he knows no consistency of character. He is now malicious, and now heroic, but in neither rôle can he compare with his light-hearted Spanish rivals. At the outset he is contrasted with his foster brother as the foil to a model of perfection. He idles, thieves, and fights with Thames, of whose affection for Winifred Wood he is jealous. He contrives toy models of jails and gibbets, delights in such ballads as "The Thief Catcher's Prophecy" and "The Life and Death of the Darkman's Budge," and while cutting his name on a beam carols cheerfully: —

When Claude du Vall was in Newgate thrown,
He carved his name on the dungeon stone;
Quoth a dubsman, who gazed on the shatter'd wall,
"You have carved your epitaph, Claude du Vall,
With your chisel so fine, tra la!"

Sheppard falsely accuses Thames of theft, insults his mother, come to take him from the "flash ken," picks a pocket in Willesden Church, and leads a burglary upon his benefactor. In all these affairs he is the protégé of Jonathan Wild, and claims as little sympathy as his Satanic master.

But from the moment that Wild turns upon him, Jack wins the author's affection. Henceforth he is a hero in distress, and his conduct alters. Now he is the defender of Thames, instead of his rival; contritely he visits his mother in Bedlam, whither his conduct has brought her; later he risks his life in an attempt to rescue her from the clutches of Wild; and it is in foolhardy attendance at her funeral that he suffers his last capture. Moreover, after Wild's antagonism has once been aroused, Jack is guilty of no further rogueries; his ingenious escapes from durance are natural endeavors to evade the vengeance of a personal enemy rather than attempts to defeat the ends of justice; and when at length he swings at Tyburn, admired by a surging throng, the author and the reader have forgotten that he is anything but a martyr.

Blueskin's sufferings in the press-room and Jack's escapes from the condemned hold and the castle by way of the red room, the chapel, and the leads furnish pretexts for minute accounts of Newgate topography. Similarly Mrs. Sheppard's incarceration in Old Bedlam fathers a description of that gloomy retreat, and Wood's struggle with Sir Rowland in the midst of the Thames gives rise to a picture of Old London Bridge.

In one respect this novel falls short of "Rookwood." Turpin's brilliant ride finds its only parallel in Jack's successive escapes from prison. But these fail to arouse great interest, for Jack is ill guarded; his endeavors are directed against obstacles purely physical; and his folly in returning after each escape to places where recapture is certain amounts to stupidity. Records of his career confirm the belief that he was at best a mean-spirited criminal. Ainsworth, however, has suppressed most of his villainies, and by exaggerating his friendship with Blueskin and Wild's tyranny over both has sought to make the repulsive attractive. The real Joseph Blake, *alias* Blueskin, did not die in the attempt to rescue his friend, but was hanged after having wept and trembled and "shewed all the Signs of a timorous Confusion." Edgeworth Bess and Poll Maggot were wretches, and the only Tom Sheppard to be executed was Jack's brother, not his father, who was "a man of an extraordinary good character."

As for Wild, he is the novel's ogre, a ruffian without redeeming traits, the maker of thieves and their hounder to the gallows.

He has hanged the anti-hero's father, and vows to hang Jack, too. So he secures the boy's implication in a robbery that culminates in murder, and at Jack's suggestion of going abroad to reform, delivers him over to the law. In the meantime, by threatening to arrest Sir Rowland as a Jacobite, Wild forces acceptance of his services in disposing of Thames, who is shipped to sea and cast overboard. When years afterward Thames reappears, Wild continues to pursue him, and Sir Rowland he murders.

The den within which this romantic ogre dwells is a mysterious structure provided with stone staircases, long and gloomy passages, chains, bolts, gratings, and a well-hole, down which his victims are flung to death. Halters, house-breaking tools, murderer's weapons, and a two-pronged flesh fork, used for dipping in oil the quarters of the hanged, are among Wild's bric-à-brac. His janizaries guard the place, ready at their master's beck to perpetrate any villainy. Quilt Arnold and grinning Abraham Mendez, and all the Newgate crew, from Marvel the hangman to negro Caliban, are his slaves. His power extends from the Old Mint, ruled over by Baptist Kettleby, to the sea itself, swept by the bark of his creature, Van Galgebrok; and he pursues to her death insane Mrs. Sheppard, determined to marry her that he may secure a claim to the Trenchard thousands.

In ballads of roguery this novel is less fully equipped than "Rookwood." The best celebrates the vessel of ale proffered to criminals on their way to execution. Blueskin is the singer, and in one stanza he takes occasion to assail his enemy: —

When gallant Tom Sheppard to Tyburn was led, —
"Stop the cart at the Crown — stop a moment," he said,
He was offer'd the Bowl, but he left it and smiled,
Crying, "Keep it till call'd for by Jonathan Wild!
The rascal one day
Will pass by this way,
And drink a full measure to moisten his clay!
And never will Bowl of St. Giles have beguiled
Such a thorough-paced scoundrel as Jonathan Wild!"

It cannot be doubted that Ainsworth's romantic glorification of criminals exerted a baneful influence upon criminals themselves, both directly and through cheap dramatizations appealing to those unable to read. Evidence of this appears in

Mayhew's "London Labour and the London Poor" (1851), in *verbatim* statements from vagrants and thieves.[1] Ten years earlier Camden Pelham declared of "Jack Sheppard," "The rage for housebreakers has become immense, and the fortunes of the most notorious and the most successful of thieves have been made the subject of entertainments at no fewer than six of the London theatres."[2]

Against such tendencies the forces of literature rose in revolt. Dickens wrote "Oliver Twist" and Thackeray composed "Catherine" to counteract them; Ainsworth himself forsook roguery for historical romance in the vein of Hugo; and Bulwer, although he also fell under the ban, sought to excuse the presentation of rascality on the plea of social or psychological intention.

4. *Bulwer*

Bulwer confessed to Godwin's inspiration in selecting the theme of "Paul Clifford" (1830). He further explained his resort to the novel of purpose by pointing to the social demand of the moment. Poetry had fallen from fashion; the middle classes were asking instruction; he would demonstrate the errors of criminal law, and at the same time entertain. To such ends what could be better adapted than the picaresque novel? The fiction he wrote proved, however, a strange medley of melodrama, burlesque, and social polemic. It was designed to illustrate the influence of criminal environment upon the innocent, and to show the inadequacy of a law which punishes the criminals it has created, yet allows those who live within its pale to be as bad as those without. The thesis of "Paul Clifford" was maintained with little logic. The scoundrel picked to defy the spirit and comply with the letter of the law was too obviously degraded as a villain, while the rogue selected to be the victim of environment was unwarrantably exalted as a hero. The latter, moreover, lacked the tang of wit, impudence, and delight in his profession so essential to the picaro; the low-life scenes were bookish and unreal; and the humor and satire were forcedly smart.

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[1] *London Labour*, vol. iii, pp. 393, 399, 401; vol. iv, p. 347.

[2] *Chronicles of Crime* (1841), vol. i, p. 50.

Paul Clifford is the unrecognized son of the prosperous villain, William Brandon. Left by the death of his wronged mother to be brought up in the London slums, he reads "The Life and the Adventures of Turpin," practices pocket-picking, gambles, and falls under the spell of Augustus Tomlinson, a philosophic scamp, and Long Ned, a genteel highwayman. For a while he tries to gain an honest livelihood through journalism, but being cheated here, and then clapped into Bridewell for a theft of which he is innocent, Paul succumbs to fate. He escapes with Tomlinson, joins a band of highwaymen, and ere long becomes its captain. While escorting home in jest the parson whom his accomplices have robbed, Paul meets and is fascinated by Lucy Brandon. Later at Bath, where he and the rest betake themselves to masquerade as fine gentlemen, he saves her from the clutches of his band, after attending uninvited the ball given by a rival. Then, though he knows that the gratitude of Lucy's father will prompt him to allow the suit, the magnanimous highwayman withdraws. In the meantime Lucy becomes the ward of her uncle, the villain, who urges upon her the claims of Lord Mauleverer. But the latter is refused and shortly suffers robbery from Paul Clifford and his men, who then resort to their Red Cave, an evident reminiscence of the grottoes of "Gil Blas" and "The Memoirs of Turpin." When the band is surprised here, Paul alone contrives to elude arrest, and although free at last to seek his fortune by honest means, he resolves to make a final effort for the rescue of his friends. It succeeds, but he is taken. When brought to the bar, his judge proves to be Lucy's uncle, William Brandon, the very man through whose accusation he was first wrongfully imprisoned, and who at the close of the trial receives intelligence that the prisoner is his only son by a secret marriage. Brandon had wrecked the life of his wife, allowing her years before to elope with Mauleverer in order to ruin her, and she, in return, had stolen away little Paul. Thus the wheel has come full circle, and Brandon, the villain approved by society, at the complaint of his accomplice in villainy must determine the fate of his own child, for whose criminal life he is responsible, and upon whose discovery he has staked all his hopes. He pronounces sentence of death, but succumbs to the strain. As for Paul, his sentence is relaxed to transportation; he escapes, and being joined by his faithful Lucy, takes refuge in America, to lead there an honest and honored life.

The thesis of "Paul Clifford" is elaborated in the anti-hero's plea before the court, a diatribe against the injustice of the laws, and a blinking of the fact that he himself has been anything save a creature of conditions. "Your laws are but of two classes: the one makes criminals, the other punishes them. I have suffered by the one, — I am about to perish by the other." Godwin's revolutionary voice is heard, also, in an attack upon the permitted duplicities of trade. "Is there honesty in the bread you eat, in a single necessity which clothes, or feeds, or warms you? Let those whom the law protects consider it a protector; when did it ever protect me?"

Setting aside such eloquent anarchism and the powerful drama of Brandon and Clifford face to face, the novel is dandyish and occasionally even dull. Its personages are fanciful beings, and the scenes are novelistic *scènes à faire.* Bulwer is only half serious in pursuing this vein, and as social reformer finds it difficult to preserve decorum, lapsing frequently into puns, parody, and disguised political allusions.[1] Although he sought local color in visits to the prisons of London, the low-life he depicts is that of romance. The irony of Fielding's "Jonathan Wild" reappears with purpose reversed, for here it is the rogue who finds a defender. Such irony reaches a climax in the lucubrations of Augustus Tomlinson, who becomes professor of moral philosophy in a German university. His posthumous writings are appended to the novel in two groups, "Maxims on the Popular Art of Cheating, Illustrated by Ten Characters," and "Brachylogia, or Essays, Critical, Sentimental, Moral, and Original." Here Tomlinson, among other sage reflections, echoes Fielding by saying: "Whenever you read the life of a great man, I mean a man eminently successful, you will perceive all the qualities given to him are the qualities necessary even to a mediocre rogue; . . . wherefore, if luck cast you in humble life, assiduously study the biographies of the great, in order to accomplish you as a rogue; if in the more elevated range of society, be thoroughly versed in the lives of the roguish, — so shall you fit yourself to be eminent."

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[1] For the identification of political personages, see *The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton*, by his son, 1883 (vol. ii, pp. 248, 289).

Even more picaresque than this philosophy is Tomlinson's history, related to Paul as they pick oakum in Bridewell. It reads like a chapter from the Spanish romances of roguery, and it involves such cheats as would have delighted Quevedo. The other rascals, from Long Ned and Roaring Attie to Scarlet Jem and Old Bags, together with subordinate figures, such as Margery Lobkins and Dummie Dunnaker, are more shadowy than this philosopher of roguery. The songs that they sing, like those in the novels of Ainsworth, are inspired by "The Beggar's Opera," all ringing the changes on the same theme: —

Oh there never was life like the robber's — so
  Jolly, and bold, and free;
And its end, — why a cheer from the crowd below,
  And a leap from a leafless tree.

The language of these rogues, however, lacks the antiquity of the cant derived by Ainsworth from Brome and Dekker. If Le Sage has guided Bulwer's brush in the picaresque scenes, Smollett, too has taught him something in the satire upon poor-devil authors and the use of burlesque. The latter is shown at its best in Tomlinson's mock-heroic "Farewell to London."

The influence of "Paul Clifford" was considerable. A second edition appeared within three months, and the demand for new issues incited piracies. Both Ainsworth and Dickens were stimulated by Bulwer's success in this field, the one to experiments in romantic roguery, the other to a humanitarian adaptation of picaresque fiction. The reform of criminal law itself seems to have been partially effected through "Paul Clifford," the number of crimes punishable by death being reduced, and prison régime being modified by enactments traceable to the fiction.

In "Eugene Aram" (1832) Bulwer departed from the picaresque tradition, although still retaining for hero a criminal.

Aram at the opening of the story lives in scholarly seclusion at Grassdale. Here he has fallen in love with the Squire's daughter, Madeline. His disappointed rival is her cousin, Walter, who rides away in order to forget this passion, and who by chance comes upon the trail of his long-lost father. The latter proves to have been murdered. Clue after clue is followed up until Walter in Yorkshire meets a rascal, who, being charged with the crime, fastens it upon Aram. In the meantime, Aram has been visited at Grassdale by this Houseman, submitting to be levied on under threats of exposure, but arranging on the promise of an annuity that the blackmailer shall retire for life to France. Only the fatal illness of Houseman's daughter prevents the fulfillment of this plan, for, dazed with grief at her death, he lets slip the secret so long concealed, and then to save himself shifts the deed to his accomplice. Aram, who but for this act has led an upright life, is arrested on his wedding day. Madeline dies, and, although Aram has maintained his innocence with subtlety, he leaves with Walter a letter of confession, and takes his life to escape execution.

The interest of this story depends upon two things, — the plot as it draws the net closer about Aram, and the play of the culprit's mind and feelings as he beholds the Nemesis of his past rise up to destroy his present and future. He is no careless picaro, but the desponding sufferer for a secret sin. If he truckles with his more guilty accomplice, it is only to be left to live his life to nobler ends; the original deed was, in fact, inspired by the yearning for knowledge with which he might bless the world. This is the theme wrought out with greater psychological insight in Dostoyevski's "Crime and Punishment." The English romancer, however, was charged with sentimentalizing crime, no doubt because his anti-hero is so proud that he weaves a tissue of half-justified deceptions to veil his guilt, and so gentle that he wins sympathy.

In the journey of Walter Lester, comedy contrasts with the gloom of the central story. Here the influence of "Gil Blas" emerges in a few adventures and types of character, as well as in the satire upon physicians. Corporal Bunting, Walter's Sancho Panza in the expedition, can trace his descent direct from "Tristram Shandy," and Scott, to whom the novel was dedicated, may be held responsible for Dame Darkmans, Peter Dealtry the innkeeper, and Bess Airlie the Gypsy. As for the professional criminal, Houseman, he is at first a philosophic rascal of the Tomlinson type, who later proves the ordinary rogue. He robs on the highway and associates with a gang, two of whose members attempt a burglary at the house of the Squire. In a firelit cavern he figures as the theatric villain proposing terms to Aram, and a glimpse of him is had in his London haunts with drunken Bess, his mort.

Bulwer might speak of his anti-hero as having no share in the "profligate knavery and brutal cruelty that revolt and disgust us in the literature of Newgate and the Hulks," yet the foundation of his fiction was criminal facts and precisely such criminal biographies.[1] More significant than the novel's genesis, however, is its position with regard to the genre. It represents a departure from the light-hearted romance of roguery to the sober study of sin. Nathaniel Hawthorne is the master of the latter phase of fiction in English, and although too much of an idealist to indulge in picaresque writing, he acknowledges its influence in "The House of the Seven Gables" (1851). Here Holgrave, the daguerreotypist, in vicissitude of adventure at least, is a colorless picaro. "Young as he was," says Hawthorne, "his life had contained enough of incident to fill very creditably an autobiographic volume. A romance on the plan of 'Gil Blas,' adapted to American society and manners, would cease to be a romance. The experience of many individuals among us, who think it hardly worth the telling, would equal the vicissitudes of the Spaniard's earlier life." Holgrave is of lowly birth and scanty education; he has served in various conditions, from schoolmaster, salesman in a country store, political editor of a newspaper, and peddler of perfumes, to itinerant dentist, supernumerary official aboard a packet ship, tramp in Italy, France, and Germany, member of a community of Fourierists, and lecturer on mesmerism. But Hawthorne is careful to distinguish him from the vagabonds whom he superficially resembles. "Homeless as he had been, — continually changing his whereabout, and, therefore, responsible neither to public opinion nor to individuals, — putting off one exterior and snatching up another, to be soon shifted for a third,

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[1] Bulwer uses Aram's speech in court *verbatim*. The real Aram was

born in 1704 in Netherdale, Yorkshire, and early showed talent in the service of Sir Edward Blackett, whose brother, a merchant, afterward took him to London as bookkeeper. Later, he studied alone at Newby and then under the direction of William Norton of Knaresborough. The murder of Clark occurred February 8, 1745, and it was only in August, 1759, that Aram was brought to trial, condemned, and hanged at York. In the meantime he had acted as usher and tutor in several schools and had acquired high proficiency in languages. Cf. the *Biographia Britannica.*

— he had never violated the innermost man, but had carried his conscience along with him."[1]

Where "Eugene Aram" had exhibited the effects of crime rather than its immediate action, Bulwer's "Lucretia, or the Children of Night" (1846) dealt directly with villainy. It sought to trace the influence of money as a corrupter of the heart, and to support its study drew actual criminals, chief among whom was the forger, Thomas Griffiths Wainewright.

Dalibard, his son Varney, and his second wife Lucretia are the "Children of Night," whose evil passions furnish the mainspring of the novel. Dalibard, after giving to the guillotine Varney's mother, comes to England to serve as secretary to a baronet. There he covets his master's niece, the heartless Lucretia. He breaks up her match with another and marries her himself, but the small fortune she brings fails to satisfy him, and soon he is plotting to secure an inheritance by removing a cousin and later by bestowing attention upon that cousin's widow. Lucretia now stands in his way, and he attempts to poison her. She retaliates by handing him over to be murdered by an enemy. His own son has enabled her to do this, and henceforth he and she are villains in partnership. As a means to a fortune they scheme the deaths by slow poison of Lucretia's niece and the latter's lover. Varney, in addition, heavily insures the girl's life, hoping with the funds so secured to cover a forgery. The catastrophe comes when Lucretia is denounced by a crossing-sweeper, whom she slays only to find him her son. She goes mad, and Varney is transported and figures as the most pestilent rogue in the convict colony.

Surcharged with sentiment and high-sounding apostrophes, unrelieved by humor, and reveling in crimes of the blackest, "Lucretia" is pure melodrama, and at a far remove from the typical picaresque novel. It marks, however, the final stage in the transition from roguery to villainy.

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[1] *The House of the Seven Gables*, ch. xii.

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CHAPTER VIII

1–4

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3

Notices of G. P. R. James's works appear in the *Edinburgh Review* (1837), in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1860), and in the *Athenæum* (June 23, 1860). His collected fiction (London, 1844–49, 21 vols.) contains an interesting preface, and his best novels have been republished by Routledge (London, n. d.). Editions of Ainsworth's novels are numerous, and the best (London and Philadelphia, 1902) contains a *Memoir* by W. E. A. Axon. The *Early Life of W. H. Ainsworth*, by John Evans, and Laman Blanchard's brief *Memoir* in the *Mirror* (1842) notice his work, which has excited very little critical comment.

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Bulwer is considered in S. Smiles's *Brief Biographies* (1861), in Thomson Cooper's *Lord Lytton* (London, 1873), in the *Prefatory Memoir by his Son* contained in Bulwer's *Speeches and Other Political Writings* (London, 1874), and in *The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton*, by his son (London, 1883, 2 vols.). Criticisms of his fiction appear in W. L. G. Brimley's *Essays* (London, 1868), in Sir E. B. Hamley's *Shakespeare's Funeral and Other Papers* (London, 1889), and in F. Heinrich's *Laurence Sterne und Edward Bulwer* (Leipzig, 1904). *Paul Clifford* is discussed as a novel of social propaganda in L. Cazamian's *Le roman social en Angleterre* (Paris, 1904).

CHAPTER IX

ADVENTURERS AFLOAT AND ASHORE

1. *Cockney Rogueries*

WHILE romantic readers acknowledged the charm of Scott's novels, the matter-of-fact found delight in the Cockney sketches of Pierce Egan. "Glorious Pierce," first of sporting editors, patron of the ring and the turf, was the idol of half England in the twenties. If his "Boxiana," "Walks through Bath," "Sporting Anecdotes," and "Picture of the Fancy" were popular, what shall be said of "Life in London," which set a fashion in literature and fathered (according to the author) sixty-five publications and plays? To have read it was a passport to sporting society, and to emulate its "day and night scenes of Jerry Hawthorne, Esquire, and his elegant friend, Corinthian Tom, accompanied by Bob Logic, the Oxonian, in their rambles and sprees through the metropolis," was the ambition of every young blood.

Although Thackeray, among others, has recorded his early impressions of "Life in London," it is difficult to understand the enthusiasm once aroused by so vulgar a chronicle. No doubt "Pickwick Papers" too far outdid this original in humor and in character drawing to admit of its satisfying the public thereafter. Yet as a monument to the late Georgian conception of seeing life, it is still of interest.

The work was issued in monthly numbers, beginning in July, 1821. It affected italics, capitalization, doggerel, flash, puns, and footnote asides, and it acknowledged dependence upon the eighteenth-century novelists and Sterne in particular. Not the least contribution to the volume's success was its thirty-six plates, done in color by the Cruikshanks, wherein to-day Tom, Logic, and Jerry remain most vital. Corinthian Tom is the elegant dandy addicted to the pleasures of fast life; Jerry is his country cousin brought up to town to see the sights, and sent home again exhausted by his round of gayeties, and Logic is the green-spectacled little Oxonian, game to the last, who knows more of Corinthianism than of Greek. These and their female friends, chief of whom is Corinthian Kate, are the emptiest of types, and the scenes they observe are alone of importance.

When Tom, returning from a visit to Hawthorne Hall, brings to London his cousin Jerry, the latter inspects Corinthian House, rides in Hyde Park, attends the play at Old Drury, and promenades in the Saloon among the gay Cyprians. Then his guides bear him off to drink blue ruin at a sluicery, to make merry in a coffee-shop swarming with the vicious, and to fall into the clutches of the police. They visit the watch-house and the Bow Street magistrates, take part in the revels of a masquerade supper, receive a lesson from pugilist Jackson, and call on the champion, Tom Cribb. From the dog-pit they pass to scenes among the dustmen of Tothill Fields. Now they pitch over the box of the sleeping watchman, try a bout at fencing, or expose the fortune-teller in her garret. In Leicester Fields they are robbed by the Peep o' Day Boys; in the condemned yard at Newgate they interview those about to be hanged; at a low resort they carouse with "Lascars, blacks, jack-tars, coal heavers, dustmen, women of colour, old and young, and a sprinkling of the remnants of once fine girls."

Life in London appears to no greater advantage among the super-refined of Almack's, for the "swell broad coves" who lose to the trio in the royal cock-pit, seek dishonest revenge at whist, with a pal to spy on their victims' cards in a mirror, and a black to ply them with wine. A carnival at the opera, a visit to celebrities in the Drury Lane green-room, and flirtations at Vauxhall, bring the adventurers back to low scenes in the slums of the "Holy Land." Here in a cellar are the cadgers roistering after their day's begging, crutches and sores discarded, a one-legged fiddler enlivening the party, Peg the ballad-singer ogling Corinthian Tom, the legless boy as chairman toasting success to flat-catching, old Suke coming down the ladder, and the whole throng, from black Massa Piebald to the scratching tramp, making havoc with the peck and booze. Finally, when Bob Logic is carried off to the Fleet, like Pickwick in later days, a visit to him reveals the humors of that world of petty iniquities where broken rogues lie up in the whistling shop pending repairs.

In all these pictures, rascality predominates. Egan, in his "Finish to the Adventures of Tom, Jerry, and Logic" (1828), might kill off his principal rogues as a penalty for their dissipation, and reform and marry to the virtuous Miss Rosebud his gay Squire Jerry, but the series remained sufficiently shocking to English decorum. To portray Logic engaged in amours with a hulking negress and boasting his prowess afterwards, to show young men of education and social standing abetting in vice depraved gutter-snipes, was to offend both taste and morals. The town, however, echoed the defense entered by Moncrieff in his operatic "Tom and Jerry" (1821): "To those venerable noodles who complain that I and my prototype, Pierce, have made this the age of flash, I answer, 'Any age is better than the age of Cant.'"

Other hands extended the vogue of Tom and Jerry upon the stage. Jerrold, Dibdin, Farrell, and Barrymore produced plays on the theme; Hodgson presented a juvenile "Life in London," and Bartholomew Fair entertained its patrons with a harlequinade. Egan's own dramatization, with the songs and parodies of his "New Pedestrian Equestrian Extravaganza," appeared in 1822. One of these ditties takes off a sentimental ballad in "Guy Mannering:"—

O slumber, my kid-wy, thy dad is a scamp,
Thy mother 's a bunter, brush'd off on the tramp;

She 's sold all her sprats, and left nothing for thee,
And got lushy and daffy, and out on a spree!
  Then rest thee, kid, rest thee, kid, snooze while you can,
  If you open your peepers you 'll go without scran.

Egan's success with "Life in London" lost him his place as pugilistic specialist on "The Weekly Dispatch," and in retaliation he launched "Pierce Egan's Life in London and Sporting Guide," which after 1827 became "Bell's Life in London." In the meantime, his sporting rival, John Badock ("Jonathan Bee"), was editing such periodicals as "The Fancy" and "The Fancy Gazette," and issuing a "Dictionary of the Turf, the Ring, the Chase, the Pit, the Bon Ton, and the Varieties of Life," as well as "A Living Picture of London," which professed in beggar-book fashion to warn the unwary of the snares set by metropolitan rogues. His anonymous "Real Life in London," depicting "the rambles and adventures of Bob Tallyho, Esq., and his cousin the Hon. Tom Dashall, &c., through the Metropolis," was obviously inspired by Egan's "Life in London," and like that work rejoiced in a sequel, "The Further Rambles and Adventures of Bob Tallyho and Tom Dashall." The colored prints that embellished these volumes were supplied by such artists as Heath, Dighton, Brooke, and Rowlandson. George Cruikshank further did twenty-one plates for "Life in Paris," devoted to the French "rambles, sprees, and amours of Dick Wildfire, of Corinthian celebrity, and his bang-up companions, Squire Jenkins and Captain O'Shuffleton."

This collaboration of author and illustrator in the portrayal of comic scenes appears to have been first popularized by William Combe's versified burlesque, "The Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque" (1812). Nine editions were exhausted in six years, and besides translations into Dutch and German, a version in French — "Le Don Quichotte Romantique" — contested public approval with the rendering of Egan's masterpiece as "Le Diorame Anglais." Dickens's "Pickwick," the most distinguished successor of these illustrated gayeties, was originally designed as letter-press for the drawings of Seymour, and the later volumes of Robert Smith Surtees laid John Leech and H. K. Browne under contribution for plates to adorn such fictions as "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour," "Mr. Romford's Hounds," "Hawbuck Grange, or the Sporting Adventures of Thomas Scott, Esq.," and the better known "Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities" and "Handley Cross, or Mr. Jorrocks's Hunt." Jorrocks, the Cockney grocer, who indulges in sport despite farcical mishaps arising from his unfitness for it, and who falls a victim to adventurers, is not lacking in picaresque experience, as witness his affair with the Countess Benvolio.

Much the same vein was worked by that versatile wag, Theodore Hook, the nine volumes of whose "Sayings and Doings" (1826–29) include at least two with roguish traits. These are "Martha the Gipsy," a slight tale of a Romany beggar's curse, and "Gervase Skinner," a satire on avarice. In the latter an amorous miser is victimized by a theatrical picara and her complacent husband, and he further suffers a series of untoward accidents, from arrest for horse-stealing to being confined by error in an insane asylum. His mansion burns, a bank fails, and the picara, Mrs. Fuggleston, when there is no longer any prospect of booty, vanishes with her spoils.

In "Gilbert Gurney" (1836) Hook told the story of a gentlemanly adventurer and his friend Daly, a practical joker.

> Daly, when in debt, inserts in the papers a notice of his death dated from abroad, and then passes himself off upon tradesmen as his own twin brother come as a pious duty to settle for five shillings in the pound.

With a string he catches Cockney couples out for a row on the river, or escapes recognition in a tight place by feigning a nose-bleed. He lands from his boat on a gentleman's lawn, and declaring himself the surveyor for a new canal which will cut through that very property, is regally entertained by the owner, only to reject, with a tirade against bribery, the note slipped into his hand at leaving. When discovered in poaching he wheedles the irate proprietor into inviting him to dinner, and at a fancy-dress ball provides drugged macaroons for the dancers, and induces the musicians to forestall the guests at the banquet. He tenders a dinner composed in each course of a leg of mutton, and explains that the tavern-keepers will trust him for only one dish at a time, and that all have hit upon the dish of the season. At a crowded inn he is victimized by being put to sleep in a room with a lady. Cautioned that she is an invalid and must not be disturbed, he peeps at the fair sleeper, whose gentility in not snoring he has admired, and is shocked to discover a corpse. Beyond such pranks and mishaps, Daly's part in the plot is small. When Gurney aspires to the hand of an heiress, Daly volunteers to marry her widowed mamma. This is a kind service, for a will provides that in case of the mother's second marriage, the daughter's income shall be doubled. But the rogue's resolution weakens, and getting another to marry the widow, he himself runs away with the heiress. After an abortive duel with Gurney, the two are reconciled, for Daly is sufficiently punished in finding his wife a Tartar, and her fortune already dissipated by an absconding trustee.

A similar Cockney picaro is the tallow-chandler who poses as a man of fashion in Hook's "Jack Brag" (1836).

Leaving the conduct of the business to his mother, Jack rents a door-plate in a fashionable quarter, talks airily of his little place in Surrey, and proceeds to dissipate the fortune left by his father. At every turn he is rebuffed. He casts off his plebeian sweetheart, but sees her marry a worthier; he patronizes a stranger, who proves to be the lord he has just been traducing; he urges his mother's remarriage that he may be relieved of keeping track of her affairs, only to answer her matrimonial advertisement in person and be exposed to the ridicule of his friends in high-life. Like Falstaff he courts two ladies at once, and they, comparing his letters, laugh him to scorn. When he turns yachtsman at Cowes, his guests leave him sick in his berth and make merry on deck at his expense. He conducts a costly campaign upon the heart of a wealthy dowager, but is exposed and fails of the prize. The steeple chase he has organized brings about his ears a lawsuit; his new step-father to satisfy a debt withdraws his whole balance at the bank; and Brag in penury retires to Spain to serve in the commissary. Only at the step-father's death does he return to the tallow-chandlery, chastened of his pretensions and his roguery.

The theme of Cockney ambition received even fuller exploitation in Samuel Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year" (1839–41). Here the vulgar Tittlebat Titmouse falls heir to a fortune, through the sharp legal practice of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. He ousts from their estate the worthy Aubreys, marries the only daughter of an earl, and enters Parliament. Everywhere he plays the consequential ass, adored by wealth-worshiping society. The catastrophe arrives at the end of the third volume, when, the claims of Titmouse being more thoroughly sifted, he proves of illegitimate birth, and with the reversion of the estate to its rightful possessors, sinks into idiocy. The misfortunes of those who suffer by the elevation of this impossible *parvenu*, though narrated soberly, are unimportant. The reader cares little about the devotion of Delamere to Kate Aubrey, or the persecutions endured by Lord Dreddlington. The fool and his toadies alone claim attention, yet they are mere grotesques. The satire is rifled of its power when attached to such masks as the Reverend Dismall Horror, Swindle O'Gibbet, M. P., the Honourable Empty Belly, Toady Hug, Heartbreak, Bloodsuck, Mortmain, Oily Gammon, lawyer Quirk of Alibi House, and Tag Rag, the merchant.

If Titmouse be too much the fool for a picaro, his story conforms to the picaresque formula. He is low born, in service, ambitious, and unscrupulous. He supplements his own cunning by the cheats of those more clever; he is servile in humble station and arrogant with his betters when buoyed up by chance; he is ever a source of satire and laughter, and his ups and downs, like those of the picaro, are portrayed as a warning example. Few books of the day were more popular. Reimpressions, translations, and dramatizations followed. But Warren did not revert to picaresque fiction. His earlier "Passages From the Diary of a Late Physician" and the succeeding "Adventures of an Attorney in Search of Practice" were not concerned with roguery. Nor is his rapidly written novel, "Now and Then" (1847), to be classified as picaresque, although its basis is a crime.

Dickens, in fact, too far outshone Warren and the lesser Cockney luminaries. He marks the culmination of the comic genre, and at the same time extends the range of observation to do what Warren but vaguely accomplished, — to study the rogue in his social environment.

2. *Lever and the Irish Novel*

The Irish novel, cultivated by two groups of writers during the first half of the nineteenth century, occupies a special place in the history of English fiction, and boasts its own quota of rogues. Miss Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, Maxwell, Lover, and Lever were the chief authors of the Anglo-Irish group; the Banims, Griffin, and Carleton, of the Irish. The latter group assumed in the main the point of view of the peasantry, the former, that of the gentry; but the rascals depicted were fairly distributed between them.

Of such rascals three types may be distinguished: the awkward fool, the witty adventurer, and the scoundrel. Mrs. Crofton Croker's "Barney Mahoney" (1832) affords an example of the blundering, merry peasant who is a picaro in wit, although lacking the picaro's meanness. Ten years later this character received fuller development in the Andy Rooney of Samuel Lover's "Handy Andy," whose buffooneries, if less intentional, are more farcical. Both Andy and Barney resemble the early German jesters of feigned simplicity, and parallel the awkward comic Irishman, so long a favorite on the stage.

The witty adventurers are folk of every condition, from the gentlemanly rover to the low-born rogue in service. Miss Edgeworth in the first of Irish tales — "Castle Rackrent" (1800) — presents Sir Kit as one of the gentry, a sportsman and gamester, free with his guineas, and ever in need of them. When he drops in a duel, the Jewess whom he has married for her fortune is dying, and no less than three ladies are contending for the right to call him lord. Darby Crawley, in Lady Morgan's "Florence Macarthy" (1816), is a successful rogue who rises from low things to high, and both Maxwell and Lever delight to portray the military adventurer. This type proved, indeed, most popular. In Maxwell's "Adventures of Captain Blake" and in Lever's "Confessions of Harry Lorrequer," "Charles O'Malley," "Jack Hinton," "Tom Burke," and "Maurice Tiernay," he is dashing and careless, tireless in activity, inexhaustible in hilarity, and recklessly brave. In fact, he is scarcely a rogue at all; for the Irish love of battles, of bravado, and of fun redeems his picaresque tendencies, and the background of Napoleonic history diverts attention from a potential anti-hero to events actually heroic. Yet these exuberant young fellows are wonderfully ready with tricks and deceits. Lorrequer masquerades as physician, consults with distinguished members of the faculty, and pronounces that their patient suffers from a "stay-at-home-with-us" (steatomatous) tumor. Maurice Tiernay, who finds Robespierre's pocket-book, knows instinctively how to make the most of it. One and all are in quest of advancement, and rely on their wits to achieve it.

The veteran adventurer is also a favorite with Lever, who draws such jolly old dogs of easy morality as the chief personage in "Sir Brook Fossbrooke" or Bagenal Daly in "The Knight of Gwynne," a portrait of the actual Beauchamp Bagenal.[1] Here belong Count Considine, in "Charles O'Malley," and Godfrey O'Malley, his friend, who plays a fine picaresque trick at the expense of his Dublin creditors. Causing his death to be announced and a funeral to be held, he escapes from town in the coffin, and then, from the hearse's top, demands of his neighbors a reëlection to Parliament, as a member of which he will be exempt from future arrest.

Quite as entertaining as the adventurers of the gentry are the roguish servants. These remain true to their masters, but are bound by no scruples of conscience to regard the rest of the world. Ready for a fight, a song, or any mild knavery are Denis O'Brien, in Maxwell's "Captain Blake," and Mickey Free, the jollier servitor, in "Charles O'Malley." Mickey is as wittily impudent as any picaro, and so in more rascally fashion is Tipperary Joe, in "Jack Hinton," a character derived from an actual beggar, who was wont to climb behind the Dublin and Kilkenny coach to gather his toll from the passengers.

The third type of rascal — the out-and-out scoundrel — figures chiefly in fictions of the pure Irish group, picturing the peasantry; yet the Anglo-Irish writers do not forget him. Miss Edgeworth introduces such shrewd rascals as Attorney Quirk and Sir Múrtagh in "Castle Rackrent," and lawyer Patrickson in "Ormond." Lever draws a gallery of villains, from Tom Gleason and old Hickman, in "The Knight of Gwynne," and Fagan, in "Sir Jasper Carew," to Linton, in "Roland Cashel." He even makes a colossal swindler his hero in "Davenport Dunn," which draws upon the career of the unscrupulous Junior Lord of the Treasury, John Sadleir; and in "A Day's

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[1] Cf. Sir Jonah Barrington, *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*, Paris, 1833, p. 184.

Ride" he wearied the readers of Dickens's "All the Year Round" by irony in Thackeray's vein anent a knavish fool.

It is in the pages of John Banim, Griffin, and Carleton, however, that Irish scoundrelism lives most fully. Banim, in "The Peep o' Day, or John Doe" (1825), depicts the evils of a secret society. His hero, stung by injustice, joins the Shanavests, and, like Schiller's Karl Moor, uses the band to gratify a private vengeance. In "The Last Baron of Crana" (1826) the central figure turns chief of the Rapparees — organized road-knights, forced into roguery by laws proscribing the religion and confiscating the property of James II's defeated adherents. Villainy without political cast appears in Gerald Griffin's "Collegians" (1826), where Hardress Cregan, wearied of the rustic beauty he has married in secret, finds her murdered by his hump-backed servant, Danny Mann. Danny, when denounced for what his devotion has prompted, hands his master over to justice, and Cregan dies on shipboard during transportation. Of minor importance are Griffin's "Suil Dhuv, or the Coiner," "The Aylmers of Bally-Aylmer," with its smugglers, and "Card Drawing," with its conscience-struck scoundrel.

It is William Carleton, however, ablest of the Irish novelists, who in his pictures of peasant life best acquaints his readers with the grimmer side of roguery. Bartle Flanagan, victim of the miser in "Fardorougha" (1839), becomes in turn a villain, and wreaks vengeance upon the miser's son, his rival, by securing his conviction for the crime of another. In "Rody the Rover, the Irish Detective" (1845), the title rôle is held by a despicable anti-hero, one of a crew of self-seeking scamps, the Ribbonmen, who lure simple peasants into their society and goad them on to the commission of outrages, only to betray them to the government for a price. Rody, in fact, is a political Jonathan Wild, and his especial victim, Tom M'Mahon, hangs for the crime he had sought to prevent. In "Valentine M'Clutchy" (1845), a still blacker portrait is drawn of a reprobate land-agent, who rises from the dregs by dint of scheming, to become an absolute despot. He experiences picaresque shifts of condition, passing from process-server to magistrate through the stages of bailiff, constable, agent, and chief. Each advance is the result of rascality, and when he rules for an absentee landlord, it is with a hand of iron. He defrauds the landlord of his money, and the peasantry of their rights and their peace. His legal devices for cheating them, his illegal outrages and those of his insolent son, at last bring retribution. A similar figure is M'Gowan in Carleton's "Black Prophet," that harrowing account of the miseries of famine. But closer than either to the typical picaro is Hycy Burke in "The Emigrants of Ahadarra" (1847), related in good looks, taking manners, and jaunty cynicism to Thackeray's Barry Lyndon His usage of his parents, of his sweetheart, and of his friends, his utter heartlessness and self-revealed anti-heroism are precisely in Barry's manner.

In "Redmond, Count O'Hanlon, the Irish Rapparee" (1862) Carleton's villain is an English officer, and his hero is a Hibernian Robin Hood of the seventeenth century, who intervenes to protect the virtuous Rose Callan, and restore her to the lover from whom she has been abducted. Facetious Patchy Baccah is the agent of the Rapparees, standing within the good graces of the British, and so enabled to warn his friends of their every movement. Patchy it is who introduces us to the robbers assembled in formidable array within a romantic cave. Here are such famous road-knights of reality as Shane Bearnah, Strong John McPherson, Quee Harry Donaghan the Napper of Ulster, Captain Power, O'Kelly the Kilkenny man, and Charles Dempsey, or Cahir na Cappul (Charles of the Horses).

Dempsey figures also in John Banim's "Boyne Water," and another brave rogue, Manus Mac O'Neil, the gold-finder, plays a part in Griffin's "Suil Dhuv." As for Redmond himself, he is the paragon of priggers, handsome, valiant, courtly, liberal to his subjects, generous to the afflicted, a terror to his foes, secure with his friends.

Here, and throughout the Irish novels, aside from the rogues that are studied, a host of picaresque traits and incidents appear. For the Irishman's love of defying the law, which leads to the drubbing of bailiffs, the outwitting of gaugers, illicit distilling, and smuggling, provokes many an amusing rogue scene, and his romantic delight in duels and abductions adds to the list.

The originality of most of these fictions is marked. In so far as they depend upon literary influence, Le Sage and Smollett are potent. Carleton, though he wrote with a passion foreign to Le Sage, was first inspired by happening upon a copy of "Gil Blas," procured from a peddler. "I did not then even know that it was fiction," he says, "but took it for granted that all the adventures were true." Its effect was "to fill my imagination with such a romantic love of adventure, as made me wish myself a thousand times the hero of some that might resemble those." Soon he ran away to seek his fortune in emulation of Le Sage's picaro; and he pictures himself spending the night in Dublin in a beggar's cellar where "crutches, wooden legs, artificial cancers, scrofulous necks, artificial wens, sore legs, and a vast variety of similar complaints, were hung up upon the walls."[1] Lever's novels, with their powerfully individualized "I," resemble "Gil Blas," and their wit has been compared to that of Figaro, since "sentence after sentence blazes forth and bangs like a discharge of fireworks."[2] One at least — the picaresque "Con Cregan" — was directly patterned upon the French masterpiece, being undertaken at the suggestion of a friend who had read Padre Isla's Spanish version, and who advised Lever's trying something in that style.

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[1] Cf. D. J. O'Donoghue's *Life of William Carleton*, 1896, chs. ix, xiii.

[2] Cf. W. J. Fitzpatrick's *The Life of Charles Lever*, 1879, vol. ii, p. 14.

Smollett, himself a disciple of Le Sage, was peculiarly Lever's master, and the result is visible in such grotesque figures as Cross Corny Delany, in "Jack Hinton," and in Lever's whole procedure in narrative. Like Smollett, he draws from living originals and presents actual occurrences. Like Smollett, he cares little for the niceties of construction or the analysis of character. Farce, practical jests, and the capers of the eccentric amuse him, and in Smollett's manner he was wont to reel off a haphazard series of adventures with just enough love story to be closed by a "God bless you, my children." In "The Dodd Family Abroad" (1854) Lever followed the device of Smollett's "Humphry Clinker," for he assembles the letters written by a company of travelers, who describe from diverse points of view their experiences *en route* and thereby reveal their individual humors. In two ways, however, Lever supplemented Smollett; for, carrying his travelers to the Continent, he afforded amusement by exhibiting the shock given to their preconceptions of foreign life by the actuality; and he further drew laughter from the deceits and extortions everywhere practiced upon them. In the latter respect this novel is at least affiliated with the romances of roguery.

Fielding's conception of the unheroic hero is Lever's also, and when Lord Dalling objected concerning the Irishman's last novel, "Kilgobbin" (1872), that it could show no one character transcendently pure or good or virtuous, Lever admitted that he might have been tilting the cask so long that the dregs were coming out muddy, but protested that "the kingdom of the world is made up of people of mixed motives, not very wicked or the reverse, but doing a variety of inconvenient and some positively bad things."

In the whole range of Irish fiction the chief picaresque success was scored by Lever's "Confessions of Con Cregan, the Irish Gil Blas" (1849). Carelessly written and little esteemed by the author, who set more store by his contemporary "Daltons," this novel delighted the public.

Con is the son of a rascal informer. Out of pique he secures his father's transportation for life; the Crown then confiscates the family property; so, being cast on the world, the rogue sets forth to see it at leisure. In Dublin he is "hazed" by college students, falls in with a band of little vagabonds, and being preferred to hold the horse of a dashing captain, canters away with his charge to take part in the races. In the midst of his glory comes arrest, but wit secures his release. That night on the wharves he saves the life of a gentleman gambler, and accepts service aboard the latter's yacht. Voyaging across the Atlantic, he incurs his mad master's displeasure, and the crew, to save Con from a worse fate, maroon him on a desert island. After encountering here a terrible negro convict, the rogue reaches Quebec to pose as fashionable butler. He is armed with forged characters and plentiful allusions to the titled masters he has served, and ere long becomes social dictator of the Hotel Davis. But a practical joke upon an understrapper, induced to chalk numbers across the backs of guests at a ball, in lieu of coat checks, sets him adrift once more.

For a little, Con is guide to a family of Irish emigrants; then he crosses the States to New Orleans, where he shines as a prince of mendacity. Having chanced upon another's lottery prize he visits Texas and Mexico, where follow exciting adventures, from outwitting the spy on his trail and rescuing from drowning the fair Donna Maria, to escaping across the marshes from a lazaretto, and placer-mining with desperadoes at the foot of the Rockies. When the mining camp is swept away by a flood, Con braves the terrors of a solitary journey over the prairies, and at a convict settlement is forced to take the place of a dog in goading two asses round a treadmill by day and frightening off mountain wolves by night. Aided in flight from these horrors by the mysterious masked Señora, he duels with a jealous Mexican and, in digging the grave of a miner, unearths a great treasure.

Henceforth, with coach and six, Con becomes El Conde de Cregano, grandee of Spain; and if he fails to gain the hand of his Donna Maria, it is only because he arrives to open his suit on the day of her marriage to another. Sailing to Málaga in pursuit of the lady, he is there cast into prison as a Carlist, but escapes, travels to Italy as courier to an English family, and in Paris becomes a "quatorzième," to be hired as fourteenth at any table where there is danger of seating an unlucky thirteen.

The new profession proves an open sesame to journalism, to high society, and to military honors. At Naples he recognizes in the wife of the Spanish ambassador the very Señora of the Mexican convict colony. Her influence secures him recognition of his title, and the French king appoints him ambassador. It only remains for the rogue, thus promoted to grandeur, to revisit the scenes of his humble beginnings, and to find there and marry the fair widow, Donna Maria.

This laughable farrago is Irish in its exuberant wit and extravagance, if not in its scene. Its events, however improbable, win credence in the reading, and although the plot be romantic, its details are handled with realism. Such traits of the picaresque type as satire, roguery, and the service of masters proclaim the novel's ancestry; yet little or nothing is borrowed. The device whereby Cregan the elder bequeaths to himself broad acres when requested by a rascal to impersonate one already dead is as old as the *novelle*,[1] and Con's tricks as butler savor fortuitously of the wiles of the "Pícara Justina;" but this is all. Lever worked up his Texan and Mexican scenes through interviews with án American officer, and had himself suffered shipwreck on the Island of Anticosti. Much of the charm of the fiction is due to the verve of its style, a cross between the easy humor of Le Sage and the brilliant burlesque of Quevedo, with a devil-may-care sparkle in dialogue that is Lever's own. As for Con, he equals his Spanish and French brothers in wit, and is their superior in valor and passion. His cheats are never sordid, and he is inspired with the notion, so potent in the mind of Defoe's Colonel Jack, of being a gentleman. His lying is done in fun to test the simplicity of his listeners. Gravely he tells an outrageous tale of having been concealed at birth in a violin case and being raffled for by royalty, or exhibits his coat of arms, — the crown of Ireland over a shield embossed with an eye winking and the motto, "Maybe not," in Gaelic. If he outdoes Barry Lyndon in lies, he remains by contrast good-humored to the last. "Let Dame Fortune only deal me trumps," he says, "and I'll promise never to look into my neighbor's hand," an opportunism in honesty that happens to bring him out with colors flying and that spares the reader any moral reflections. In combat and love Con is far from a picaro, for he proves both brave and constant. To his Donna Maria he even reveals the truth regarding his birth, saying, "I could not have gone on deceiving you, even though this confession should separate us forever."

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[1] It appears among the six tales of Marco Cademosto da Lodi, *Sonetti ed altre rime, con alcune novelle*, Roma, 1543, and it figures, also, in the *Piacevoli notte* of Granucci, Venezia, 1574.

By way of relief to the humorous episodes, tragic incidents often supervene, and these present strange figures who reappear or prove to be related to others already met. Thus the convict of Anticosti reënters the story when a Louisiana captain tells of his fearful crimes, and again when Con discovers in Mexico his treasure, bought with so much blood. Sir Dudley Broughton, the mad gambler, voyaging from port to port in quest of revenge upon his wife's seducer, is ever in the background, savage and imperious, ready to visit death on the boy who in self-defense has flung overboard a pet lion whelp, and planning for his enemy a lingering agony on some low reptile-haunted isle.

The seducer, too, who has played so well the part of Russian envoy in London and that of consul to Campecho in South

America, reappears upon the high seas as the very scoundrel who will procure Con's imprisonment at Málaga. And once more he emerges rowing at a convict's oar in the Bay of Naples, to be grappled by Sir Dudley and drawn beneath the waves, while the mysterious Señora, who has wrecked the lives of both, sinks senseless, never to regain her reason. In the pest-haunted house at Quebec, Con hears the story of Mat Cullinane, hanged years before in Ireland on a false charge; then at dead of night, peering through a doorway, Con discerns the livid form of the real culprit, who, dying, is calling for a priest to confess him.

Such correspondences give to the narrative a certain unity; yet, true to the genius of its type, chance is paramount. Of character study or close-knit plot there is no trace. Whatever Con's changes of condition may teach him, he is no nearer the goal as drudge in the Mexican treadmill than he was as Dublin street arab. Rich or poor, he follows where Fortune beckons, careless of the past, reckless in the present, and trusting to the future to win him affluence by some throw of the dice.

3. *Marryat and the Essayists*

In construction most of the novels of Captain Frederick Marryat are allied to the romance of roguery: for they chronicle the progress of a not over-scrupulous hero from obscurity to comfortable or distinguished position. They are essentially episodical tales, rejoicing in rough character sketches, adventures, and horseplay. But it is a distinguishing trait of their author that he remains as a rule too conscious of the moralities to enter with zest upon the creation of rogues. He seeks to extenuate incidental rascality, and when most successful in depicting picaros seems least aware of it. His typical heroes are such negative creatures of chance as Jacob Faithful, Midshipman Easy, or Peter Simple, folk half explained by their names and made, for the rest, by what happens to them. Midshipman Easy falls into humorous difficulties in attempting to square naval experience with his *a priori* conceptions of human equality, and Peter Simple in his distinguishing trait recalls the German jesters and Simplicissimus. Others are born with a purpose to prove their paternity, and all begin life with a passion for practical jokes, which, carried too far, inclines them to be mean or brutal. This is notably the case with the hero of "Percival Keene" (1842).

Percival's jests at the expense of his grandmother and schoolmaster are as low as those of Meriton Latroon in "The English Rogue." He sticks the old lady with a needle, fills her snuff-box with gunpowder, and bites her severely. He physics his master, fastens him down to a bench with cobbler's wax, anoints his ferule with bird-lime and his handkerchief with cow-itch, secretes dead cats in the schoolroom, and by an explosion burns down the school. He attaches a hook to a gentleman's coat-tails and trains a dog to catch at it growling. He breaks up a play by showering down snuff on the audience; he singes the wig of a purser, befools a green midshipman into insulting his superior, and frightens a table of diners into believing themselves poisoned, only to provide as remedy a powerful emetic.

Upon all of these crudities Marryat smiles indulgently, thinking them rather good fun. He never intends his hero for a rogue, but, excusing such sallies as so much youthful exuberance, he carries Percival to the rank of post-captain by allowing him plenty of bravery and an attachment to the nobleman long suspected and eventually acknowledged to be his father.

Similar horseplay and greater moral degeneracy characterize the hero of Marryat's first novel, "Frank Mildmay" (1829).

Mildmay is confessedly a rogue and a mean one. He resorts to lying and craft; he delights in dealing blows below the belt; he paints the face of a sleeping enemy with lunar caustic, and cuts down another's hammock so that its occupant shall strike the corner of a shot-case beneath. He tries to brain the same victim with a loaded candlestick;

and his motto is to gain by artifice whatever is withheld by force. When those who have been witnesses of his perfidy are struck down in battle, he admits, "I was secretly pleased when I saw them removed beyond the reach of human interrogation." He is proud and revengeful, vain of his personal charms, and a devil with the women. Hearts break for him at Halifax, a mulatto mistress in the West Indies seeks to poison him when he deserts her for an officer's daughter, and at home he is torn between the righteous Emily and the refined libertine Eugenia. The latter is an actress for whose sake he goes upon the stage. At the same time he falls enamored of Emily, whose life he has almost taken by flinging a stone at her coachman and causing her horses to overturn her vehicle. Rushing up, he extricates the young lady, and escaping recognition as an assailant, is pleased to be accepted as her savior. Eugenia "refines his vice" and then heroically withdraws, leaving him to offer marriage to Emily. Towards the end of the book, Emily is shocked to behold her lover, two weeks prior to the day appointed for their marriage, in company with Eugenia and her son. She breaks off the match, and Mildmay bidding eternal farewell to his mistress proceeds to Paris and gambles on her money, a bit of rascality narrated without a qualm. But Eugenia and her son obligingly die, and after ten days of religious instruction from a bishop Mildmay repents of his sins for the twentieth time and is reconciled to Emily.

Like the heroes of Smollett this dashing adventurer is a far worse person than his creator supposes. For, although he is made to compare himself to Don Juan and Don Galaor, he is also allowed to attribute most of his vice to environment. "My mind was not naturally corrupt; it was only so at times, and from peculiar circumstances; but I was always generous, and easily reconciled to a sense of my duty, when reminded of my fault." Of this generosity not a trace appears, and no one but the author has ever mistaken Mildmay for a gentleman. This proved unfortunate, since much of his career was recognizably Marryat's own.

If Mildmay and Keene typify Marryat's rascally heroes who reform after sowing wild oats, there is a less equivocal style of scoundrel that delights him. This is the corsair, variously exhibited in such villains of theatric cast as the unspeakable Cain, in "The Pirate" (1836), flinging beautiful victims to the sharks; the wicked, but more natural, Lieutenant Van Slyperken, in "Snarleyyow" (1837), finally strung up with his dog at the yard-arm; and the philosophic American negro, in "Percival Keene," who, out of revenge for the wrongs done his race, seeks to exterminate all whites, and at last, when threatened with capture, blows up his ship and himself. A smuggler given to practical joking appears in "The Three Cutters" (1836), where humorous Jack Pickersgill retaliates upon the officious nobleman who boards his vessel to lay him under arrest, by turning his captor's yacht into a smuggler, and usurping the gentleman's title. A more serious scamp in the same trade is the daring adventurer in "The King's Own" (1830) who impresses the hero into his crew. But these thieves of the deep and the seaboard are picaros only by courtesy, and although little Tommy Seagrave, the bad boy in Marryat's "Masterman Ready" (1841), retains picaresque greed and mischief unaltered by his island shipwreck, his career is never followed up.

In the land novels, as well as in the sea tales, Marryat adopts but modifies picaresque procedure. Thus, in "Valerie" (1849), the service of masters faintly survives, for the central figure is a French girl, abused at home, and experiencing various changes of condition abroad. She acts as companion, governess, model for a novelist, and milliner, before her marriage to the Comte de Chavannes. In "The Poacher" and in "Japhet in Search of a Father" rascality, in addition to shifts of condition, finds a place.

"Joseph Rushbrook, or the Poacher" (1841) alters the picaresque genre almost beyond recognition by converting the anti-hero to a hero and by dropping all satire. On the other hand, the service of masters, the rise from mean to high estate, and scenes of low-life remain.

> A poacher murders the peddler who has planned to betray him. The poacher's son devotedly assumes his father's guilt and runs away, to experience adventures in service, as page to an Irish officer, as accountant to a bum-boat woman, and as apprentice to an itinerant tinker. Each change of condition results from threatened apprehension. At length, after he has won success under various names, his identity transpires, and he is tried and convicted. At this point, his father, who has inherited a great property under another name, writes a confession and dies. Joseph comes into the estate, and marries the girl who has been kind to him in adversity.

Nothing could be less picaresque in spirit, yet the tradition of the romance of roguery inspires this moral tale. The elder Rushbrook's trick of feigning drunkenness on the nights of his forays, Joey's device for his father's protection, his falling among juvenile London thieves, his service with masters, his encounter with tramps who try to rob him, and the life of his tinker master are all picaresque echoes. The tinker is a righteous vagabond rich in experience. He has served as boarding-school usher, as waiter at a posting house, as clerk to a corn chandler, as apprentice to a miller and coal merchant, as clerk on a fourteen-gun brig, as shopman at a draper's, and as warehouseman, porter, and foreman in a cutler's shop, before becoming tinker and knife-grinder.

Joey's other patrons are the dashing Irishman, closely related to the heroes of Lever, and as much at home in the Russian court as on his native bog; Major M'Shane, who has wed the buxom keeper of an eating-house after a lucky escape from a cheating widow; kind-hearted Mrs. Chopper, the bum-boat woman of Gravesend; and Messrs. Small and Sleek, the prosperous naval agents. Of the other characters, Furness, once schoolmaster, then marine, and next deserter, is a picaro who becomes villain; while Nancy, the wild wanton of Gravesend, is a picara who reforms. The scenes of low-life are no more convincing than are those of love-making, so that on all sides Marryat has cut and trimmed the picaresque model to suit his own fashion.

More successful in its modifications was "Japhet in Search of a Father" (1836).

> Japhet is a foundling, apprenticed at fourteen to a Smithfield apothecary, but consumed with a desire to find his unknown father. After rogueries in service, he sets forth with a fellow apprentice on this chimerical quest, falls in with a charlatan and a band of Gypsies, and becomes an adept juggler and fortune-teller. Next, he plays the fine gentleman, masquerading as the nephew of a nobleman, and introduced to society by a man of the world, who makes him a gamester. This friend dies in a duel but leaves his all to Japhet, who now follows several false clues in the quest for his father, and experiences tragic misadventures in Ireland when engaged in proving the identity of a girl he has rescued from the Gypsies. Then he returns to London to game away what remains of his inheritance, to duel, and through error to be condemned to be hanged as a robber. Reprieved at the last moment, he finds an asylum with his first master, sets up a shop of his own, and falls in love with a Quakeress. At this juncture, the long-expected father appears as a god out of the machine to bestow upon Japhet a fortune and to crown his marriage with a blessing.

Like much of Marryat's work, this novel is amusing but mediocre, careless in plot, and composed with fatal facility. Unlike the sea tales, it presents no living characters. Marryat's attempt to attain the picturesqueness of a comic rogue-fiction and yet keep to the moralities results in a dull compromise. Japhet has overmuch to say concerning honesty. In his tricks as an apprentice, he refuses to defraud his master, and is content with merely overcharging the simple to whom he dispenses physic. When he cheats at cards, he suffers tedious qualms.

He is the type of half-hearted picaro, less interesting than the complete rascal, who, if he thinks of repentance, does so only at the close of a merry life.

As for Japhet's desire to discover his father, it is an obsession amounting to mania. It furnishes his story and his character with their chief unity; yet his own efforts achieve nothing, for accident alone bestows upon him a distinguished parent. Those whom Japhet meets are as vague in character as himself. The charlatan, at first a generous rogue, turns out a desperate villain, who to secure a title has kidnapped his niece, and plots Japhet's death. Old Phineas Cophagus, Japhet's first master, is differentiated from others merely by a trick of speech. Lieutenant Talbot, once of the dragoons, but turned Quaker, is similarly tagged by his trait of bodily cowardice coupled with valor in spirit. Japhet's East Indian father is irascibility personified, and to be taken captive by counter irascibility alone.

One character, however, is better realized. This is Major Carbonnell, the jaunty man about town, fond of cards and company, a confessed parasite, but punctilious in matters of fashion. Of his relations with tradesmen he says, "I tell them honestly I never will pay them; and you may depend upon it, I intend most sacredly to keep my word. I never do pay anybody for the best of all possible reasons, I have no money; but then I do them a service — I make them fashionable, and they know it." In the duel that costs him his life the major tries to trick the enemy by getting the light in his eyes; yet in the face of death he is brave, and declaring his repentance at so late an hour to be of no avail, he refuses to indulge in cant.

Other picaresque figures are the disreputable gambler who parts from Japhet lest the latter's honesty injure his character; the highwayman who waits to exonerate Japhet until sentence of death has been passed upon him in order to show the errors of trial by jury; the religious adventuress who goes into profitable trances induced by stimulants; and Japhet's boon comrade, Timothy. The last has been a rogue apprentice, a mountebank, a valet, a pretended Gypsy, the driver of a dog cart, a vender of crockery, and when rescued from distress by his friend, he has joined the ballad-singers and mumpers, and is begging and stealing disguised as a wooden-legged sailor.

The passages most clearly inspired by the romance of roguery concern Japhet's and Tim's early experiences with the charlatan and with the Gypsies into whose tribe this Melchior has married. If Marryat shows little knowledge of Romany customs, beyond references to their hatred of gorgios, to their capturing fish by means of intoxicating berries, and to their hiding of plunder in pools, the vagabond life of such rogues is amusingly portrayed. Melchior is a capital cheat, and as a master-juggler, a quack seller of nostrums, or a seer, he wins success by adroit control of confederates,— Num his fool, Jumbo and Tim his acrobats, Japhet his juggler, stolen Fleta his slack-wire dancer, and Nattée his wife, the fortune-teller. The reader must always regret that Marryat, for the sake of the intrigue, should have turned so pleasing a rogue into a villain; and he will wonder that the same motive should not have led to his marrying Japhet to the delightful Fleta.

One other novel slightly affiliated with the literature of roguery Marryat edited. This was "Rattlin the Reefer" (1838), written by Captain Edward Howard, his assistant on the staff of "The Metropolitan." The fiction resembles "Japhet" in central idea, and its plot shows some gleanings from "Oliver Twist," especially in the illegitimate half-brother who persecutes the hero. But if Joshua Daunton lives like Monks, he dies like Sikes, falling and being hanged by the rope he has noosed to effect his escape from a mob.

Marryat's American contemporary, James Fenimore Cooper, in his thirty-two novels rarely approached even the confines of the picaresque. Although the deficiencies of Scott's nautical scenes in "The Pirate" led Cooper to paint superior sea pictures in "The Pilot" and "The Red Rover" (1828), it is only in the latter that a rascal is the protagonist. Here, however, the Rover is no rogue, but a romantic corsair, driven to his wicked trade by early disappointment, and weaned from it at last by an awakened conscience that prompts him to die fighting in a good cause.

If any early American fiction can be said to transplant the rogue tradition, it is a novel by Royall Tyler, rather than the Gothic tales of Charles Brockden Brown,[1] or such Cervantine echoes as Mrs. Tabitha Tenny's "Female Quixotism" (1808) and Hugh Henry Brackenridge's "Modern Chivalry, or the Adventures of Captain Farrago and Teague O'Regan his Servant" (1796, 1806). The last, it is true, shows Teague as occasionally a knave and as always a blunderer, and it confesses to the inspiration of Rabelais, Cervantes, Le Sage, and Swift; but the book is at best an over-bald satire upon the abuses of democracy; its characters are mere automata, and its events lack all fictional interest. Royall Tyler, on the other hand, in "The Algerine Captive" (1799), made a closer transcript of life according to the picaresque canon. His Dr. Updike Underhill, if only an inferior Gil Blas, is a good-humored, matter-of-fact satirist, pricking the bubbles of life at Harvard and among the folk of a country town, assailing the medical faculty with Le Sage's own animus, voyaging abroad as ship's surgeon, like a promoted Roderick Random, and falling among Algerine pirates, after the fashion of the first Spanish rogues.

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[1] Yet Brown's *Ormond; or, The Secret Witness* (1799) was derived from Godwin's *Caleb Williams*, and Brown's mystery plots anticipate those of the detective novel. Cf. M. S. Vilas's *Charles Brockden Brown, a Study of Early American Fiction* (Burlington, 1904).

Half a century later Wilkie Collins, with something of Marryat's farcical manner, wrote a picaresque novel entitled "A Rogue's Life" (1855). Here a careless young fellow tries medicine, caricaturing, and portrait-painting, is imprisoned for debt, takes to doing old masters to order, becomes secretary to a scientific society, and falls in love with a coiner's daughter. Then the coiner, Dr. Dulcifer, offers young Softly the choice of death or turning felon, and he becomes a counterfeiter along with Old and Young File, Mill, and Screw. But Screw betrays his confederates, and Bow Street runners seize the doctor. The latter, however, escapes through a curious trap-door, and Softly gets away to Wales. Pursued by a runner, he yields to arrest only after marriage with his Alicia whom he has carried across the Scottish border. When his sentence is relaxed to transportation, Alicia, who possesses valuable jewels, follows him out to Australia, and he poses as her valet until they can be remarried, and can set up in prosperity. Charles Reade suggested that Collins continue this autobiography with an account of Australian convict life, but the author of "The Moonstone" and "The Woman in White" preferred melodramatic villainy to roguery. If his single novel in the genre lacks character study and a moral, it is light-hearted and amusing.

Among the essayists, Lamb, Hunt, Jerrold, and De Quincey paid some slight tribute to the literature of roguery. Lamb in his "Complaint on the Decay of Beggars" fondly recalled certain London vagabonds, swept away by social reform, and urged that charity be shown even to painted distress. Leigh Hunt, in addition to composing ballads of Robin Hood and modernizing several of the more picaresque tales of Chaucer, contributed to "The Indicator" a sympathetic account of the literature of roguery, entitled "Thieves, Ancient and Modern" (1820). This reviews the rascally prowess of Cacus, Autolycus, Sisyphus, and Mercury; recalls the thieving architect of Herodotus, the forty thieves of "The Arabian Nights," the Brunello of Boiardo and Ariosto; and retells two picaresque *novelle* by Massuccio.[1] It glances at the robbers in "Gil Blas," and at the Cid's cheat upon the Jews; quotes from "Lazarillo de Tormes" and from Quevedo's "Buscon;" acknowledges acquaintance with "Marcos de Obregon," with Fielding's "Jonathan Wild," with Smollett's "Ferdinand, Count Fathom," and with the Abbé Prévost's "Manon Lescaut." Then, after considering Falstaff, Schiller's "Robbers," and a few anti-heroes of the "Newgate Calendar," it concludes with a sketch of Claude Du Vall, drawn from the "Harleian Miscellany."

Douglas Jerrold, in his "Handbook of Swindling" (1839), laughed at impostors high and low through the fictitious recollections and philosophizings of Captain Barabbas Whitefeather, knight of every order of the fleece; and De Quincey in the same ironic vein devoted three papers to "Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts," recalling the treatment accorded rascality by Fielding and Gay, and forecasting Stevenson's fantastic "Suicide Club." The third (1854) is an elaborated criminal pamphlet, but the first and the second (1827, 1839) humorously consider ideal conditions of crime, one through a learned lecture on the theme, and the other in describing a dinner given in honor of Thugs and Thuggism.

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[1] One is the story (*Il novellino, novella* xvii) of the fish presented by rogues as a token from a husband to his wife for the delivery of a silver cup to be engraved, the swindlers not only obtaining the cup, but also reclaiming the fish. This tale figured in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, and versions of it have been noticed above as appearing in *Scoggins Jests*, in Greene's *Thirde and last Part of Conny-catching* and *Blacke Bookes Messenger*, in *The History of Fortvnatvs*, and in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*. Cf. *ante*, pp. 61, 97, 100, 225, 243.

More closely allied with the Peninsular romances of roguery was De Quincey's "Spanish Military Nun" (1847), a free rendering of the "Historia de la Monja Alférez, Donna Catalina de Erauso," published at Paris in 1830 by Joaquin María de Ferrer, a Castilian refugee, but composed two centuries before in Spain.[1] Catalina was an actual Amazon of the seventeenth century, who, escaping from a convent at fifteen, traversed Spain in male attire in service and out of it, voyaged to Peru, played involuntary havoc with many ladies' hearts, fought as a trooper in Chile, killed in a duel her own brother, fled over the Andes, twice escaped hanging, and then returned to Spain, to be forgiven by king and Pope. She differs from other picaras in preferring adventure to mere roguery, and in rejecting amorous intrigue as a means for securing advancement. Yet she serves a variety of masters, passes through frequent changes of condition, and does not scruple to take from the pocket of her neighbor what her own pocket lacks. In all her dare-devil exploits, up to her last stout stand in defense of a wife pursued by a jealous husband, Catalina's fortunes are followed with rare picaresque humor enhanced by De Quincey's delicious mock gravity.

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[1] Cf. *ante*, p. 13.

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CHAPTER IX

1

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CHAPTER X

THE ROGUE IN HIS SOCIAL ENVIRONMENT

1. *Dickens*

THE literature of roguery has tended to insist either upon the rogue as an individual, or else upon the society through which he moves. The early Spanish novelists, together with Le Sage and Grimmelshausen, obeyed the latter tendency, which in England found best expression in the anatomies of roguery. English novelists, however, have been interested rather in the rogue and his adventures. It is Dickens, who, inheriting the tradition of Smollett and Egan and profiting by the reformative purpose of Godwin and Bulwer, first combined the two tendencies, studying rogues as individuals and also as social phenomena.

Dickens's predilection for depicting low-life was manifest in his earliest work. The "Sketches by Boz" (1836) contained pieces like "Seven Dials," "The Pawnbroker's Shop," and "The Prisoner's Van," together with "A Passage in the Life of Mr. Watkins Tottle," showing the sorrows of a spunging-house, and the "Drunkard's Death," a temperance tract.

In "The Pickwick Papers" (1836–37), however, such sordid, moralized scenes gave way to humorous roguery. Pickwick himself is of the race of Don Quixote and Parson Adams, a lovable sufferer from the jests and wiles of others, issuing from every situation with dignity unimpaired and with faith in human goodness unshaken. Sam Weller possesses the sense, cunning, and humor of the picaro, and lacks only his dishonesty and inhumanity. A thorough-paced Cockney, he is nevertheless descended from such comic servants of literature as Guzman de Alfarache, Gil Blas, Figaro, and in particular Sancho Panza, for whose proverbs he substitutes farcical comparisons galore: "Avay vith melincholly, as the little boy said ven his school missis died;" "I only assisted natur' ma'am; as the doctor said to the boy's mother, arter he'd bled him to death." Sam is as hard-headed as Sancho but less prosaic. He thinks little of himself, and from the first is bound to Pickwick by ties of a more appreciative affection. No mere picaro could succumb to sentiment so readily as does Sam in the affair of the housemaid, and none would so deliberately share his master's imprisonment. Yet Sam delights to entertain a company of Jehus by singing a ballad on Turpin, the highwayman.

Of genuine rogues "The Pickwick Papers" can boast a plenty. Behold the rascals of the inserted tales: the matrimonial adventurer of "The Bagman's Story," the transported criminal of "The Convict's Return," the vindictive prisoner of "The Old Man's Tale About a Queer Client," and the dissolute actor sinking to death in "The Stroller's Tale." Or, better still, consider the rogues more carefully drawn in the main narrative. Here is pious Stiggins, a hypocrite, who forecasts Pecksniff and Chadband. Here are Dodson and Fogg, crafty men of the law; the medical swindlers, Ben Allen and Bob Sawyer; and the professional picaros, Alfred Jingle and Job Trotter; to say nothing of the motley denizens of the Fleet.

As for Allen, he clings to a scheme for marrying his sister to Sawyer, his dissolute friend. In the meantime, both have set up as charlatans. Sawyer is equipped with green spectacles and a mouldy book. He surveys his rows of gilt-labeled drawers, one half empty, the other half dummies. "Hardly anything real in the shop but the leeches," he explains, "and *they* are second hand." His patent digester is a black brandy bottle; coal comes from a compartment marked "Soda Water;" his patrons are gathered by delivering medicines and then reclaiming them as misdirected when the family has had time to peruse the wrappings. The lamplighter is tipped to pull the night bell at each passing, and a boy is hired to dash into church on Sundays in quest of his master. "'Bless my soul!' everybody says, 'somebody taken suddenly ill! Sawyer, late Nockemorf, sent for. What a business that young man has!'"

But it is Jingle who takes the palm for roguery. He early appears to rescue the innocent hero from the impositions of a cabman, and attaching himself to the Pickwickians, lives on their bounty until exposed. Jingle is a wandering actor, with a voluble tongue and quick wit. His speech, by a trick caught from Hook, is as disjointed as rapid. When at the Rochester ball, after flirting with a widow, Jingle is handed the jealous Dr. Slammer's card, he nods affably. "Slammer — much obliged — polite attention — not ill now, Slammer — but when I am — knock you up." The doctor calls him a poltroon, but Jingle is nonchalant. "Oh! I see, negus too strong here — liberal landlord — very foolish — very — lemonade much better — hot rooms — elderly gentleman — suffer for it in the morning — cruel — cruel."

At Wardle's, Jingle makes a quick campaign on the heart and property of ancient Miss Rachael, defeating his rival Tupman by a dishonest ruse. Pickwick and Wardle pursue the eloping pair, and readily buy off the rascal, who stickles only at the terms. Soon he makes his bow as a gentleman of fortune in the *salon* of Mrs. Leo Hunter, but being confronted by Pickwick, recollects having omitted to give his postilion orders, and slips away. Pickwick follows, and at Bury St. Edmunds learns from the pious Job Trotter that his master is on the point of carrying off a wealthy miss from a boarding school. When Job with tears in his eyes has confessed, Pickwick gives him a guinea. Only when the defender of virtue, prowling at night in the boarding-school garden, has been mistaken for a burglar, does he realize that he and Sam the astute have been sold.

Jingle, now a captain, reappears as suitor to the daughter of the Mayor of Ipswich, while Trotter has pretensions to the savings of the mayor's cook. Here, at last, master and man suffer defeat. "What prevents me from detaining these men as rogues and impostors?" cries the irate mayor on discovering the fraud that has been practiced upon him. "It is a foolish mercy. What prevents me?" To this Jingle replies at his ease, "Pride, old fellow, pride. Would n't do — no go — caught a captain, eh? — ha! ha! very good — husband for daughter — biter bit — make it public — not for worlds — look stupid — very!"

When at length Jingle and Job turn up forlorn in the Fleet, kind-hearted Pickwick befriends them and pays their passage to the West Indies, where a new beginning may be made. "What do you think? Is there any chance of their permanent reformation?" asks Pickwick of his lawyer, who can only shrug his shoulders. "If those two fellows were to commit a burglary to-morrow," he says, "my opinion of this action would be equally high."

A whole series of picaresque scenes is displayed in the chapters dealing with Pickwick's voluntary incarceration in the Fleet. Here the easy vagabonds who drink and smoke, roar and play at skittles, are exhibited in their dirty coffee-room. The listless debtors loiter about the racket-court, slip-shod women trail across the yard to the cook-house, children tumble in rags on the pavement, heads loll out of windows, and rascals look in at the whistling-shop, a mart for whiskey, kept by favored prisoners with the connivance of the turnkeys. The characters of Fleet prisoners are no less graphically given. One is the cobbler who goes to bed on the floor under a deal table, to remind him of a four-poster. Another is the chancery prisoner who gets his discharge for the other world. A drunken chaplain, a pugilistic butcher, and a wily leg are the companions with whom Pickwick is quartered at his arrival. Roker the turnkey and phlegmatic Neddy, who spends his days paring mud off his shoes, are Pickwick's acquaintances. On his first night in prison, he is awakened by the Zephyr who dances a hornpipe, while Smangle, sitting up in bed, warbles a comic song, and Mivins shouts encouragement to both. When the Zephyr snatches off Pickwick's night-cap, he receives a smart blow from that worthy, but is promptly reconciled. Smangle cautions Pickwick against Mivins's fondness for borrowing, and in the next breath requests a loan for himself. He professes to know a delightful washerwoman to whom he will confide Pickwick's fine linen. "Shall I put any of those little things up with mine? Don't say anything about the trouble. Confound and curse it, if one gentleman under a cloud is not to put himself a little out of the way to assist another gentleman in the same condition, what is human nature?"

The social environment of roguery is often forgotten in "Pickwick" because of the fun, but in "The Adventures of Oliver Twist" (1837–38) its portrayal is doubly emphasized. To substitute for the unrealities of "The Beggar's Opera" and of Bulwer's "Paul Clifford" rogues in their actual wretchedness, appeared to Dickens "to attempt a something which was needed, and which would be a service to society." His Preface declaims against the thieves of romance, "faultless in dress, plump in pocket, choice in horseflesh, bold in bearing, fortunate in gallantry, great at a song, a bottle, a pack of cards or a dice box, and fit companions for the bravest." And he cries, "Here are no canterings on moonlit heaths, no merrymakings in the snuggest of all possible caverns, none of the attractions of dress, no embroidery, no lace, no jack-boots, no crimson coats and ruffles, none of the dash and freedom with which 'the road' has been time out of mind invested. The cold wet shelterless midnight streets of London; the foul and frowsy dens, where vice is closely packed and lacks the room to turn; the haunts of hunger and disease; the shabby rags that scarcely hold together; where are the attractions of these things?"

Nothing could be more moral or more English. It is Puritan Defoe outdone. The formula differs from Defoe's, for the hero is not a rogue who repents, and attention is not focused upon the conflicts of a tempted soul, but the moral purpose remains unaltered. Dickens, like the whole Spanish school, professes to set up a beacon of life and to warn by a frightful example. Hence arises his occasional caricature, as well as his use of the Gothic in Monks and Fagin and the hags of the workhouse.

Oliver, born in this workhouse, left an orphan on the parish, farmed out, and at nine brought back to pick oakum and be dieted on gruel, first sees the outer world as apprentice to an undertaker. Ill treatment leads him to run away, and he falls in with a pickpocket who presents him as recruit to a troop of London rogues. In their first quest for booty, though a mere spectator, Oliver is captured; but the benevolent victim refuses to press the charge, and takes the tyro home. The rascals, however, pounce upon him again, and he is forced to share in an attempted robbery upon a country house, only to be shot when on the point of warning the inmates. From this moment Fortune smiles. He is nursed back to health and adopted by the family whose possessions he has been sent to steal, and ultimately his early benefactor unites with these later protectors in probing his identity and restoring his rightful inheritance. This has been imperiled by the machinations of a half brother, leagued with the rogues to corrupt little Oliver. At last, the villain is compelled to confess, the rascal crew is hunted down, and while the evil perish or repent, the good reap the rewards of virtue.

Obviously, Oliver is a passive hero. Though he rebels at the starvation orders of the Workhouse Board, and by the taunts of a bully is goaded into fight, yet in the long run he is simply the sufferer who excites sympathy, the victim to be rescued and made happy. Oliver's moral rectitude is temperamental, rather than a matter of character. He is a sentimental boy who never knows temptation. The ill treatment of the workhouse or of Sowerberry's shop fails to embitter him. He is as innocent and honest in the den of Fagin as under the generous treatment of Miss Maylie. Unlike his Spanish or French forbears, he does not learn to dupe the world from being first himself deluded. What Lazarillo de Tormes or Gil Blas, on beholding an Artful Dodger snatch a handkerchief, would feel "horror and alarm," or at the prospect of a house-breaking would start back "well nigh mad with grief and terror" or would cry out to his mentor, "Oh, pray have mercy on me, and do not make me steal! For the love of all the bright angels that rest in Heaven, have mercy upon me!"? Surely no Continental picaro was ever so given to sobbing, or uttering complaints: "'So lonely, sir! So very lonely!' cried the child. 'Everybody hates me. Oh! sir, don't, don't, pray, be cross to me!'"

If Oliver be something of a Sunday-school hero, the novel is none the less of the picaresque family. Its characteristic figures and scenes are those of low-life, and its humor, pathos, and interest centre in roguery. Fagin, the crafty old Jew, with his beak, claws, quilt of red hair, saturnine laugh, and insinuating "my dears" is unforgettable. One need only compare him with the actual Jonathan Wild, most of whose habits he shares, to perceive how the anti-hero of fiction transcends in vitality his historical prototype. Inordinate greed is Fagin's one passion. To gratify it, he will play the merry old gentleman with his pupils in vice, dodging about as they jostle and rob him in practice. He will bear without murmur the imprecations of Sikes, cringing because he still can use this bully. There is never one of his pupils or pals that he will not give over to justice when the fortunate moment shall have come. "What a time this would be for a sell!" says the landlord of The Three Cripples; "I've got Phil Barker here, so drunk that a boy might take him." To this Fagin replies, "Aha! but it's not Phil Barker's time. Phil has something more to do before we can afford to part with him; so go back to the company, my dear, and tell them to lead merry lives — *while they last.*" Fagin's professions of poverty and affliction proceed from the same source, and his gruesome humor is merely assumed to veil it. Greed has swallowed up all his better nature, and in Newgate on the eve of execution he presents a dreadful figure writhing in wrath and fear.

Sikes, the house-breaker, lacks even the feigned humor of Fagin. He is morose and malicious. "Burn my body," "Strike me blind," are his favorite phrases. His invectives are vitriol; his hatred consumes. Those most faithful to him he maims or kills. At first, he is seen assaulting his dog with poker and clasp-knife out of sheer moodiness. After visiting every brutality upon the girl who has nursed him through illness, he concludes by raining blows from the butt of his pistol on her upturned face, and then strikes her down with a club. His last deed is his best, when, at bay on the roof of a rookery, pursued by a mob, and haunted by the eyes of his victim, he falls and is hanged by the rope he had prepared for escape, while the faithful cur, leaping after, dashes out its brains in the ditch below.

Less brutal, but no less bitter in hatred, is Edward Leeford, or Monks, Oliver's half brother, who has plotted the boy's moral destruction in order to gain for himself their father's inheritance. He lurks in the background, a villain with conventional motives and physical traits, dark, sunken eyes, lips and hands disfigured where his teeth have torn them in fits, bearing a livid mark like a burn on his throat, and given to backward glancings. Venomous to the last, he is the serpent scotched, but not killed.

Of pleasanter kind are the minor rogues: Flash Toby Crackit; Young Barney the Jew, who speaks through his nose; weak-witted Tommy Chitling, in love with Miss Betsy; and the humorous pair, Charley Bates and Jack Dawkins, or the Artful Dodger. The last, in *nonchalance*, smartness, and humor, is a typical picaro. He delights in playful questions and ironical answers. "I've got to be in London to-night," he tells Oliver at their first meeting, "and I know a 'spectable old genelman as lives there, wot'll give you lodgings for nothink, and never ask for the change — that is if any genelman he knows interduces you. And don't he know me? Oh, no! Not in the least! By no means. Certainly not!" A swaggering, roystering young gentleman this, in clothes too big for him, with little, sharp, ugly eyes, dirty in person, self-possessed, apt in thieves' cant, convinced of the greatness of his profession, proud of his skill and his gains, and deeply injured when taken in the fact and brought before a magistrate to be sentenced to transportation. Asked if he wishes to make any statement, he airily answers, "No, not here, for this ain't the shop for justice; besides which, my attorney is a-breakfasting with the Wice

President of the House of Commons; but I shall have something to say elsewhere, and so will he, and so will a wery numerous and 'spectable circle of acquaintance." As for Master Charley Bates, he laughs more than the Dodger, but is less agreeable in his amusement at the cleverness or innocence of others. Yet his heart is in the right place, and at last he repents.

Two others of the crew are rascals contrasted: Noah Claypole, the bully and sneak, a convert to roguery through greed; and Nance, the born thief, with something of womanhood left. Where Noah will stipulate with Fagin for the easiest of sharping trades, the kynchen lay, a grabbing of money from children, Nance is bold and desperate. She will brave her tyrant, accept his blows without flinching, or kidnap little Oliver, pretending to the crowd that he has run away from home. But her conscience is tender still, and she risks and loses her life to save the boy. It is this self-sacrifice and her love for even so abandoned a wretch as Sikes that ennoble her.

Unconscious burlesque marks the beginning of the novel, humanitarian indignation leading Dickens to caricature the instruments of abuses. When Oliver asks for more gruel, the scene, however memorable, is as unreal as any in Quevedo's "Buscon." Burlesque, for the same reason, colors certain characters: Mrs. Mann of the baby farm, addicted to gin; the master of the workhouse and the gentlemen of the Board; Gamfield, the chimney sweep, who, laboring under the slight imputation of having bruised to death several boys, is seeking another; Mrs. Corney, the workhouse matron; and sanctimonious Bumble the beadle. Creatures of the law, like Fang, the insolent magistrate, and Blathers and Duff, the detectives, are more or less satirized, and the author's ironical reflections frequently intrude. When Oliver on a hard bed sobs himself to sleep, Dickens exclaims, "What a noble illustration of the tender laws of England! They let the paupers go to sleep."

Quevedo's burlesque model is followed again in "Nicholas Nickleby" (1838–39), where the Dotheboys Hall of Wackford Squeers is as much a place of torment as the school of Doctor Cabra attended by Don Pablos. But Dickens's earnestness of purpose and special plea for educational reform, if they favor over-emphasis, are in contrast with the rollicking travesty of the Spaniard. Squeers is a rascal, deserving of his sentence to transportation, and second only to Ralph Nickleby, the usurer, who hangs himself when his frauds have been exposed by the hypocritical Snawley. The plotting felon, Brooker, and the swindler, Sir Mulberry Hawk, verge on the villainous; but the itinerant Crummles family and sly Mantalini, gone to the demnition bow-wows, are pleasantly picaresque.

Equally liberal in its use of roguery was "The Old Curiosity Shop" (1840–41), which presents such diverse types as the malign dwarf Quilp, dissolute Trent, and the pathetic gambler and thief, Nell's grandfather. Jowl and List, the rascals who tempt him, and Sampson Brass, the wicked attorney, contrast with the jolly wax-work folk, with Tom Scott who turns tumbler, and with Dick Swiveller, devoted to spirits and metaphorical speech. When Dick has had "the sun very strong in his eyes," he asks with a sigh, "But what is the odds so long as the fire of soul is kindled at the taper of conwiviality, and the wing of friendship never moults a feather?" Although he engages in Trent's scheme to gain the old man's fancied wealth by agreeing to marry little Nell, yet he opposes his master's persecution of Kit Nubbles, and is all gratitude to the frowsy "Marchioness" who nurses him through a fever. When he gets his legacy, he sends her off to school, and at last marries her. He is a lovable rogue, despite his indolence, lies, and the victimizing of shop-keepers, whereby he closes up street after street to his further progress.

"Barnaby Rudge" (1841) deals with riot and crime rather than with roguery. But in "Martin Chuzzlewit" (1843–44) amusing rascality reappears with Pecksniff as the prince of hypocrites and Montague Tigg, the soldier of fortune, as a true picaro. The latter's brain seethes with schemes of deceit. He befriends the seedy Chevy Slyme, "perpetually round the corner, sir," hoping to steer him into a fortune; he organizes a colossal swindle, and by threatened blackmail, forces Jonas Chuzzlewit and Pecksniff, his father-in-law, to invest in the bubble. His American counterpart is Zephaniah Scadder, who wheedles young Chuzzlewit into the purchase of fifty acres of what proves to be morass. Half picaresque, too, are those merry old comforters of the sick, Betsey Prig and Sairey Gamp, the latter haunted by the hypothetical Mrs. Harris, and making but one request in the houses where she visits: "Leave the bottle on the chimley-piece and let me put my lips to it when I am so dispoged." Even Jonas Chuzzlewit, the villain, has imbibed picaresque philosophy, and propounds the dictum, "Do other men; for they would do you." "Dombey and Son" (1846–48) contributes little to the literature of roguery, except such types as the pugilistic Game Chicken; the Reverend Howler, early discharged from the West India Docks "on suspicion of screwing gimlets into puncheons, and applying his lips to the orifice;" Alice Brown, the transported criminal; and James Carker, the respectable rascal who ruins her, and is ruined himself by eloping with the second Mrs. Dombey.

More notable are the anti-heroes of "David Copperfield" (1849–50): the monster of humility, Uriah Heep, planning the subversion of his master and eventually imprisoned for fraud, forgery, and conspiracy; Trotwood, the gambling adventurer, discarded as the husband of Miss Betsey; handsome, pleasure-loving Steerforth, bringing desolation to the Peggotty household through the seduction of little Emily; and Littimer, his quiet, clever servant and tool. The Micawbers are honest in intentions, no doubt, but Mr. Micawber's wonderful shifts for satisfying his creditors, his easy improvidence, his joyous reliance on the something about to turn up, his moments of hilarious elevation, followed by those of a depression productive of oratorical begging letters, bear the picaresque mark, as do the scenes in the King's Bench Prison and in Murdstone and Grinby's warehouse where David washes bottles with Mick Walker and Mealy Potatoes.

Similar low-life interiors figure in "Little Dorrit" (1855–57), whose story opens in the prison at Marseilles, and continues to unfold through many chapters within the London Marshalsea. Here it is that William Dorrit, the Father of the Marshalsea, passes a quarter of a century for debts he cannot understand incurring; here his daughter, Little Dorrit, is ushered into the world by brandy-soaked Doctor Haggage; and here Bob the turnkey stands her godfather, and the son of another turnkey makes hopeless love to her. Here, too, in later days comes the hero, to be nursed by her in illness, when a swindler has dissipated his fortune and hers; and from the prison they at last emerge to marry. Rogues abound in this novel. The French *chevalier d'industrie* pushes his wife over a cliff to profit by her property, and breaking jail tries in England to levy blackmail on Mrs. Clennam, herself guilty of fraud. Merdle, the society banker, speculates with trust funds; Christopher Casby, the landlord of Bleeding Heart Yard, is a patriarchal hypocrite exposed by his own tool Pancks; and Edward

Dorrit, the ne'er-do-well, serves as many masters as a Spanish picaro.

Where "Little Dorrit" attacks the debtors' prisons and the hopeless delays and red-tape of the "Circumlocution Office," "Bleak House" and "Hard Times" assail respectively the Court of Chancery and the spirit of crass commercialism. In "Hard Times" (1854) the amusing, light-hearted people of Sleary's circus provide a relief from such dark figures as drunken Mrs. Blackpool and Thomas Gradgrind, the resultant of his father's philosophy of facts and realities, who robs a bank, and diverts suspicion to an innocent workman. In "Bleak House" (1852–53) Harold Skimpole, a partial portrait of Leigh Hunt, ranks as one of the best of Dickens's family of easy-going debtors. He is sentimental and witty, brilliant in speech, content that others should bear his burdens, and master of a sophistry that relieves his conscience in every emergency. "I am constantly being bailed out, like a boat; or paid off, like a ship's company. Somebody always does it for me. *I* can't do it, you know, for I never have any money; but Somebody does it. . . . Let us drink to Somebody, God bless him!" Gridley, the chancery suitor, is merely a victim, as is the crossing sweeper, made to move on until he moves out of this world. Tulkinghorn the solicitor, who with the aid of Inspector Bucket hunts down Lady Dedlock's secret, only to be murdered by Mademoiselle Hortense, shows Dickens's gradual approach to the detective novel.

In "A Tale of Two Cities" (1859) Sydney Carton is a sentimentalized picaro, "an amazingly good jackal" of the law, dissolute and clever, drudging for Stryver when sufficiently drunk, incapable of steering his own bark, yet with noble impulses that culminate in his fine self-sacrifice in behalf of a rival. Solomon Pross, the "prison sheep," on the other hand, is a miserable scoundrel, who has squandered his sister's fortune, and who declines from the trade of spy to that of turnkey. Better than either in roguery is Jerry Cruncher, porter by day, body-snatcher by night, the most delectable resurrectionist in literature.

The source of all Pip's Great Expectations, in the novel of that name (1861), is Abel Magwitch, a convict who comes on the scene with the first chapter, having escaped from the hulks.

Magwitch arranges to provide for the boy who has assisted him on the marshes, although Pip in his gifts of food and a file has been animated by terror rather than by compassion. Years after, when Magwitch, returning from transportation, reveals himself as Pip's benefactor, the latter overcomes his aversion, seeks to aid his patron's flight to the Continent, and eventually marries his daughter. If little be said of the crimes that ruined this jail-bird, and if death intervene to prevent his execution, his enemy, the convict Compeyson, is made out a thorough villain. He has betrayed Miss Havisham, and it is he who dogs the steps of his one time tool, and at last gives him over to the police. Magwitch says of him, "Compey's business was the swindling, handwriting, forging, stolen banknote passing, and such like. All sorts of traps as Compey could set with his head, and keep his own legs out of, and get the profits from, and let another man in for, was Compey's business." As for Magwitch's agents, the criminal lawyers, Jaggers and Wemmick, they are kindly men for their trade, and the only villain of the novel, save Compeyson, is sullen Dolge Orlick, who kills Mrs. Gargery and assaults Pip himself at the lime-kiln.

"Our Mutual Friend" (1864–65) swarms with rascals. Here are the fashionable fortune hunters, the Lammles, who like the pair in Cervantes's *novella* have married for wealth, each to discover in the other a defeated impostor. Not only do they vow revenge on the brand-new Veneerings, who have brought them together, but in vain they plot to win Boffin's favor or to marry off to an heiress the scoundrel who will pay for this service. Here is Headstone, the jealous schoolmaster, the subject of a psychological study in crime that recalls Bulwer's "Eugene Aram." Here are the amphibians: Radfoot, chief agent in the robbing of Harmon; Gaffer Hexam, the lugubrious fisher for bodies; and his desperate partner, Rogue Riderhood. If Riderhood fastens on Hexam the supposed murder of Harmon, he gets his deserts when Headstone, hounded for hush money, drags him to death in the canal. The picaresque character complement includes also the reprobate father of the doll's dressmaker, who knows only too well his tricks and his manners; Silas Wegg, the sly vender of ballads, plotting the overthrow of his benefactor; and his confederate, Venus, the taxidermist, who, however, early repents.

Interest in the detection of crime, already evinced in "Bleak House," bade fair to prevail in the unfinished "Mystery of Edwin Drood" (1870). Melodramatic Jasper plots to destroy one nephew, and cast the blame on another. Drood disappears, and Jasper, publicly protesting that he will ferret out the murderer, is himself being spied upon by detective Datchery when the story breaks off. It has been conjectured that Datchery is Drood in disguise. Such a solution for a similar situation Dickens had offered a dozen years before in his tale, "Hunted Down." There the villain is the plausible Slinkton, who poisons one niece, and is shadowed by the lover of another. This amateur detective is an insurance actuary, who, feigning drunkenness, seems an easy victim to Slinkton. At the critical moment he throws off his disguise, but the villain, to escape the law, swallows his own poison.

To "Household Words" Dickens contributed articles (1850 to 1856) describing detectives and rogues of reality. In "The Detective-Police," members of the force recount their experiences in tracking Tally-ho Thompson, "a famous horse-stealer, couper, and magsman," Fikey the Sou'Western Railway forger, a band of silk thieves, and a bill-stealing Jew. In "Three Detective Anecdotes" a hospital thief and a murderer are captured, and Sergeant Witchem, by an artful touch, persuades a rogue to pass him a stolen diamond. "On Duty With Inspector Field" relates a night tour of the slums, presenting scenes in a cellar full of thieves, in a tramps' lodging house, in the Old Mint, in the Farm House, and in the sailors' haunts on Ratcliffe Highway. Here is Blackey, who has stood on London Bridge five-and-twenty years with painted sores; and here is Bark, red and wrathful, with awful parts of speech and a sanguine throat made expressly for the noose. "Down With the Tide" pictures nautical roguery viewed by night from a police galley. Here, after the toll-taker of Waterloo Bridge has told of suicides and fights within his province, a Thames policeman identifies the tricks of various water-thieves: tier-rangers, lumpers, shipwrights, and dredgermen.

If these sketches revive the anatomy of roguery, "Hunted Down" recalls the criminal biography; for it is a fictional adaptation of the career of Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, the insurance swindler, already pilloried in Bulwer's "Lucretia." Dickens, indeed, touches every aspect of the literature of roguery from beggar-book to detective tale. His novels teem with low-life. They are realistic in matter, and romantic in treatment. Now he laughs at rascality with the humorist's tolerance, and now he assails it with the wrath of a Puritan zealot. Yet his presentation never disgusts, like Thackeray's, and never unduly allures, like Ainsworth's. Although Dickens fails to conform to the Spanish and French picaresque formula, and although he does not once employ a rogue for central figure, his novels, nevertheless, afford the broadest view of rogues in their social environment, and a portrait gallery unparalleled in the richness and variety of character types.

2. *Mayhew*

Two disciples of Dickens, in the fifties, applied his method intensively,—Charles Reade to penal conditions, and Augustus Mayhew to street arab life. Both were students of social problems, and scrupulous collectors of facts. Both protested against the unreal romantic roguery presented by Ainsworth and by Bulwer. But where Reade held a brief for a special reform, Mayhew was content to observe in general the influence of criminal environment upon the young.

Mayhew first collaborated with his brother Henry in a humorous novel, "The Greatest Plague of Life, or the Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Good Servant" (1847). Alone, he composed such tales as "Kitty Lamere, or a Dark Page in London Life" (1855), "The Finest Girl in Bloomsbury" (1861), "Blow Hot, Blow Cold" (1862), and "Faces For Fortunes" (1865). For the stage he wrote with H. S. Edwards half a dozen comic pieces, but "Paved With Gold" (1857) was his typical picaresque work. This novel, based upon sketches originally designed for Henry Mayhew's "London Labour and the London Poor," counts for less as a story than as a study of criminal manners.

Philip Merton, born in a prison, nursed in a workhouse, and educated in a pauper school, runs away to live in the London streets. He sells water-cress, becomes a crossing sweeper, joins a fraternity of street arabs who tumble for coppers, serves as donkey boy, and after false imprisonment on a charge of attempting to cash a stolen check, engages with a shooting-board man who jogs about the country like a Gypsy. Parting from this master in a quarrel, Philip turns downright tramp, travels with two rogues, and becomes a captain of vagrants leagued to prey upon workhouses. When his father appears in the person of a professional criminal, Philip aids him in counterfeit passing and in burglary. This Vautrin yearns to be revenged upon his wife's father, a banker, who has disdained him, and to this end he breaks into the latter's mansion, and extorts from the banker a promise to make over to Philip his inheritance. The young man, in the meantime, has married and escaped to France, where Vautrin presently joins him.

Poetic justice is slighted in this crude novel, for both the picaro by circumstance and the picaro by profession may rejoice that their dishonest labors are crowned with success, while the innocent are left to suffer. Philip's mother, the victim of Vautrin's desertion, dies in a prison; and the boy's foster sister, a maid-servant, is betrayed into a mock marriage with the banker's dissolute son. This Captain Crozier is a high-life rogue, related to the eighteenth-century libertines. He wagers with bloods that he can bring his virtuous victim to a dinner within six months; he bargains with the money-lenders on his father's death, gambles, drinks, and affects fancy sports. Indeed, he enters the action mainly as an excuse for describing rat-killing, prize-fighting, and horse-racing.

Vautrin is the picaro of French and Spanish romance, a swindler of many inventions, who blames society for making him what he is. Like Bulwer's Tomlinson, he philosophizes upon roguery; honesty for him is undetected fraud, robbery is an unrecognized profession; he declares himself a captain in the standing army of poverty. Love for his son he comes to feel, but this leads him to achieve the boy's corruption, that between them there may remain no barrier. Vautrin's picaresque tricks are as many as his vicissitudes. He purloins a note from a friend, and tries to cash it through unsuspecting Phil. He issues a worthless check as agent for a mythical firm. Now he is a philanthropist, with a scheme whereby every old maid shall receive an annuity. Now he conducts a restaurant, or speculates on the Bourse, or vends toothpowder. He robs on the highway in London, and tours the provinces to steal at inns. He is an adept at passing light sovereigns, and excels in burglary.

But the best realistic roguery attaches to the adventures of Philip. His life in the workhouse and in the industrial school contrasts in its amenities with the hardships endured by Oliver Twist. In vain Mayhew protests that prudence rather than affection rules in these places. His Philip receives excellent treatment, and runs away only to break from all discipline. A kind-hearted ex-convict equips him for the water-cress business, and it is not until his entrance into the gang of catenwheelers, or street acrobats, under King Teddy Flight and Captain Jack Drake, that he becomes a man of the world, skilled in oaths, theft, and beggary.

The crew of street boys is carefully pictured. They meet in conclave on the steps of St. Martin's Church, talk in cant, and submit to their own laws, sleep at Mother O'Donovan's lodgings, or lie on the flower beds of St. James's Park. By night they haunt the Haymarket, looking out cabs for those leaving the play, victimizing the drunken, entertaining the sober. Yet, when Philip leaves these companions, he turns honest again, serves his donkeyman with vigilance, and repays the money his foster sister has given to set him up in trade. As assistant to the shooting-board man, he merely borrows turnips from the fields in passing, and it is only as a tramp that he grows confirmed in roguery.

Now it is lame Ned Purchase and stalwart Billy Fortune who instruct him in crime. At Stafford they pass the night in the padding ken of Mrs. Lully, who buys their begged food, and entertains a picaresque crew. Here is a hawker of paper and wax consulting with a cadger, and near by sits a stealer of boxes from the backs of carriages, a purloiner of pots from public-houses and of bread from bakers' baskets. An old woman with an ague, caught from skippering it under haystacks, curls her bare toes at the fire, and a small boy smokes a pipe after a day of singing ballads and diving down areas to sneak silver pap feeders. Apart reclines a high-flier, who whips up trinkets from jewelers, and solicits for fraudulent societies. He debates with a plucked medical student who plays the shipwrecked sea-captain. Beggars and swindlers loll about in every variety, from those with artificial sores to pretended needle-makers ruined in health by their trade.

When Philip has won his spurs as a captain of vagrants, he leads assaults upon Irish tramps, their rivals; he claims at doors the linen he has seen delivered there, grows proficient in the use of cipher signs as guides to his gang, and robs the sleeping. When leagued with his father, his devices take on more subtlety; counterfeiting gives place to house-breaking along with Tater-trap Sam, and then it is Philip, dressed as a groom, who cajoles from servants their masters' secrets, or delivers misdirected letters in order to examine the locks.

Although based primarily upon observation, "Paved With Gold" has its literary affiliations. The sporting sketches of Surtees and Egan contribute to the experiences of Captain Crozier and of Phil, as do the anatomies of roguery. Continental picaresque fiction inspires the career of Vautrin, and Defoe is the source of Philip's youthful exploits. Philip, indeed, is a younger brother to Defoe's Colonel Jack.

3. *Reade*

Charles Reade chanced by accident upon picaresque fiction. "It Is Never Too Late To Mend" (1856), which chiefly associates him with the genre, was the work of an eccentric and versatile dramatist who had previously written only two novels. "Peg Woffington" had celebrated the Irish actress, and "Christie Johnstone" had contrasted high society with honest low-life, when Reade, in plotting his drama "Gold" (1853), began the study of rogues. "One of my characters is to be a thief," his diary records; "I have the *entrée* of Durham Gaol, and I am studying thieves. I have got lots of their letters, and one or two autobiographies from the chaplain."

A year later he remarks, "If ever I write a novel on 'Gold,' introduce a Jew and a learned Divine (chaplain of Tom Robinson's gaol), who meet with a holy horror of each other, battle, argue, find they were both in the dark as respects each other, and that all supposed monsters are men — no more, no less."

When the novel is actually begun, the diary sheds fresh light on the author's methods. "Tom Robinson is in gaol. I have therefore been to Oxford Gaol and visited every inch and shall do the same at Reading. Having also collected material in Durham Gaol, whatever I write about Tom Robinson's gaol will therefore carry (I hope) a physical exterior of truth." He further describes plans for collecting information concerning a sea voyage, gold mining in Australia, and "what is in the head and in the heart of a modern Jew."

Few before Reade had contributed to the literature of roguery so seriously. Bulwer had agitated reforms touching criminals; Borrow had studied rogues out of love for them; and the anatomies of roguery had professed to reveal the picaro for society's benefit. But Reade took up the cudgels for prison reform in the spirit of Dickens, writing a novel of purpose, which in its realism and sober message to the unfortunate recalls the picaresque tales of Defoe. Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was also influential upon Reade, who referred to it as "great by theme, great by skill, and greater by a writer's soul honestly flung into its pages."

George Fielding, a Berkshire farmer, goes to Australia to earn the thousand pounds demanded by his uncle as a condition for marriage with his cousin, Susan Merton. Before leaving, he pledges his brother to abandon all claim to Susan, and thus unwittingly leaves the field open to another rival, the villain Meadows, who relies for success upon his power over old Merton and the machinations of his creature, Crawley. Only George's Jewish friend, Isaac Levi, remains to oppose these schemes. Two figures, hitherto lightly sketched, now take the stage: Tom Robinson, the hero's servant, imprisoned for theft; and Richard Eden, the prison chaplain, who wages war upon the nefarious penal system under which Robinson suffers. When the system succumbs, Robinson is transported to Australia. Here he unites with Fielding in sheep-farming and gold-digging. Despite opposition, the pair win wealth, and return to England in time to prevent Meadows's marriage with Susan. A last conflict, in which the Jew assists in worsting both Meadows and Crawley, brings happiness to the virtuous and forgiveness to the wicked. The thief, rescued from prison by the fighting chaplain, and transformed from anti-hero to hero, has learned that "it is never too late to mend."

Obviously, Robinson is a very different rogue from most in the picaresque family. He evinces no delight in traditional tricks, and is never witty or satirical. Appearing for the lessons that his life may convey, he is portrayed in his conversion, backslidings, and final conquest of self, rather than in his earlier roguery. In the first section of the story he merely suffers arrest; in the second, he offers a pretext for arraigning prison management; and only in the last can he claim attention for himself.

The scenes in the jail are the most powerful of their kind in literature. Ignorance and inhumanity combine to torture the poor devils, who are torn from the productive labor of brush-making to turn futile cranks, and who, when fainting from the toil, are strapped in crucifixion jackets, or are kept in solitary confinement and deprived of food, light, and air. Into this hell comes Eden, the chaplain, who wins the sympathy of the prisoners by himself submitting to these torments. He battles unremittingly against the brutal governor and the lethargic visiting justices, as well as against despair in the hearts of the convicts. The Home Office remains deaf to the chaplain's appeals, until a boy who has been shamefully abused hangs himself in his cell. Then, at last, the authorities act, and the governor and his system are swept away.

Thus far, rogue Robinson has been passive, sharing the reader's sympathy with other convicts, Gillies, Old Strutt, weak-minded Carter, and little Josephs, whose actual prototype, Andrews, was done to death in Birmingham Gaol by Lieutenant Austin, its governor from 1851 to 1853. When the scene has shifted to Australia, however, Robinson steps to the fore, first as a rogue in action, next as an honest adventurer, and then as the righteous terror of all evil-doers.

Reaching Sydney, shaken in his good resolutions by contact with criminals aboard ship, he engages as a convict servant, fleeces his master, takes part in a robbery, and escapes to the interior. Here he again repents, hunts out George Fielding, saves his life, and with him strikes gold. There are rogues to be fought, — Mephistopheles, Brutus, Black Will, Walker the peddler, and lawyer Crawley sent out by Meadows to compass the ruin of George. But Jacky, the native saved from a shark, proves a useful Man Friday, and Carlo the dog and most of the camp cleave to the pair. Robinson becomes the miners' darling, rules his turbulent subjects with the sense of a Sancho Panza, and at last, having brought George through a sea of troubles, returns to Australia to marry the housemaid who has pitied him in poverty.

Strength, truth, and animation, the three qualities noted by Besant as distinguishing the novels of Reade, are evident here; and certain whimsicalities — sentences doing duty as paragraphs, paragraphs as chapters, a free use of capitals, italics, bracketed comments, and labeled dialogue — cannot detract from the tale's compelling interest. "It Is Never Too Late To Mend" won its way on both sides of the Atlantic as a novel, and enjoyed equal success as a play. Before Reade could offer his own dramatic version, plays by literary pirates were accumulating fortunes. His "Sera Nunquam" began its career at the Princess's Theatre in 1865, and productions multiplied in London, in the provinces, and in America.

In the meantime, Reade had worked the picaresque vein somewhat farther, his "Autobiography of a Thief" (1858) describing Robinson's early life, and purporting to have been composed in jail at the instance of Eden.

Robinson has served as many masters as the best of Spanish rogues. After picaresque vicissitudes as tutor, weaver, chemist, baker, sailor, and merchant, he takes to counterfeiting, housebreaking, and medical swindling, joins a gang proficient in frauds, and weds a fair recruit, the bride and groom leaping over a chalk-line as an extemporized priest pronounces: —

Leap rogue and follow jade,
Man and wife for evermore.

Robinson's further exploits include robberies in England and gold-hunting in California, but moved to repent in jail, he versifies the chaplain's sermon, and pens his "Prison Thoughts" in wretched couplets.

If here the criminal biographies were used as models, in Reade's masterpiece several episodes reflect the anatomies of roguery. "The Cloister and the Hearth" (1861), in its rich reproduction of life in Germany and Italy at the end of the Middle Ages, would have been incomplete without some notice of thieves and beggars. This is given in the dare-devil adventures of the hero at inns and on the road, but more particularly in the epistolary account of his comradeship with Cul de Jatte, one of the most delightful of vagabonds.[1]

Gerard, traveling up the Rhine valley to Italy, is robbed of his all, and falls in with this merry beggar, who engages him as servant and promises to teach him "how to maund, and chaunt, and patter, and to raise swellings, and paint sores and ulcers." Though Gerard remains honest, he cannot but be amused by his master's ribald songs, light-hearted immorality, proficiency in rascal lore, and clever tricks. Cul de Jatte defends mendicancy as an ancient and honorable mystery. He points with pride to his feet, washed in piety by the king of France one day, and on the next set in the stocks by a village warden. He expounds the meaning of the signs placed at cross-roads and on house-doors by members of his fraternity. He feigns fits with soap under his tongue, and a straw thrust up his nose to bring blood. A knuckle-bone from a churchyard serves him as St. Anthony's thumb or St. Martin's little finger. He exposes the mock palmer who peddles Normandy cockle-shells as mementos of the Holy Land, and laughs at his servant's gullibility when a trull, pretending madness, and led about in a chain by her husband, claims an alms. He glibly comments on the picture presented by the Gypsies *en route* and in bivouac. He shows his readiness of wit in turning misfortune into a miracle when the monastery dogs lick off his painted sores; and through it all he shares the high spirits of Shakespeare's Autolycus, save when he sees another beggar lashed by the hangman, and a woman thief flung from a bridge. Then he trembles with fear, and cries, "Too late, too late," yet soon forgets the lesson. At last, a rival in beggary informs on him, and a burgomaster casts him into prison, merely because his mutilated ears bear witness to previous punishments.

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[1] Cf. *The Cloister and the Hearth*, vol. ii, ch. 4.

For some of this matter Reade has gone direct to the "Liber Vagatorum." The demoniac is the vopper of that beggar-book; the fit-throwing trick appertains to the grantner; the woman dressed to seem pregnant is a bildtrager; and the catalogue of roguish types recited by Cul de Jatte repeats the terms of the "Liber," and even keeps to their sequence.[1] For other picaresque passages the source must be sought in Gothic romance. There is a robber-haunted windmill, with a sinking floor that drops its victims to a well beneath. Gerard escapes from this trap by clinging to the revolving sails, and then fires the structure to consume his enemies. Earlier, he and Denys are besieged by night within a thieves' tavern, where they kill one assailant, paint his corpse with phosphorus to frighten his confederates, and then in hand-to-hand combat slay the terrible Abbot, leader of the band.[2]

Though the melodrama of these scenes and the humor of the Cul de Jatte incidents combine to present the late medieval rogue in his social surroundings, Reade was but a fortuitous cultivator of picaresque fiction, and his later novels had little to do with it. Of the two humanitarian tales, "Hard Cash" and "Put Yourself in His Place," the former introduced pirates, and the latter in attacking trade-unionism used hoodlums; but neither was picaresque. Indeed, the only other novel by Reade ever claimed for the genre was "Griffith Gaunt" (1865), dramatized by Augustin Daly, and travestied by C. H. Webb. It is roguish only in so far as its hero is an anti-hero, led into bigamy and foul deceit through jealousy and temperamental weakness. Like other English works, its interest centres in the portrayal of character, and involves reformation at the close. In its analysis of the rascal's heart, "Griffith Gaunt" transcends "It Is Never Too Late To Mend." To this it sustains a relation similar to that which Bulwer's "Eugene Aram" bears to his earlier "Paul Clifford;" for the theme is the rogue in his individual life, rather than the rogue in his social environment.

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[1] Reade was doubtless inspired by J. C. Hotten's English translation of the *Liber vagatorum*, which had just appeared (1860). He notes a few French types also, but is more familiar with the English beggar-books. He refers to rufflers, whipjalks [*sic*], dommerars, glymmerars, jarkmen, patricos, autem morts, and walking morts, and repeats part of the prescription for sore-making from Dekker's *O per se O* (1612).

[2] Cf. *The Cloister and the Hearth*, vol. i, chs. 33–37.

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CHAPTER X

1–3

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CHAPTER XI

SYMPATHETIC AND SATIRIC ROGUE REALISM

1. *Borrow*

THE observer of things as they are may use them in art sympathetically or satirically. He may coin reality to pass current, or else to disgust with life's counterfeits. In dealing with roguery Thackeray best exemplifies the latter practice, Borrow the former. Where Thackeray assails rascality, Borrow condones it. He is the apologist of the Gypsies and the laureate of vagabondism. He delights to study rogue characters, and reflects that criminals are often creatures of circumstance. He himself must be free as the wind, wandering forth or pitching his tent at fancy's beck, now fashioning horseshoes in the dingle, now exchanging confidences with the thievish apple-woman of London Bridge, or the Romany chals and chies under a hedge. He finds solace in compiling Newgate lives and trials. He exalts the virtues of horseflesh, pugilism, and ale. He decries respectability, — the smugness of the priest, the gentility of Scott, the unreal peddlerism of Wordsworth. His pride and intolerance are aspects of an "unconquerable love of independence." Although one of the most original of writers, he fears lest he appropriate the ideas of others. Despite his acquaintance with the picaresque novels of Spain, and his praise of "The English Rogue" as "written by a remarkable genius," he proceeds without reference to predecessors. He rediscovers on his own account the romance of roguery, and occupies a special niche in the picaresque pantheon.

Borrow entered the lists of literature in 1823 as a translator for the magazines of German, Swedish, Danish, Dutch, and Spanish poems. His first separate publication was a six-volume piece of picaresque book-making, — the "Celebrated Trials and Remarkable Cases of Criminal Jurisprudence" (1825). This was followed by fresh translations that embraced Klinger's "Faustus" (1825), "Romantic Ballads," from the Danish (1826), "The Memoirs of Vidocq" (1828–29), "Targum," or "metrical translations from thirty languages and dialects" (1835), a Mexican and a Gypsy version of "St. Luke," and a Manchu version of the "New Testament." Long after, there appeared "The Sleeping Bard" (1860), a translation from the Welsh; "Romano Lavo-Lil" (1874), a word-book of the English-Gypsy language; and "The Turkish Jester, or the Pleasantries of Cogia Nasr Eddin Effendi," translated from the Turkish (1884). Borrow's reputation, however, rests upon the more original works of travel and autobiography that fall between the earlier and the later groups of translations. For these his nomadic life before 1840 afforded excellent preparation. As a youth, he roamed over England, Scotland, and Ireland, either in the train of his soldier father, or else in quest of adventure; in manhood, he traveled in Russia, in the East, and in Spain as agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. After marriage he settled at Oulton, to write out of a rich experience, and to entertain upon his estate Gypsies and vagabonds after the fashion of his Elizabethan prototype, Thomas Harman.

The first fruit of these peaceful years was "The Zincali, an Account of the Gypsies of Spain" (1841), describing the Gypsies' history, manners, and literature, and the laws enacted for their restraint. Two years later appeared "The Bible in Spain," no sober narrative of missionary achievement, but a fascinating chronicle of travel, rich in vignettes of low-life.

Here the novel colporteur no sooner sets forth to ride across Portugal than he falls to talking of the great robber, Sabocha, in whose ruined house, the haunt of highwaymen, he leaves a Testament and tracts. Now he rejoices in an inn known as "the hostelry of thieves;" now he converses with a roguish beggar and quotes from "Gil Blas;" presently he has joined the Gypsies, galloping across Spain with fierce Antonio Lopez, interviewing the hag who has practiced fortune-telling among Moors and renegades in Africa, or crouching by the camp-fire of the tawny fugitives pursued for having stolen an ass. In Madrid he attends an execution, and at "a low tavern in a neighbourhood notorious for robbery and murder" drinks with a bull-fighter and a famous thief, engaging the latter on a wager in speaking the crabbed *Gitano*. Later, this fellow is Borrow's companion in prison, having been seized for robbing the queen's milliner, and soon to be garroted for a worse offense.

The old Spanish prison pamphlets find an echo in Borrow's account of life in the Cárcel de la Corte. He remarks the half-naked boys herded in "the chicken coop," the Sunday foppery of distinguished picaros, "supported in prison by their *majas* and *amigas*," and the professional housebreaker, with his six-year-old son swaggering about with a long Manchegan knife thrust in his little crimson sash. Borrow hobnobs with the French thief and murderer who, having hired a fine house, has confiscated the goods ordered to be sent to it. He admires the sobriety and decorum of Spanish criminals when not professionally occupied.

On the road he is entertained by a blind beggar girl who spouts Latin, and by a ruffian's mistress, who, being stabbed by her gallant, rebuffs his interference in her favor. He wins the esteem of the dreaded *valiente* of Finisterra, and sings the praises of the strand of San Lucar, celebrated by Cervantes and the picaresque novelists as the haunt of scoundrels. Accused of preferring the society of rogues, he retorts, "Why should I be ashamed of their company when my Master mingled with publicans and thieves?"

Less entertaining, although not devoid of roguish episode, is Borrow's other volume of travel, "Wild Wales" (1862).

This opens with praise of Morgan, the buccaneer, and closes with a vivid character sketch of a tramping girl whose father has been a prize-fighting bricklayer, and whose mother has died in jail after gouging out the eye of her husband's slayer. A family of Gypsies is met journeying in their cabin on wheels; but the wanderer early learns that the Gwyddeliad, or vagabond Irish, have superseded the Gypsiad in Wales; and he encounters such tinkering rogues, or hears from others of their customs.

Chief here among picaresque figures is Johanna Colgan, the bedeviled woman of Limerick, who begs an alms for the glory of God and threatens a curse if it be refused. She herself is the victim of such a curse, and the story of its infliction proves a delightful bit of folk-lore. A jest-book rogue of the seventeenth century, Twm Shone Catti, also appears, portrayed with excellent spirit by a Welsh drover. Twm, or Tom, was a cattle and horse thief, most of whose tricks may be paralleled elsewhere, in the German "Schwänke," in the English jests and anatomies of roguery, in the "Lives and Actions of the Most Notorious Irish Highwaymen, Tories, and Rapparees," and in the storybook of Klim, the Russian robber.[1]

With all their vagabond charm, "The Zincali," "The Bible in Spain," and "Wild Wales" must yield in picaresque interest to Borrow's unfinished autobiography in two parts, "Lavengro" (1851) and "The Romany Rye" (1857). This happy-go-lucky narrative mixes fact with fiction, and deals with the first twenty-two years of Borrow's life. Most of it concerns the last four months of this time, the period of a memorable experiment in vagabondage. What precedes is an account of childhood and of school days, of apprenticeships to a solicitor and a publisher, and of encounters with strange characters.

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[1] *Skazka Oklimkie*, Moscow, 1829.

Here, among other matters, is the child's first reading of Defoe, and his meeting with the old herbalist, who has seen the king of the vipers, and who teaches the boy the art of snake-charming. With David Haggart, the future criminal, Borrow scales the castle cliff at Edinburgh. To Murtagh, the Irish gossoon, he gives a pack of cards in payment for lessons in Irish. On a lonely bog he comes upon Jerry Grant, the outlaw, reputed a fairy man. An ugly smith he discovers to be a magician with horses. Now he studies Romany, or extols "the bruisers of England;" and again he describes the death of his father in a passage worthy of Sterne. A year of London entails Grub Street drudgery from which he seeks relief in miniature adventures with thimble-riggers, with an apple-woman, with an Armenian merchant, with a gay dandy, and with a score of others besides. Then, in the spring of 1825, Lavengro or the word-master, as the Gypsies call him, sets forth to wander, and buying the cart of a traveling tinker, turns professional tramp.

All that follows is given in photographic detail, filling both volumes of "The Romany Rye" and the third of "Lavengro." Here are related such incidents as the attempt on his life by Mrs. Herne; his rescue by the Welsh preacher, self-convicted of having committed the sin against the Holy Ghost; his life in the dingle with Isopel Berners; his service as hostler at an inn; and his ride across England to Horncastle Fair. An erratic "Appendix" vents Borrow's prejudices. But neither these nor his story is of consequence compared with his studies of rascal character.

First among picaresque figures is the old apple-woman of London Bridge, — a pan of charcoal at her feet, and Defoe's "Moll Flanders" in her hand. Seeing Lavengro clamber up the parapet, she plucks him down, fearing lest he be disheartened by ill luck in cly-faking.

"What do you mean by cly-faking?" he asks.

"Lor, dear! no harm; only taking a handkerchief now and then."

"Do you take me for a thief?"

"Nay, dear! don't make use of bad language; we never calls them thieves here, but prigs and fakers; to tell you the truth, dear, seeing you spring at that railing put me in mind of my own dear son, who is now at Bot'ny; when he had bad luck, he always used to talk of flinging himself over the bridge."

Presently Lavengro asks, "So you think there's no harm in stealing?"

"No harm in the world, dear! Do you think my own child would have been transported for it, if there had been any harm in it? and, what's more, would the blessed woman in the book here have written her life as she has done, and given it to the world, if there had been any harm in faking?"

"What was her name?"

"Her name, blessed Mary Flanders."

The delightful old woman proves to be a petty receiver of stolen goods, and when Lavengro has bestowed sixpence upon her, she whispers, "If you have any clies to sell at any time, I'll buy them of you; all safe with me; I never peach, and scorns a trap; so now, dear, God bless you! and give you good luck!"

On his next visit to the bridge, Lavengro finds her booth shifted, for mischievous boys have snatched away her "blessed Mary," and although she has regained the book, the fright has worried her, and she wishes they may be hanged.

"I thought you did n't dislike stealing, — that you were ready to buy things — there was your son, you know . . ."

"Yes, to be sure."

"He took things."

"To be sure he did."

"But you don't like a thing of yours to be taken."

"No, that's quite a different thing; what's stealing handkerchiefs, and that kind of thing, to do with taking my book; there's a wide difference — don't you see?"

"Yes, I see."

"Do you, dear? well, bless your heart, I'm glad you do."

Ere long, this mistress of moral logic becomes dissatisfied with Defoe, for a voice at night repeats, "Thou shalt not steal," and she remembers her childhood, and wishes for a Bible.

"Well, then, I'll buy you one," Lavengro suggests.

"No, dear, no; you are poor, and may soon want the money; but if you can take me one conveniently on the sly, you know — I think you may, for, as it is a good book, I suppose there can be no harm in taking it."

The Bible, being purchased, not stolen, brings peace to the poor soul; and later Lavengro encounters on the road the returned convict, her son, come home to his dear mother.

Another rogue of interest is the pickpocket who filches "blessed Mary," and sells it to a book fancier as a first edition. Having turned thimble-engro at fairs, he offers Lavengro the position of bonnet, or secret confederate in the game of the pea beneath the thimbles. Lavengro declines the office; but when the thimble-man is performing his profitable trick before a crowd, and the "word-master" perceives a constable approaching, he gives a warning cry, at which the other darts away, not without a nod of invitation to his extemporary bonnet. Less indulgence is shown the rascal who, by a play upon words, has defrauded an old man of his ass, giving him six pounds of flints in lieu of six pounds sterling; for the picaros Borrow loves are those unconscious of moral obliquity.

Such a naïve rogue is Jack, the jockey with a beam in his eye, who begins his story in true Spanish fashion: "My grandfather was a shorter, and my father was a smasher; the one was scragg'd, and the other lagg'd." From his father Jack has learned to utter forged notes, but he escapes the gallows by turning state's evidence. After serving with a family of basket-making thieves, whose leader dies from acquaintance with a man-trap, Jack joins two vagabonds as a stone-throwing artist, but through an unlucky shot lands in Bridewell. He makes a mad ride to be present at the hanging of a friend, according to promise; and he rescues a former sweetheart from her drunken husband, who has haled her in a halter to market. As a jockey he is familiar with such horse-courser's wiles as making a dull nag swallow an eel, and dosing an ill-tempered beast with ale.[1] He is apt at sleight of hand, and carries a duplicate pea with which to defraud thimble-riggers.

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[1] Practically Borrow's only use of traditional tricks. These are noted above, at pp. 108, 219, as appearing in Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candle-light* (1608), in *Robin Conscience* (1635), and in *The English Rogue*, pt. iv (1671).

One of the thimble-riggers proves to be Lavengro's old tutor in Irish, roguish Murtagh, who has studied for the Church in Italy and suffered imprisonment for beating his rector at cards. On escaping, he finds the rector, the sub-rector, the almoner, and the Pope at play with the very pack taken from him. He warns his Holiness that the cards are marked. Let Murtagh but supply the rector's place, however, and he promises that "divil an advantage will I take of the dirty marks, though I know them all, having placed them on the cards myself." This escapade costs him three years more in a dungeon, with nothing to read but "The Calendars of Newgate" and "The Lives of Irish Rogues and Rapparees." Then he breaks jail, enlists in a regiment of the Faith, and making his way through Spain by begging and gaming, turns bonnet to a thimble-rigger in England, and soon steals his master's outfit. When last heard of he has won promotion in the Church, and is about to be made Primate of Ireland.

Among the lesser picaresque gentry are a rat-catcher, a cockpit-keeper, and an ex-prize-fighter turned innkeeper. The last, having lost his all at a cock-main, plans to recuperate through a fist-fight between the Romany Rye (Lavengro's later title) and Isopel Berners. "'If you take my advice,' he says, 'you will determine between you that the young woman shall be beat, as I am sure that the odds will run high upon her, . . . so that all the flats who think it will be all right will back her, as I myself would, if I thought it would be a fair thing.' 'But,' said I, 'you said the other day that you liked the fair thing.' 'That was by way of gammon,' said the landlord; 'just, do you see, as a Parliament cove might say, speechifying from a barrel to a set of flats, whom he means to sell.'"

The Gypsies of "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye," if seen at their best as they camp in the Staffordshire dingle, are shown long before when Lavengro stumbles upon them as a child. They try to frighten him off, but perceiving the snake he carries, address him as their "precious little God Almighty." Years afterward he meets them again, and arouses their jealousy by studying Romany.

"Do you know that I am dangerous?" cries one old hag; "my name is Herne, and I comes of the hairy ones!" And dangerous she proves, for when Lavengro has purchased the tinkering kit of Jack Slingsby, and camps in a lane, her granddaughter comes singing a Gypsy song and brings him a poisoned cake. Then, as he lies in his tent sick unto death, she and the crone steal up to gloat over him. When he recovers, Mrs. Herne, who has never before failed in a drabbing, hangs herself in chagrin.

Presently, in the dingle, Lavengro encounters another Herne, the Flaming Tinman, who has driven Slingsby out of trade, and means to do the same for his successor. The Tinman puts up a royal battle cheered on by his mort, Grey Moll, while the word-master, knocked down six times, takes breath in the lap of Isopel Berners, then rises to achieve victory with a smashing right-hander.

If these Hernes are evil spirits among the Gypsies, others of the tribe are better-tempered rogues. There is Jasper Petulengro, for example, who avenges the death of his wicked mother-in-law by a perfunctory exchange of fisticuffs with his friend, Lavengro. Jasper compares his tribe to the cuckoos: "Everybody speaks ill of us both, and everybody is glad to see both of us again." The coins he wins by fighting and horse-trading he loses at cards, or sews as buttons on his coat. Once, he generously secretes a purse in the word-master's pocket, insisting on the latter's purchase with it of a fine steed. "It is the money I earnt by fighting in the ring; I did not steal it, brother, nor did I get it by disposing of spavined donkeys, or glandered ponies — nor is it, brother, the profits of my wife's witchcraft and dukkerin." When urged to learn reading, Jasper replies, "We have no time, brother." "Are you not frequently idle?" "Never, brother; when we are not engaged in our traffic, we are engaged in taking our relaxation; so we have no time to learn."

Jasper's faith is a faith of the moment. Having denied the existence of the soul, and being confronted with his earlier references to it, he can only express astonishment at the word-master's memory. "Well, brother, I don't deny that I may have said that I believe in dukkerin, and in Abershaw's dook, which you say is his soul; but what I believe one moment, or say I believe, don't be certain that I shall believe the next, or say I do."

Jasper's wife likes to remind her husband that a duke of the gorgios once offered to make her his second wife: "for it is true that he had another," she explains, "who was old and stout, though mighty rich, and highly good-natured; so much so indeed, that the young lord assured me that she would have no manner of objection to the arrangement; more especially if I would consent to live in the same house with her, being fond of young and cheerful society." Her sister, Mrs. Chikno, is an ugly creature, jealous of her handsome husband, Tawno Chikno, who has little to say, and who falls asleep when his wife sings to the fiddling of Piramus a Romany ditty of drabbing the baulo (poisoning the porker). Ursula, however, another sister, holds the palm among Gypsy women.

Nowhere, indeed, is Borrovian art more evident than in the Romany Rye's dialogue with Ursula beneath a thorn-bush. She admits her willingness to play the thief and liar if the stake be high, but resents the suggestion of selling her honor.

"I don't much care being called a thief and a liar," said Ursula; "a person may be a liar and a thief, and yet a very honest woman, but . . ."

"Well, Ursula."

"I tell you what, brother, if you ever sinivate again that I could be the third thing, so help me duvel! I'll do you a mischief. By my God, I will!" She confesses to accepting presents from gallants, and to leading them on to make fools of them, and then when they grow violent, driving them away.

"I uses bad and terrible language, of which I have plenty in store."

"But if your terrible language has no effect?"

"Then I screams for the constable, and if he comes not, I uses my teeth and nails."

Should a gorgio boast of having obtained her favors, she would break his head with the stick her coko could privily convey into her hand. And in the old days, she says, if any Romany chi went too far with a gorgio, she was buried alive by her cokos and pals in an uninhabited place. Ursula then tells of her marriage to Launcelot Lovell, a rogue who punished her with kicks and blows whenever she came home with less than five shillings. He whistled a horse from a farmer's field, and was sentenced to transportation for life. Just before he was to go away she smuggled him a saw in a gingercake, and joined him after his escape; but the pursuit coming up, he set off again. After some days she followed, guided by his patteran, or leaf-trail. It ran to the bank of a stream and there disappeared, for Launcelot had slipped and been drowned. She lamented him long, but at length married pepper-faced Sylvester.

"Why, is he not the Lazarus of the Gypsies? has he a penny of his own, Ursula?" asks the Romany Rye.

"Then the more his want, brother, of a clever chi like me to take care of him and his childer. I tell you what, brother, I will chore, if necessary, and tell dukkerin for Sylvester, if even so heavy as scarcely to be able to stand."

Dissimilar in race and character, but half a vagabond is Isopel Berners. Though she makes her entrance by striking the word-master an unprovoked blow, she soon takes his part against the Tinman, and ere long falls in love with him. She is an Amazon, big enough to have been born in a church, and as blond as a Norwegian queen. Despite her fierceness, she is womanly, joying in her tea, yearning for friendship, and in moments of depression yielding even to tears. Her mother was a milliner, who, when the officer that should have married her fell in action, died demented in the Long Melford Workhouse at Isopel's birth. "So I was born and bred in the great house," says the girl, "where I learnt to read and sew, to fear God, and to take my own part." Put out at service, she continued to take her own part, striking down the mistress who abused and the master who insulted her. Wandering across country with an old woman peddler, she trounced the sailors who interfered with their trade, and, inheriting the cart and its stock, united for company's sake with the Flaming Tinman and his Moll.

Now she camps beside Lavengro in the dingle. He drinks her tea, teaches her Armenian, and plays the master in a hundred little matters; but he cannot see until too late that her great heart is his for the asking. "Well, if I had the power, I would make you queen of something better than the dingle — Queen of China," he tells her. "'Something less would content me,' said Belle, sighing as she rose to prepare our evening meal." The postilion whose coach has been overturned in a storm sits by their fire, and declares them runaway lovers married at Gretna Green; and when Lavengro asks Isopel what she thinks of this surmise, "'What should I think of it,' said Belle, still keeping her face buried in her hands, 'but that it is mere nonsense.'" At length, between jest and earnest, Lavengro suggests that they go to America. He offers to try a wrestling bout with her, if like Brynhilda she has resolved that none shall marry her who cannot fling her down. His banter only perplexes her. She pleads for time to consider, and on the morrow he finds her with clothes unchanged after a sleepless night. Instead of asking her answer, he sets out for a fair. "On arriving at the extremity of the plain," says he, "I looked towards the dingle. Isopel Berners stood at the mouth, the beams of the early morning sun shone full on her noble face and figure. I waved my hand towards her. She slowly lifted up her right arm. I turned away, and never saw Isopel Berners again."

Such is the magic with which Borrow can invest a simple incident. He breathes upon picaresque scenes a dreamy glamour and reveals picaresque character through dramatic dialogue. His people are individuals, not types, and his art combines the qualities of Defoe and of Sterne. Among the makers of the literature of roguery he is the most romantic of realists.

2. *Thackeray*

During the decade that intervened between the appearance of Thackeray's first work of importance, "The Yellowplush Papers," and the publication of "Vanity Fair," he remained a contributor to the literature of roguery. With purpose uniformly satirical, he at first burlesqued roguery in sketches where vulgarity was often mistaken for vice, and where vice, as in "Catherine," was so fiercely assailed as to repel. But in "Barry Lyndon" the cynic and moralizer effaced himself, and turned to irony. Barry, the scoundrel who reveals his wickedness as though it were virtue, and who lays bare the psychology of roguery, is the prince of ironic creations. "Vanity Fair" extended the range of observation and satire to include all phases of social hypocrisy, from the purse-proud, the stupidly covetous, and the cowardly, to the vicious and the brutal. If two or three persons of virtue slipped into the story, it was only to throw into contrast the wicked. And all these anti-heroic figures their creator held up for contempt, both ironically and by direct abuse.

The same methods and aims mark Thackeray's minor works of the period. In "Captain Rook and Mr. Pigeon" he anatomized a swindler. "The Paris Sketch Book" exhibited roguish predilections in its accounts of Mary Ancel, Cartouche, and the gambler's death-bed. "The Shabby Genteel Story" was purposely vulgar. "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," though softened by pathos, showed its hero in a debtor's prison, and introduced a bubble-promoter. "Going to See a Man Hanged" was outdone in satire by "The Ravenswing," dealing with Morgiana Crump's rejection of her honest lovers for the dashing captain who proves a swindler. "The Diary of C. Jeames de la Pluche" laughed at the *parvenu* footman in love with a housemaid; and "Punch's Prize Novelists," in "George de Barnwell," fired its first shot at Bulwer and the sentimental novel of crime. Incidentally, it revived the rogue of Lillo's "London Merchant" and of its parent ballad.

But it was "The Memoirs of Mr. C. J. Yellowplush, Sometime Footman in Many Genteel Families" (1837–38) that first unmistakably echoed the picaresque novel, both as the autobiography of a servant satirizing his masters and as a chronicle of roguery.

Yellowplush in these misspelled confessions touches on his doubtful parentage, his schooling, and his apprenticeship to a shopkeeper whose windows gave on Newgate hangings. But he fixes especial attention upon his service with two masters. One is the elegant Altamont, who lodges with the shabby Shums, and when he has married Miss Mary is discovered to be only a crossing-sweeper. The other is Algernon Percy Deuceace, fifth son of the Earl of Crabs.

Deuceace pretends to read law in the Temple, but by gambling repairs the deficiencies of an unpaid allowance. He defrauds his wealthy fellow lodger, and cheats his confederate in the plot. Retreating to Paris, he opens a matrimonial campaign upon the ugly daughter and upon the handsome widow of an Indian general, the division of whose property remains in doubt. Deuceace plans to keep both fish in play until he can hook the better. But his father, refused a loan, becomes his rival. Crabs disparages his son's manner of life and prospects, sets the widow to proving him a mercenary, and leads him off on a false scent to the daughter. Then the fond parent throws his son into prison by buying up the latter's protested debts, marries the widow himself, and cuts off the girl by securing the widow's refusal to her marriage with Deuceace. The latter loses a hand in a duel that has been incited by Lord Crabs, and finds himself tied to a penniless fright. Sneaking Yellowplush, his valet, goes over to serve Lord Crabs.

This disagreeable story foreshadows in treatment and spirit "Barry Lyndon." The people and their motives are despicable, and the patient irony with which these plots and counterplots are portrayed is characteristic of Thackeray. The smiling villainy Thackeray delighted to depict is suggested in Yellowplush's verdict on Crabs: — "Bless his old face! such a puffickly good-natured, kind-hearted, merry, selfish old scoundril, I never shall see again." The sharpest irony, however, is reserved for the last scene. Yellowplush describes how Crabs and his bride in the Bois, expatiating on the gentle influence of nature on the heart, chanced upon the miserable pair they had ruined. Haughtily they took places in their carriage, and "with igstream dellixy and good natur bust into a ror of lafter. . . . Deuceace turned round. I see his face now — the face of a devvle of hell! Fust, he lookt towards the carridge, and pinted to it with his maimed arm; then he raised the other and struck the woman by his side. She fell, screaming. Poor thing! Poor thing!"

A year later Thackeray vented his spleen against romantic rascality in "Catherine." "The public will hear of nothing but rogues," he complains, "and the only way in which poor authors, who must live, can act honestly by the public and themselves, is to paint such thieves as they are; not dandy, poetical, rosewater thieves; but real downright scoundrels, leading scoundrelly lives, drunken, profligate, dissolute, low; as scoundrels will be. They don't quote Plato, like Eugene Aram; or live like gentlemen, and sing the pleasantest ballads in the world, like jolly Dick Turpin; or prate eternally about τὸ καλὸν, like that precious canting Maltravers, . . . or die whitewashed saints, like poor 'Biss Dadsy' in 'Oliver Twist.'"

From the "Newgate Calendar," accordingly, Thackeray selected as anti-heroine Catherine Hayes, burned at Tyburn in 1726 for the murder of her husband. Her adventures, he promised, should be agreeably low and delightfully disgusting.

Catherine is barmaid of a Warwickshire inn, from which she elopes with the vicious Count Galgenstein. When he plans to desert her, she serves him laudanum, and escapes to her village to marry a former admirer. Although the count recovers, his faithful retainer, Corporal Brock, seizes the opportunity to rob him, and, after playing the fine gentleman in his master's stead, unites with Macshane, a highwayman, to seize Catherine's bridegroom for a ransom.

Seven years later, this rogue returns from transportation and attaches himself to Mrs. Catherine's family circle in London. Here her husband keeps Tyburn Road lodgings, lends money, receives stolen goods, and inspects executions. When the count turns up as Bavarian ambassador, Mrs. Catherine renews his acquaintance. To be rid of her, he promises marriage, provided she will make an end of her husband. She readily complies, but is merely laughed at by his excellency, who gives her over to justice.

This brutal fiction, reveling in scenes of profligacy, unrelieved by humor or character study, rendered tedious by recurring diatribes against readers and writers of picaresque romances, was far worse as a medicine than the disease it sought to cure. In the endeavor to make roguery detestable Thackeray only made a detestable tale. That he perceived his mistake is evident from the change of method exhibited in his two master satires on roguery,—"Barry Lyndon" and "Vanity Fair."

"The Luck of Barry Lyndon" (1844) traces the career of a dashing young Irishman who tells his story with infinite verve, unaware of his wickedness and imputing to others its consequences.

Redmond Barry, brought up in penury and with six weeks of schooling to suffice him for life, falls in love at fifteen, duels with his rival, retires from the field assured that he has done a murder; but, having fled to Dublin and enlisted, learns too late that the thing was a hoax to get rid of him.

With soldiering in Germany romance gives way to roguery. Barry in battle distinguishes himself by slaying and picking the pocket of a little ensign. His only wound is received in trying to defraud a companion. If he pretend love to the Lischen who nurses him, it is only because "to the man who has to make his way in the world, these dear girls can always be useful." He feigns madness, and robs his wounded lieutenant in order to escape further duty, but is kidnapped into the service of Frederick the Great.

Scenes of the Seven Years' War succeed. Although nothing of heroism in the field appears, the crimping system, garrison intrigues, and sharping are vividly drawn. Now, whom should Barry's captain set him to spy upon but an elegant gambler, who turns out to be his own uncle, early driven from home because of his Catholic piety? Uncle and nephew join forces, Barry as valet keeping an eye on the trumps as he serves the champagne. Cheating? No; only the coward would cheat with those "vulgar expedients of cogged dice and cut cards," says Barry. Such a man "is not fit to play in the society of gallant gentlemen; and my advice to people who see such a vulgar person at his pranks is, of course, to back him while he plays, but never — never to have anything to do with him. Play grandly, play honourably."

Barry's escape to Saxony is carried off to picaresque perfection. Disguised as his uncle, the Chevalier (who happens to have been ordered out of Frederick's dominions), the rascal undergoes the sentence in pretended dudgeon, while the real Chevalier, concealed at home, pounces upon a captain come to loot his luggage, and after extorting hush money from the captain, departs in peace. Henceforth the pair lead a life of splendor, going on progress from court to court, studying cards and pedigrees. An Irish crown gleams on their coach. An amethyst ring is described as an heirloom once worn by their ancestor, King Brian Boru, or Barry. Plans of their Irish estates are exhibited. Duels galore must be fought to uphold the family honor; but these Barry wins with burlesque celerity. And although ladies of rank will substitute paste for diamonds, or a partner in faro may decamp with joint winnings, in the main prosperity smiles, and wit repairs all losses.

At length matrimonial schemes culminate in the playing by Barry of a really great game, and his shift from fraud to villainy. The scene of his first exploit is the Duchy of X——,[1] where everybody from lackey and soldier to court marshal and finance minister is addicted to gaming. "Among such fellows," says Barry, "it was diamond cut diamond. What you call fair play would have been a folly." The prize to be striven for is the rich Countess Ida. To bankrupt her *fiancé* at cards and to win from him his intended bride on a threat of blackmail is easy, for this Chevalier de Magny is already deep in an amour with the Princess Olivia. But, alas! the scandal regarding the Princess reaches the ears of her Prince, and the bubble bursts. Magny is forced to drink poison in prison. The adventurers are shipped out of the Duchy, and the Princess is murdered in a vault at dead of night.

Barry, however, never loses heart. Why should he? "One of the most accomplished, the tallest, the most athletic, and the handsomest gentlemen of Europe, as I was then, a young fellow of my figure could not fail of having advantages, which a person of my spirit knew very well how to use. But upon these subjects I am dumb." As a matter of fact, he is loquacious and falls to apostrophizing his ensuing conquests, — "charming Schuvaloff, black-eyed Sczotarska, dark Valdez, tender Hegenheim, brilliant Langeac: — ye gentle hearts that knew how to beat in old times for the warm young Irish gentleman, where are you now?"

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[1] A symbol for the kingdom of Würtemberg. Thackeray's source is confessed in his notebook. The entry runs, "January 4, 1844. Read in a silly book called *L'Empire* a good story about the first K. of Würtemberg's wife; killed by her husband for adultery. Frederick William, born in 1734 (?), m. in 1780 the Princess Caroline of Brunswick Wolfenbüttel, who died the 27th September, 1788. For the rest of the story see *L'Empire ou dix ans sous Napoléon*, par un Chambellan: Paris, Allardin, 1836, vol. i, 220."

Such sentimental victims pale before the most unfortunate of all, Honoria, Countess of Lyndon, whom Barry presently meets at Spa, woos beneath the nose of her husband, and weds against her will. His account of his determined courtship and of the disaster he brings upon her occupies the remainder of these memoirs, and but for the grim humor that illumines every page would prove intolerable. Yet so naïve is Barry in unfolding his motives and plots that the reader's interest is absorbed by the reprobate's self-analysis, rather than by the evidences of his moral perversion.

He first entraps Lady Lyndon by correspondence concerning transubstantiation. "He wants to step into my shoes," complains her gouty lord. "The man would be happy who did so," responds Barry, "provided there were no chalk-stones included." When after a year Sir Charles dies, Barry, who as a mere precaution has been wooing a wealthy Norman widow, forsakes her and hastens to Ireland to fly at higher game. He opens attack upon Lady Lyndon by dueling with her cousin, and then removing him from rivalry by exhibiting selections from her letters. Her domestics are bribed; her every movement is dogged or anticipated; her ward is abducted and married to Barry's relative; and at last, frightened into the belief that this terrible lover cannot be eluded, the lady succumbs. Barry procures royal permission to write her name after his own henceforth, and at thirty finds himself at the pitch of prosperity.

But the new position entails responsibilities. An immense property must be looked after. Gothic Hackton Castle must be remodeled into "the latest French-Greek and most classical style." Lady Lyndon must be kept in subjection, and her young Viscount Bullingdon must be thrashed for quoting "Hamlet" to his mother. The adventurer may contrive to get into Parliament; yet he must lavish great sums upon princely favorites, fit out a regiment for America, lose bets to the royal dukes, and in spite of it all fail of the peerage he seeks. For, after a public horsewhipping of his step-son, slander grows busy; the sovereign frowns; and Barry, losing his seat (through calumny of course), is harassed by duns and by the jealousy of his lady. Forced to retreat to Ireland, he there suffers a more crushing blow in the death of his spoiled little Bryan.

Though he sells all the Hackton timber, complaining that his wife's ancestors have defrauded him in planting elms instead of oaks, the proceeds vanish in two nights' play. Lady Lyndon objects to his feigning the birth of an heir, and resents his mother's espionage. "Had she left me," says Barry of his wife, "I was ruined next day. This (which my mother knew) compelled us to keep a tight watch over her; but as for imprisoning her, I repel the imputation with scorn."

Lady Lyndon escapes from such toils only by plotting. Barry, carrying her up to London to sign away all that remains of her property, is pounced upon by prearrangement and given his choice of prison or an annuity to keep out of the country. "What was the poor, lonely, and broken-hearted man to do?" he asks. "I took the annuity and was declared outlaw in the course of the next week." Here his confessions halt, but Thackeray provides an epilogue which revives Bullingdon, earlier reported killed in the wars, and describes the death from delirium tremens of the famous and fashionable Barry Lyndon after nineteen years' imprisonment in the Fleet.

Spanish fiction exerted no direct influence upon this novel, but actual memoirs were more potent. Barry's prototype is Andrew Robinson Stoney, who married the Dowager Countess of Strathmore in 1777 and hyphenated her name with his. He led her just such a dance, dissipating her property, felling her timber, maltreating her person, buying his way into Parliament, kicking about his buffoon of a chaplain, and finally being divorced, to die in a jail.[1] The earlier exploits of Barry are somewhat indebted to two other rogues of reality, — Sir Charles Hanbury Williams and G. J. Casanova de Seingalt.[2]

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[1] *The Lives of Andrew Robinson Bowes, Esq., and the Countess of Strathmore, Written from Letters and Other Well Authenticated Documents*, by Jesse Foot, Surgeon, 1810.

[2] Seingalt is once referred to in the novel: "When Seingalt engaged

With such suggestions for the central figures, and with scandal concerning the first king of Würtemberg's wife as basis for the tragic interlude of the Duchy of X——, literary inspiration might seem superfluous. Yet Smollett and Ainsworth suggested the resort to the Gothic, Maxwell and Lever provided the model of rollicking Irish autobiography, and Fielding was Thackeray's master in irony.

"Barry Lyndon" differs from the typical picaresque novel in several particulars. It does not portray a world of common vulgarity. Barry declares, "I never had a taste for anything but genteel company, and hate all descriptions of low life." Sharping at cards and in matrimony delimits his rascality, and where other picaros run through the gamut of social conditions and fraud, he is only soldier, gambler, and gentleman. The service of masters plays little part, and satire on professions none at all. Barry, moreover, contrasts with the Spanish rascals in his dash of emotion; for, besides his boyish love for Miss Norah, he knows as a man weary nights of weeping as he thinks of dear Ireland, and, on meeting his uncle, bursts into tears. Later, he writes of his child, "I think there is not a day since I lost him but his bright face and beautiful smiles look down on me out of heaven, where he is, and that my heart does not yearn towards him. . . . I have got a lock of his soft brown hair hanging round my breast now; it will accompany me to my dishonoured pauper's grave."

It is characteristic of Thackeray's earlier work, as well as of the genre, that scarcely a virtuous person should appear in "Barry Lyndon." Even those victims who appeal to the reader's sympathy are far from admirable. The Princess is an adulteress; Lady Lyndon is a fool. Sir Charles, her husband,

a man for six-and-thirty hours without leaving the table, do you think that he showed no courage?" asks Barry (ch. ix).

is a broken-down *roué*, whose lament that he has never had a virtuous attachment is as natural as the counsel that immediately follows: "Get a friend, sir, and that friend a woman — a good household drudge who loves you. *That* is the most precious sort of friendship, for the expense of it is all on the woman's side. The man need n't contribute anything." The Chevalier de Balibari, with all his piety, is brilliant as a deviser of swindles. In adversity he meditates retiring from a world so full of vanity. In his letter advising Barry how to persecute Lady Lyndon, he complains that an attainder should keep him out of the plot, describes his mortifications, and prays for Barry's conversion to the true faith. His final plea for money to admit him to a religious house is gravely refused by Barry; "my religious principles," he says, "forbidding me to encourage superstition in any way."

A figure of equal vitality is Barry's mother, who appears in a pathetic light when her son after long absence fails to visit her, and again as she shares the misery of his confinement in the Fleet. On the former occasion she destroys the present Barry has sent her as a sop, and having disowned him comes to Dublin and sits like a beggar at his door to gain a glimpse of her darling, who is giving a party within. At other times, however, she is a harridan, the tyrant of Lady Lyndon, and feared even by her crony, the Reverend Jowls.

Among the minor personages, one is contemptible, and two are drawn with some sympathy. Barry's chaplain is a wretch "who would rather be knocked by a great man than not be noticed by him;" but old General Magny remains brave in disgrace, and spoiled little Bryan awakes pity as he gallops to his death on the pony he had been forbidden under threat of a beating to ride. "There he lay," says Barry, describing his pursuit of the child horsewhip in hand, "there he lay in his little boots and spurs, and his little coat of scarlet and gold. His dear face was quite white, and he smiled as he held a hand out to me, and said painfully, 'You won't whip me, will you, papa?'"

But all these people pale before the great Barry Lyndon himself. Never was the autobiographic form more certainly warranted than here. Barry's egotism demands it; the psychological interest and irony of the book would be impossible without it, and the intrusion of reflections or the pointing of a moral by the author it happily obviates. Only in half a dozen footnotes does Thackeray comment upon his anti-hero's narrative, and in but one with animus, there contrasting him with the romantic heroes of Scott and of James.

Barry's egotism has already been instanced. He never wearies of describing himself as the handsomest, bravest, and most admired fellow in Europe. At his marriage with Lady Lyndon, it is "I and Honoria," and much of his mendacity proceeds from this belief in himself. The "miserable old tumble-down place," his childhood home, becomes through the mist of years "one of the most splendid palaces in Europe;" his estates and duels multiply upon paper; his reputation in Ireland is enhanced by making his uncle's order of the spur hereditary. Like other liars, he comes to believe his fables. He is indignant that the king should refuse his reinstatement to rights originally of his own invention. He is convinced of the delicate state of his lady's health after having plotted the fraudulent birth of an heir. Master Quin, whom he confesses to have shamefully used as a drudge "cheap and faithful," becomes within a few lines "the man I had cherished in my bosom;" and professions of his veracity are as plentiful as their contradictions in fact.

Much of Barry's unconscious irony consists in his laudation of virtue or reprehension in others of faults only too patent in himself. Immediately after having delivered a tirade against brutality, he recounts his own martial feats, the clubbing to death of a boy, and the violation of hospitality accorded by helpless women. He is shocked to discover the title of an accomplice to have been forged, forgetting his own impostures. He praises bright honor, but shows how little notion he has of its essence: "What is life good for but for honour? and that is so indispensable that we should attain it anyhow." Later he avers that he "was always too much a man of honour and spirit to save a penny of Lady Lyndon's income."

Still more characteristic is the irony of Barry's habitual excuses. When his dastardly plan to lay hands on the Countess Ida's fortune is in progress, he remarks, "Though some rigid moralist may object to its propriety, I say that anything is fair in love," as if this were a case of the affections. When he has engaged Lady Lyndon's maid to read all her mistress's letters, he adds, "I do not defend this practice of letter opening in private life, except in cases of the most urgent necessity." Of young Bullingdon he protests that, "as he grew up to be a man, his hatred towards me assumed an intensity quite wicked to think of (and which I promise you I returned with interest)." Earlier he has said, "For the first three years I never struck my wife but when I was in liquor. When I flung the carving knife at Bullingdon I was drunk, as everybody present can testify; but as for having any systematic scheme against the poor lad, I can declare solemnly that beyond merely hating him (and one's inclinations are not in one's power), I am guilty of no evil towards him."

Little Bryan with his last breath begs his father and mother to quarrel no more, and Barry, relating the circumstance, admits that the boy's "mother was affected by these admonitions, and I was so, too. I wish she had enabled me to keep the counsel which the dying boy gave us." When Lady Lyndon laments his gross infidelity, he asks, "If I found that the Devonshire girls were among the handsomest in the kingdom, is it my fault?" Of his mother he declares, "She has always spoken of me in my true light, as a martyr to the rascality of others." He leaves her in the lurch, however, when forced to fly the kingdom, and protests her complaints to have been unfounded. He neglect her? Never! Why, even as he writes, after years of imprisonment, does she not sit working by his side? That she is toiling for him fails to shake Barry's logic.

Finally, the irony of the anti-hero's test for morality is characteristic. He would make it depend upon worldly failure or success. "If any people should be disposed to think my history immoral, I will beg those cavillers to do me the favour to read the conclusion of my adventures; when they will see it was no such great prize I had won:" — as if losing the prize of life were sufficient palliation of cheating during the game. To one with conscience so perverted repentance is scarcely possible, and Thackeray's treatment of his picaro was too masterly to allow of Barry's easy conversion ere death. To the last he remains the rogue that little by little he has made himself. His story is altogether the most powerful in the range of picaresque fiction.

As for "Vanity Fair" (1847–48), that "novel without a hero" can boast the subtlest of anti-heroines. Becky Sharp descends from a long line, but in finesse and vitality she excels all her literary forbears. The Celestinas and Justinas of Spain, the Laures and Lucindes of France, the German Courages, and the English Molls and Roxanas, are children compared to her. She depends upon their cheats no more than does Barry Lyndon upon those of the Lazarillos, Don Raphaels, or Jack Wiltons. The frauds she perpetrates are common to all rogues of both sexes, — eluding an unpaid landlord by feigning a journey, and leaving behind empty trunks as security, squeezing admirers for diamonds and cash, and encouraging the guileless to gamble with her husband. But such devices are of moment only as they unfold her character, and it is in character analysis, as well as in social satire, that Thackeray shines preëminent. To describe the vulgar woman of the streets or the professional shop-lifter is one thing; to dissect the mind and manœuvres of a complex adventuress is another.

Rebecca Sharp, daughter of a French ballet girl and a dissipated drawing master, is perfectly passionless. She accepts the presents of the Osbornes, "after just the proper degree of hesitation," only to laugh in her sleeve at these vulgar city people. She scorns children. She abuses her own little Rawdon, and spurns her husband for his devotion to the boy. Only when she tries to captivate Sir Pitt does she hem a shirt for the child. "Whenever Mrs. Rawdon wished to be particularly humble and virtuous this little shirt used to come out of her work-box. It had got to be too small for Rawdon long before it was finished." From the moment when she begins assaults upon the susceptible Jos Sedley, through her trifling with old Sir Pitt, her capture of Rawdon, her flirtations with George Osborne and with General Tufto, and her flattery of young Sir Pitt, up to her dark intrigue with the Marquis of Steyne, and the affairs ensuing, her heart is never once engaged. She plays with these victims for personal gain. She uses and discards them. If she chance to be herself discarded, she seeks fresh conquests unperturbed. For Rawdon alone she evinces patronizing regard, until his stupidity disgusts her. When he has ridden off to Waterloo on a borrowed nag, wearing his shabbiest uniform that Becky may enjoy the larger resources in case he should fall, she re-reads George Osborne's note proposing elopement, smiles at herself in the glass, relishes her breakfast, and takes complacent account of her possessions. Later, through the years of elegant swindling in Paris and London, she merely tolerates her husband, and seeks to keep him out of the way. Once only she loses contempt for him. When in fury he strikes down Lord Steyne, we hear that "she admired her husband, strong, brave, and victorious."

Of conscience Becky knows nothing. Her breast is the scene of no conflict. From the outset she is given up to getting on in the world as she finds it. So she lavishes attentions on coarse old Sir Pitt and on sour Miss Crawley, whose five-per-cents are coveted by an affectionate family. When Sir Pitt goes down on his knees to her before his wife's funeral she suffers chagrin, not at the insult, but because, having already in secret married his son, she must reject this offer and lose a title. She coquets with George Osborne on his honeymoon, and gleefully wounds Amelia, her first protectress. When Rawdon grumbles that his winnings at play will hardly discharge the inn bill, she asks, "Why need we pay it?" She is expert in tapping admirers for presents, hinting the lack of a watch or a jewel. She jockeys cowardly Jos out of a small fortune for her horses when she finds him in a panic to flee from Brussels. She lures the guileless to ruin through her husband's prowess at cards, the dice-box, and the cue, though she is wise enough to counsel him that "gambling, dear, is good to help your income, but not as an income in itself." Plotting to secure something more permanent, she spreads the report of a legacy just received, arranges their flight from Paris, and compounds with their London creditors. Then she sets up an establishment in Mayfair that costs next to nothing, inasmuch as all the servants and tradesmen are owed and forced to keep interest in her welfare, while gallant gentlemen furnish the larder and the cellar.

She swindles the retired family butler, her landlord, pretends to invest while she appropriates the savings of her sheep-dog companion, Miss Briggs, diverts to herself whatever gifts of money are made to her little boy, appears on her presentation at court in laces and brocades which she has abstracted from the wardrobes while putting Sir Pitt's house to rights, and seriously reflects, "I think I could be a good woman if I had five thousand a year." She flatters Sir Pitt until he exclaims, "How that woman comprehends me!" When the sardonic Marquis of Steyne, friend of his Glorious Majesty, and "with all his stars, garters, collars, and cordons" succumbs to her wiles, he obliges his wife to invite Becky to Gaunt House, sends young Rawdon to school, procures an office for old Rawdon, and is enchanted with even her attempts to deceive him. "What an accomplished little devil it is," he cries; "what a splendid actress and manager! She is unsurpassable in lies."

Becky's mendacity is, indeed, so usual that the reader does not know whether to believe her protestations of innocence at the critical moment when Rawdon, having returned unexpectedly from the spunging-house where she had left him to languish, finds her, glittering with diamonds, smiling up in the face of the Marquis, who is stooping to kiss her hand.

The misfortunes that follow during years of lonely privateering cannot awake in her a conscience, and when worn and disreputable she comes on Dobbin, Amelia, and Jos, the only piece of honesty to her credit is the impulsive disabusing of Amelia's mind, so long under the delusion that her George had been a saint. In everything else Becky cheats as always. And when Jos, after having insured his life in her behalf, suddenly dies, the solicitor of the company pronounces it a black case.

Compared to the green-eyed Miss Sharp, Rawdon Crawley is an innocent. Thackeray has been chidden for evincing affection for this dull-witted rascal whom he once or twice calls "honest," but the epithet is partly ironical, and for the rest comparative. Rawdon is simply the common adventurer, dandified, an adept in boxing and rat-hunting, a duelist and a gambler, fond of the bottle. Like Becky he is without conscience, but unlike her he is blessed or cursed with affections. He cares for his boy and his wife, and resents the latter's infidelity. Yet for none of these things can he claim any virtue. If he refuses to allow his wife to retain the price of her dishonor, and if he sends off a challenge to Steyne, he is as quickly appeased as incensed, and accepts from those hands the sinecure governorship which takes him forever out of the way. Where Becky is distinctive in roguery, Rawdon is commonplace, for she has a head, but lacks heart; he has a heart, but lacks head.

After "Vanity Fair" Thackeray, considering that he had exhausted the vein of pure roguery, turned elsewhere. Pendennis might be scarcely heroic, the Costigans were vulgar, Sir Francis Clavering was wicked, and John Armstrong Amory Altamont was a rogue and ex-convict; but rascality no longer filled the scene. Thackeray pretended that on attempting an exciting plan for "Pendennis" he found that he failed for want of experience. "Never having been intimate with any convict in my life, and the manners of ruffians and gaol-birds being quite unfamiliar to me, the idea of entering into competition with M. Eugène Sue was abandoned. To describe a real rascal you must make him so horrible that he would be too hideous to show; and unless the painter paints him fairly, I hold he has no right to show him at all." This was strange doctrine to come from the biographer of Deuceace, of Barry Lyndon, and of Catherine, but it did duty as an excuse for forsaking one style in order to cultivate another. In "Henry Esmond" and "The Virginians" the change was complete, and although "The Newcomes" assailed the hypocritical and corrupt in high society, and although "The Wolves and the Lamb," and its later refashioning, "Lovel the Widower," as well as "The Adventures of Philip," returned to the satire of vulgarity, roguery proper was abandoned.

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CHAPTER XI

1

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CHAPTER XII

ROGUERY IN RECENT FICTION

1. *The New Romanticism*

IN the contemporary reaction against the despotism of fact the literature of roguery has largely participated. Picaresque fiction, although normally associated with realism, has always tended to supplement earlier studies of low-life by stories told for the story's sake. Two types of rogue in particular have found favor with the romanticists, — the sea rover, and the road-knight or outlaw.

From the qualified rascality of Scott's "Pirate" to the humorous scoundrelism of Cutcliffe-Hyne's "Adventures of Captain Kettle," or the rattling bravery of his "Prince Rupert, the Buccaneer," the range of nautical picaros is a wide one; but most are romantic and incline to villainy rather than to roguery. Here belong such gentry as figure in Bloundelle-Burton's "Hispaniola Plate" and "Gentleman-Adventurer," in Alan Oscar's "Captain Kid's Millions," in Stevenson's "Treasure Island," "The Wrecker," and "The Ebb Tide," in S. R. Crockett's "Little Anna Mark," and in older favorites like Angus Bethune Reach's "Leonard Lyndsay," E. B. G. Warburton's "Darien, or the Merchant Prince," G. W. Thornbury's "Buccaneers, or Monarchs of the Main," and W. H. G. Kingston's "John Deane." A famous Welsh pirate of the seventeenth century is celebrated in Edward Howard's "Sir Henry Morgan," in Owen Rhoscomyl's "Jewel of Ynis Galon," and in Cyrus Townsend

Brady's "Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer," which, professing to replace the gentlemanly and humorous pirate by an account of the real article, nevertheless remains romantic. Occasionally the spirit of realism animates the story, as in Rolf Boldrewood's "Modern Buccaneer," detailing the exploits of an Australian tar in the Pacific; but such a tale is counterbalanced by that of a fantastic crew whose electric bark sweeps the deep in Max Pemberton's "Iron Pirate."

The smugglers, too, although more accessible to the average writer, receive imaginative handling, not only by Scott and by James, from whom it was to have been expected, but in such recent tales as Julian Corbett's "Business in Great Waters," Meade Falkner's "Moonfleet," Amyot Sagon's "When George III Was King," and A. H. Norway's entertaining "Parson Peter."

Nor has the romantic outlaw and robber been neglected. Robin Hood, *facile princeps* among such rascals, has continued to be celebrated in verse, in comic opera, and in fiction. Scott and James paid him tribute, Thomas Love Peacock wrote him down in "Maid Marian," and now he figures in Gilliat's juveniles, — "In Lincoln Green" and "Wolf's Head," — in Howard Pyle's "Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," and in Barry Pain's "Romantic History," while a rogue known as the Robin Hood of Shropshire, of three centuries later, is depicted in Hudson's "Wild Humphrey Knyaston." Scotchmen have ever evinced sympathy with outlaws and mosstroopers, and S. R. Crockett's "Raiders," "Grey Man," and "Dark o' the Moon" use them freely. Other story-tellers — notably Lord Hamilton, Sir George Douglas, and Thomas Pinkerton — may fairly compete in such romances as "The Outlaws of the Marches," "New Border Tales," and "Blue Bonnets Up." Juvenile fiction especially glories in the unreal roguery of the thief of the woods, and tales like Gilliat's "Forest Outlaws," Foster and Cuthell's "Robber Baron of Bedford Castle," and Chetwode's "Knight of the Golden Chain" are assured eager readers.

Foremost among the later romanticists in depicting rascality, as in all else, stands Robert Louis Stevenson. It is a commonplace of criticism to note in him two men, a Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde. In the latter character Stevenson delights in the sanguinary, contemplates deep crimes or morbid states of mind, and paints in lurid colors on dark backgrounds unbridled passions. No wonder if amid the plotting and fighting in his romances, the desperate pursuits and hairbreadth escapes, with all the forces of hate and greed in deadly play, light-hearted roguery should be elbowed from the scene. Yet even the villains wear such traits as must win their admission to the company of the rogues of literature.

"An Inland Voyage" and "Travels With a Donkey" display a charming Bohemianism that recalls the adventures of George Borrow. Francois Villon, "student, poet, and housebreaker," is considered in "Familiar Studies" (1882), and reappears, busied about robbery and murder, in "New Arabian Nights" (1882). There, too, "The Suicide Club" and "The Rajah's Diamond" portray crime fantastically, after the fashion of De Quincey. In "The Dynamiter" (1885), written with Mrs. Stevenson, extravagant interlocking tales compose a playful satire upon anarchy; Clara Luxmore and Irish Zero are burlesque rogues. The latter, for example, rejoices in an infernal machine that injures only a child and a wheelbarrow. Then, having destroyed the property of a benefactor, he exclaims, "How, I ask you, after having tasted these joys, am I to condescend to a less glorious life?"

In "The Merry Men, and Other Tales" (1887), the story of "Markheim," although touched with allegory, offers a remarkable study of criminal psychology, and even "The Treasure of Franchard" introduces an ex-thief, who in order to save a master from the penalties entailed by wealth, steals his newly found gold plate. "Treasure Island" (1881–82), with its rough buccaneers pitted in mutiny against treasure-hunters, presents a pretty assemblage of rascals, from Billy Bones, who dies of apoplexy on being tipped the black spot, and his enemies Black Dog and the blind man Pew, to one-legged Long John Silver, the sea-cook, with his screaming parrot and his crutch swung by a lanyard round his neck. He has sailed with pirates Flint and England; he leads the mutineers of The Hispaniola; but, when they are on the verge of defeat, goes over in secret to Captain Smollett's side, and escapes from the ship with a bag of doubloons to console him. His worthiest companion is Israel Hands, Flint's old gunner. "Now I tell you I never seen good come o' goodness yet," he declares, lying wounded in the scuppers; "him as strikes first is my fancy; dead men don't bite; them's my views — amen, so be it." Thereupon, he jumps up and flings his dirk at little Jim Hawkins, only to be shot dead from the shrouds by the boy.

In "Kidnapped" (1886), also, romantic roguery of a villainous cast plays its part. For David Balfour's uncle sends him of a dark night up a ruined stair, hoping that he may pitch headlong; and, failing herein, pays a skipper to carry him off to be sold in the Carolinas. Then when Alan Breck, the proud Jacobite, has clambered aboard The Covenant, the skipper and his mates plan to rob and murder him, and only a desperate battle in the round-house can beat them off. Here and in the sequel, "David Balfour" (1893), figures the Appin murder; and, although David and Alan be guiltless, their flight through the heather awakens all the sensations of the fugitive from justice. This is the case as well in "St. Ives" (1897). For the hero first flees from pursuit after a daring escape from imprisonment in Edinburgh Castle, and then, having killed an enemy in a sensational duel with scissors in the dark, must elude the hounds of the law, unleashed by his victim's cousin.

Family enmity combines with brilliant villainy in "The Master of Ballantrae" (1889), which affords one of the most patient studies of fraternal hatred in literature. The Master, his father's favorite, proves a demon of malice toward his younger brother, and shares with Iago the ability to assume a bluff exterior. When alone with his brother he stands revealed as a devil, but at the advent of others will play the victim of envy, maddening by his duplicity, and profiting by the rage he stirs to seem the more magnanimous.

Brutal rather than subtle villainy determines the actions of Edward Hyde in Stevenson's dream-based allegory; but in "The Beach of Falesá," and in "The Wrecker" and "The Ebb Tide," done in collaboration with Lloyd Osbourne, both types of the anti-heroic are merged, and realism tempers romanticism. "The Beach of Falesá" (1892), in the "Island Nights' Entertainments," tells a powerful story of the rascality of a beach-combing trader, who gulls a blackamoor and a gin-soaked captain, his partners, and disposing of his competitors in business by foul play, rules the Kanakas, his customers, by catering to their superstitious fears with legerdemain and with luminous idols and Æolian harps hung in trees. Case meets his master, however, in the burly trader Wiltshire, and is stabbed to death in his own mock temple after a battle royal.

"The Wrecker," of the same year, affiliates with the detective story, being avowedly written as a counterblast to the insincerity of the police novel, which over-accentuates mere mechanism. The remedy proposed is a gradual approach to the mystery through a study of manners and of character, —

"the method of Charles Dickens in his later work." The fiction, therefore, comprises two parts: the first detailing the picaresque careers of the narrator and a volatile friend, the second setting forth their purchase at auction of the bark Flying Scud, the mystery ensuing, and its long unraveling. This analysis furnishes, in turn, picaresque incidents from the lives of a blackmailing lawyer and a vagabond gentleman, as well as adventurous episodes in the later career of the narrator. America, the South Seas, England, and France provide a broad setting; the character types are striking and essentially modern; and the lust for gold is the novel's master passion.

The shocking violence of the scenes on Midway Island is repeated with less of comic relief in "The Ebb Tide" (1894).

> Three moral castaways in the South Seas find fortune in the shape of a plague-stricken schooner confided to them to be sailed to her port in Australia. They plot to dispose of her champagne cargo on the coast of Peru, but after a drunken debauch discover their booty to be but water, a cargo got up expressly to be lost, in furtherance of an insurance swindle. So the thieves, sobered and sold, find themselves with scant provisions adrift in mid-Pacific. But they sight an uncharted island, the home of a lonely pearl-fisher. Smallpox has swept the atoll, leaving him only three blacks for company. To plunder and kill all four seems easy. Huish, the reptilian Cockney, and disgraced Captain Davis indulge in treacherous scheming. Their companion, the ruined Oxonian, broken in will and maudlin in emotion, cleaves eventually to their intended victim, who triumphs by his daring. For, as Huish, protected by a flag of truce, is about to fling at his head a jar of vitriol, Attwater shoots and breaks it over the thrower. Then he plays with his rifle about Davis's ears, while the latter, tied to a ship's figurehead, is adjured to pray. When Davis complies, Attwater forgives him; henceforth the captain can scarce be got from his knees, and refuses to leave the island where he has found peace in believing.

A cynical, almost blasphemous note is struck in this tale. The religion of Davis and Attwater is fetichism divorced from good works, and the irreligion and profanity of Huish approach the bounds of endurance. Physically degenerate, and worse in his pleasantries than in his curses, Huish is one of the most detestable scoundrels of literature. Small wonder, then, that Stevenson himself, in the "Vailima Letters," should have referred to this novel as "the ever to be execrated 'Ebb Tide.'"

Lloyd Osbourne's nine tales of South Sea life, collected in "Wild Justice" (1906), continue this vein, and T. Jenkins Hains's "The Black Barque" (1905) describes the last voyage of the pirate slave-ship, Gentle Hand. A somewhat similar handling of South Sea roguery is that given by Kipling in his short story, "The Devil and the Deep Sea" (1898). Here a pearl-poaching steamer, with her engines damaged by the shell of a pursuing gunboat, is laid up in a forsaken port, while her rascal crew are held prisoners for months in the jungle. The rogues get back to their ship to await the call of a government vessel; and confined there, naked and banana-starved in the tropical heat, contrive by Herculean efforts to repair their engines, to cut moorings, and to steam away half mad. Vivid as is the tale, it emphasizes roguery less than the brute struggle against physical obstacles, and at last the ship seems a living thing, as crazy as her crew.

Pure melodrama marks E. W. Hornung's "Dead Men Tell No Tales" (1899).

A ship homeward bound from Australia is burned at sea with her skipper's connivance, in order to conceal the theft of her gold-dust cargo. The plotters convey their booty to a waiting schooner, and hoist sail for the Lancashire estate of Young Rattray, the sailor son of a smuggling race, who, failing in the mines, has turned bushranger and rogue. With him are associated the ship's captain, a Portuguese villain, and a black. To their chagrin the wreck's sole survivor reaches England before them. Fearing that he may suspect their crime, they lure him to their retreat for safe-keeping; but there he discovers all. In the battle that follows the knaves succumb, although the less culpable Rattray is allowed to escape. Rivalry for the hand of the villain's step-daughter, desperate fighting, the intervention of a detective and the police, and the part played by a secret passage leading from Rattray's mansion to the sea, serve to complicate a tale in which character remains subordinate to action, and entertainment is the whole end.

In dealing with land thieves the new romanticism has been prone to revert to those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Such a highwayman is the Richard Ryder of H. B. Marriott Watson's "Galloping Dick" (1896) and "The King's Highway" (1907), a swashbuckler of Restoration days, whose speech teems with Odds and Oons, Gadsbobs, 'Slifes, and Lards, and whose sword is as ready to fly from its scabbard as his tongue to drop scurrility.

Now he entertains a bishop at dinner, and forces him to go upon the pad. Now he takes refuge from traps in a lady's chamber, and passes a joyous evening as her sister's husband. Once he duels in a donjon in behalf of a prisoner whose escape he aids, only to take toll of his pockets thereafter; and again, under sentence of death in Newgate, he fuddles the Ordinary, and procures the means for a spectacular escape from the cart. Wounded in assaulting a treasure coach, he turns the tables upon the only survivor, and locks him up for the deed; and once he mistakes Charles II for a brother highwayman; yet, perceiving his error, carries the game through gayly, challenging his witty Majesty and protesting love to his mistress.

The fortunes of seventeenth-century strollers engaged in a clever fraud are lightly described by Frank Barrett in "A Set of Rogues" (1895).

These players, forced out of London by the plague, put in the stocks for burning a barn they have played in, robbed and deserted by their stage villain, and misused by an innkeeper, are rescued by a Spanish picaro who has conceived a bold scheme. Kit Sutton, Jack Dawson, and the latter's daughter are to claim the estate of a lady and her niece held for ransom in Barbary. A sharp steward must be outwitted; Moll must be trained to play the part of Judith Godwin redeemed from slavery; and Jack and Kit are to act the captain and the merchant engaged in procuring her purchase from the Moors.

At the end of a year's preparation in Spain the rogues are set adrift by prearrangement with Moorish pirates. Being picked up by an English vessel, they return home with ample color to their story. But Moll when installed at Hurst Castle falls in love with and marries her pretended cousin; and her father, visiting her secretly, is discovered by the steward, who thereupon seizes the estate in Mrs. Godwin's name and turns them all out. Moll is now filled with remorse, and goes to Barbary to take the place of the girl she has impersonated. The latter has died, but Mrs. Godwin is liberated, and unites with the Spaniard and his pals to secure her savior's release. A sea-fight with Moors, perilous moments in a sinking ship, and the generous suicide of Dawson precede a rescue. These are in part the incidents of Spanish picaresque fiction, but softened by romance and sentiment.

Eighteenth-century prison scenes and low-life characters are similarly glozed over in Sir Walter Besant's "Orange Girl" (1899). The musician who forsakes his father's firm to fiddle to sailors remains subordinate in interest to the scoundrels who twice imprison him in a conspiracy to secure his estate, or to the actress, once an orange girl, who makes every sacrifice to save his life.

In most points Jenny Wilmot's career corresponds with that of Nell Gwyn. Her father is hanged as a highwayman; her mother and sister keep a thieves' kitchen, and traffic in stolen goods; she herself conducts the Soho Assembly for dancing and gaming. Secretly married to the hero's dissolute cousin, she defeats her husband's plots, and when he retaliates and she is condemned to transportation, grateful Will Halliday accompanies her to Virginia that her freedom may be purchased with the fortune she has helped him to secure. Roguery in the King's Bench Prison, in Newgate, and in the slums of St. Giles is faithfully rendered, and Merridew, the thief-taker, is a portrait of Jonathan Wild.

Still another type of eighteenth-century rascal is pleasantly pilloried by Besant and James Rice in "The Chaplain of the Fleet" (1881). Here Dr. Gregory Shovel is the prince of those clerical rogues who, safe within the liberties of the Fleet, gained a living by performing easy marriages. When his innocent niece comes to live with him he makes her unwittingly a party to fraud, and she goes through the form of a marriage with the great Lord Chudleigh. Later they fall in love, Chudleigh forgives, the sly old charlatan loses his post but finds friends to care for him, and Kitty's disappointed lovers — a poet, a rake, and a bully — make the best of a bad matter.

In Stanley J. Weyman's typical romance, "Starvecrow Farm" (1905), English life of the Georgian era affords ample excitement, for a willful heroine elopes with a low-bred rascal who is dodging a Bow Street runner; and an ugly miser, a wicked squire-parson, and a Gypsy girl, jealous and bent upon revenge, tangle up the intrigue, which is knotted and unraveled in a tavern, in a den of smugglers, and in Kendal Jail. The London of an earlier period is the scene of Robert Neilson Stephens's "Captain Ravenshaw" (1901). This, in telling the story of an Elizabethan roarer ultimately converted from his wild ways, revives for a little Moll Cutpurse, and endows a company of vagabonds with the speech of the conny-catching pamphlets. A slighter novel of adventure, "The Romance of a Rogue" (1902), by Joseph Sharts, presents America in the days of Adams and Jefferson, and sketches two jolly blacklegs, one as a picaro in love. Chance favors Scarlett's posing as a gentleman, and Miss Netty accepts him gladly. But his identity being exposed, he trudges sorrowfully away, his day of romance over.

Spain has been used as an effective background for outlaws in "The Bandolero" (1905), by Paul Gwynne, and in a series of romantic fictions by Kate and Hesketh Prichard. "The Bandolero" exhibits the revenge inflicted by a bandit upon the nobleman who has caused the death of the bandit's wife; but a more sentimental and surprising Spanish highwayman is the Prichards' cadaverous hidalgo, whose exploits are detailed in "Don Q." (1904), in "New Chronicles of Don Q." (1906), and in "Don Q. in the Sierra" (1906). This ingenious brigand, a cross between d'Artagnan and Raffles, makes life interesting for his victims by giving a hunting party at which a famous sportsman is forced to play the hunted, and by obliging a cricketer to defend with his bat a wicket that consists of a keg of powder surmounted by a burning candle. He is witty, chivalrous, and daring, runs his neck into the noose time and again for the sake of a pretty face, and once, at least, is hard beset by an infatuated señora, determined to marry him at all odds.

In Maurice Hewlett's "Fool Errant" (1905) eighteenth-century Italy is seen through the eyes of Francis-Antony Strelley, the mildest of picaresque adventurers. In S. C. Comstock's "Marcelle the Mad" (1906) a woman outlaw of the days of Charles the Bold of Burgundy roams the Forest of Ardennes. The La Plata country of South America witnesses the exploits of Richard Lamb, an English Gil Blas, in W. H. Hudson's "The Purple Land" (1885), and a Robin Hood of the north ranges the Hudson Bay wilderness in Laurence Mott's "Jules of the Great Heart" (1905). Devonshire is the less remote haunt of a very modern road-knight in Harris Burland's "The Black Motor Car" (1905). This anti-hero, embittered by his life as a convict, emerges from prison to scour the countryside in an automobile, by means of which he perpetrates burglaries and even murders. At last he indulges in a mad ride to the north, pursued by justice, a reminiscence, no doubt, of Turpin's gallop to York in "Rookwood;" but though he escapes the police, the car runs upon quicksands, and its insane owner sinks to death.

Contemporary in rascality, also, yet marked by an eighteenth-century style, is Max Pemberton's "A Gentleman's Gentleman" (1896). Here a valet describes the wiles of his master, the Irish adventurer, Sir Nicholas Steele, in quest of an heiress to marry.

Once, on the eve of matrimonial success, an enemy intervenes, warned by the message designed to have lured him away; yet master and man escape with the bride's wedding gems for their pains. Again, Sir Nicholas believes that he has conquered the heart of a baroness, and challenges to a duel her brother, only to find them theatrical people bent upon a hoax. Then, at the risk of his life, he wins the reward he has induced an American magnate to offer for tracing a dissolute son lost in Paris; but his plan to marry the young man's sister proves vain, for the lady is hurried home. In Vienna the sharpers procure and dispose of a diamond through misrepresentation. In Brittany they win a fortune at cards, and lose it, thanks to the subtlety of a female gambler. In Russia Sir Nicholas prompts a scoundrel to flirt with an heiress on the eve of her marriage to a general. The latter is slain in a duel, and his adversary being shot at Sir Nicholas's instigation, the Irish rogue is left free to marry the lady himself. At this fortunate juncture, however, he parts with the valet who has come to know too much of his life and methods.

Here may be heard an echo of "Deuceace" and of "Barry Lyndon," but the story lacks ingenuity, character, and care in the writing. Of one personage, introduced "with his left hand cut off at the wrist," it is shortly recorded that "he would take a fork in his left hand and a pipe in his right." Pemberton's other stories either unite the traits of Dumas and Jules Verne, or delight in sensational crime in high-life. Of the former kind are "The Impregnable City," "The Phantom Army," and "The Iron Pirate;" of the latter are "Signiors of the Night," which deals with Venetian villainy; "Féo," with its wicked Austrian prince; and "The Footsteps of a Throne," introducing a gambling Russian princess. In "A Gentleman's Gentleman," however, Pemberton has varied picaresque procedure; first, by presenting the single term of service of a rogue to a rogue; second, by confining himself to mere episodes in the career of both; and, third, by allowing the servant complete fidelity to his master. Such a fiction, like Marriott Watson's "Galloping Dick" and his "Skirts of Happy Chance," foreshadows the style and method of the later Raffles romances.

2. *Gypsydom*

The Gypsy is *ex officio* a rogue. Literature has never neglected his rascality, yet the charm of his primitive nature and of his wandering life has tended to obscure his cheats, and even the realists in dealing with him have turned romantic. When Borrow, in the fifties, recorded his observations of Romany customs and character, he showed once for all that the fantastic Gypsy of the stage and of the novel was less effective in literature than his brother of actual life. The researches of scholars have fortified this belief. The essays of Hoyland and Roberts have been followed by the fascinating works of Simson, Smart, Crofton, Leland, and Groome, while on the Continent the monographs of Bataillard and Pott have been supplemented by those of Liebich, Paspati, Constantinescu, and Miklosich. To-day the Gypsies of fiction that count are those of the highways, not of mere fancy, and the study of their habits and folklore is a matter of course.

In "The Gypsies of the Danes' Dike" (1864) George S. Phillips drew upon his acquaintance with a Romany tribe gained in 1855, while establishing mechanics' libraries in Yorkshire. He tells of a lover's heart torn between beautiful Myra, a chi, and the gorgio, Violet. His delineation of the matters of Egypt recalls that of Borrow, although the philology and intimate character study are absent. He substitutes for Borrow's hypocritical Man in Black a bigoted Anglican rector, and his Gypsies are less prone to rascality. Ishmael Toon, Ikey, Ina, Nosey, and Granny Mabel are, indeed, beneficent figures, while Myra is thoroughly idealized. Only the strange tawnies are rogues, — such fellows as Loke and Pento and their pals, who commit burglary, or Juga, who as emissary for Myra's hand seeks to murder Master Geordie, and is slain by the dagger of Myra herself. The mystical element, lacking in Borrow, is notable here, and this, together with the plot, forecasts the "Aylwin" of Watts-Dunton.

A much greater master of Romany lore was Charles Godfrey Leland, whose "English Gypsies and Their Language" (1873) owes nothing in matter to predecessors, but is rich in character sketches, anecdotes, and dialogues in the manner of Borrow. With Janet Tuckey and Professor Edward H. Palmer of Cambridge, Leland collected "English Gipsy Songs" (1875), many of which are roguish. His "Gypsies" (1882) recounts experiences among Russian, Austrian, Welsh, and American children of the road, relates legendary stories, and describes the Shelta, or Tinkers' Talk, a Celtic jargon supposedly referred to in Shakespeare's "I can drink with any tinker in his own language." Finally, his "Gypsy Sorcery and Fortune-Telling" (1891), with much curious learning, celebrates the enchantment that is the outcome of life in wild places. Witch-doctoring, love philters, conjurations, exorcisms, and charms, believed in or practiced for deception and gain, are picturesquely discussed.

The unreal Gypsy of the imagination reappears as an incidental figure in William McDonnell's free-thinking novel, "Heathens of the Heath" (1874); but here the crone Zingari exists only to contrast Hindoo practices and beliefs with Christian, to the latter's disparagement.

G. J. Whyte-Melville's "Katerfelto" (1875) revives the familiar plot of a Gypsy girl's self-sacrifice in the interest of her gorgio rival.

Thyra Lovel nurses John Garnet back to life after he has been wounded in a fatal duel forced upon him. When her charlatan master sets Garnet the task of robbing a gentleman's coach of political papers, Thyra and her tribe assist, and the robbery is attributed to Galloping Jack, a highwayman. Although Thyra is already betrothed to a Gypsy, and recognizes the Romany law that apportions death to the chi who would marry out of her race, she persists in her devotion to Garnet; and even when she learns that his heart is another's, she protects him at the cost of her life.

Needless to say, the roguery of this novel centres in the other Romanies, and not in Thyra. Duke Michael of Egypt, Fin Cooper, the Hearnes, and the Lees are genuine vagabond Gypsies; Abner Gale, the roistering parson, is a vindictive rascal; and Katerfelto, the charlatan, recalls the roguish fortune-tellers of seventeenth-century satirical tracts.

A somewhat similar theme is played upon with greater technical knowledge by Francis Hindes Groome in "Kriegspiel, the War Game" (1896). Rascals predominate here, although Sagul Stanley, yielding her lover to another, proves a noble figure.

Sir Lionel Glemham, whose mother has been a Romany, is kidnapped from Oxford by Perun Stanley, a disappointed rival, already guilty of the murder of Lionel's father. Dr. Robert Watson, a charlatan of greater powers than Katerfelto, seeks to marry off Lionel by force to a daughter, who poses as a descendant of the Stuarts; and at the same time he plots to disembarrass himself of his Gypsy accomplice. Sir Lionel, drugged and bound, is carried to Wales in a Gypsy caravan, and the climax of his woes is reached when Perun, having dug his grave, gives way to Dr. Watson, come to count out the sixty seconds of life that alone shall be his. At the fifty-ninth, the courageous Sagul Stanley swings aloft a ponderous tent-mallet and crushes the villain's skull. Lionel is released; the body of Watson is flung into the grave ; and the drunken Perun, returning in the dusk, covers it over, supposing it to be the corpse of Lionel.

Then Sagul conducts the young man to Edinburgh, where for months she nurses him through illness. He recovers, but merely to feel a deep aversion to his rescuer. Generously she leaves him, having prepared for his reunion with Marjory Avenel, and when she summons him back to her side, it is only as she lies dying in her tent.

Other Gypsies, notably the mercurial Wanselo, are in the picture; and, despite the touch of melodrama, Gypsy life is drawn with fidelity. Dr. Watson is represented as a grandson of the actual adventurer of that name who illumined Napoleonic times. Tales of the rascally prowess of Watson the first are often in the mouth of his descendant, who in particular rejoices to tell of his having outwitted that other rogue of reality, Thomas Griffiths Wainewright.

The same author's "In Gipsy Tents" (1880) and "Gypsy Folk Tales" (1899) defend the children of Egypt from many of the charges brought against them, and point the resemblance in their folk-lore to that of other races. Roguery, in Groome's view, is no more a concomitant of Gypsy blood than is virtue; for if such a story as "The Two Thieves" be popular among Romanies, it has its counterpart in the Rhampsinitus story of Herodotus, and in "The Master Thief Tale," so widely spread through Europe.

Certainly, roguery is not involved in Matthew Arnold's "Scholar-Gipsy," or to any extent in George Meredith's "Adventures of Harry Richmond" (1897), where the vivacious Kiomi early protects the hero from the pursuit of a schoolmaster. She comes of a Hampshire tribe, to which she is returning from a visit, in company with a band of mumpers. Harry joins the nomads, exchanges fisticuffs with Kiomi like Lavengro with Isopel Berners, but is presently reclaimed by his grandfather. Henceforth, the Gypsies are seen in the background, emerging but once in a mistaken assault upon Harry. This nearly costs him his life, yet it affords Kiomi the traditional opportunity of tending him in illness.

It is Theodore Watts-Dunton, however, who has best achieved the romantic apotheosis of the Gypsy without neglecting actual Romany traits. "Aylwin" (1898) describes with mystic charm a lover's loss of his beloved, his quest for her, and their reunion through the devotion of Sinfi Lovell, who conceals her own passion for the hero.

Winifred Wynne, a Welsh girl, whose rascal father desecrates the grave of her lover's father, and calls down a curse on her innocent soul, wanders away in a trance to beg in the London streets and to pose as a painter's model. In vain Henry Aylwin seeks her among Gypsies and gorgios, beholding her set forth on the canvas of the dreamer Wilderspin, or tracing her to the slums and to grotesque Mrs. Gudgeon. There he hears of her death, but the report proves false, for Winifred has been rescued by D'Arcy, an artist. Her strange hysteria, a physical manifestation of the curse, is now assumed voluntarily by her Gypsy friend, Sinfi Lovell. Among the Welsh mountains, in a scene theatrically prepared, Sinfi restores to Aylwin his Winifred, and then goes her way alone.

This novel is noteworthy as an artistic exposition of the author's gospel of the Renascence of Wonder,[1] and as containing veiled portraits of distinguished poets and painters; but not less remarkable is its use of the Gypsies. Without the glamour thrown upon them by Borrow, "Aylwin" could never have been; but Borrow is at heart a realist, Watts-Dunton an idealist. The Gypsies of the latter, speaking the same jargon as Borrow's vagabonds, and presenting many identical traits, lack their refreshing moral obliquity. The sophistry of primitive natures, the inability to set orthodox limits between right and wrong, so characteristic of the actual Gypsy and of Borrow's presentation of the type, is absent from "Aylwin," as well as from Watts-Dunton's interesting poem, "The Coming of Love: Rhona Boswell's Story" (1897). The Borrovian dialogue remains, but its purpose in exposing distorted moral conceptions is gone. Here is no Ursula or Jasper Petulengro to justify cheating the gorgios, poisoning cattle, beating one's wife, or killing the chi who has married out of her caste. The thing itself may be done as in the poem, where Rhona, wedded to Percy Aylwin, is slain by her outraged tribe; but the perverted logic back of the deed is never dissected. Herne the Scollard, the Gypsy rival of Percy, is simply a jealous villain drowned in a scuffle with his sweetheart; and Rhona and Sinfi, however vital, remain heroines of ideal perfection. So roguery, which is almost inseparable from Borrow's realistic portrayal of the Gypsy, gives place in the work of the latest of gypsologists to romantic nobility.

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[1] Cf. Watts-Dunton's *The Renascence of Wonder: A Treatise on the Romantic Movement* (1903).

3. *Boy Life*

Light-hearted roguery has been associated with boyhood ever since the Spaniards first fashioned picaresque fiction. The youthful pranks of a Lazarillo, a Tristan l'Hermite, a Jack Wilton, or a Colonel Jack, have differed but little from one another, or from those of Smollett's or Marryat's anti-heroes. Of late, however, the range of boyish roguery has been enlarged to include a wider variety of types. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy," or Arthur Stringer's "Lonely O'Malley," with their mild mischief, are at a far remove from the vulgar and well-nigh malicious practical joking of George Wilbur Peck's "Peck's Bad Boy and His Pa," "Peck's Bad Boy and the Groceryman," and other stories. Morrison's "A Child of the Jago," in its repellent representation of criminal boyhood in the London slums, contrasts with the romantic exploits of the Parisian waif in Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Adventures of François." Such a tramp's "prushun" as Flynt's "Little Brother," or the Australian street arab in Farjeon's "Grif," has little in common with Mark Twain's romantic Tom Canty in "The Prince and the Pauper" (1882).

The latter, with its charming if improbable change of places between Tom and Edward VI of England, draws most of its low-life direct from "The English Rogue." The outcast king, stretched upon his pallet in Offal Court or forced to maund with the cadgers, listens to the cant first chronicled by Copland and Harman, and associates with vagabonds, whose names and functions were described by Dekker and Head. At the same time, his pauper double accepts the adulation of courtiers at Whitehall with a strangely easy conscience, yet welcomes at last the real king's return.

Far more natural, however, are Mark Twain's American boys first introduced in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" (1876). Tom's pranks upon his Aunt Polly, his scrapes at school, his masquerading as Robin Hood and the Black Avenger of the Spanish Main are in the picaresque manner, although the roguery scarcely extends beyond the smartness of his inducing others to do his whitewashing. He is romantic as well as mischievous, and together with Huck Finn witnesses the murder of the physician by his accomplices in grave-robbing, and in a haunted house sees the unearthing of buried gold by Indian Joe. At the murder trial Tom rallies to the rescue of the innocent, at school he takes the chastisement due to Becky Thatcher, and when lost in the cave he protects her. Even prosaic Huck plays the hero, too, preserving the Widow Douglas from the half-breed's revenge, although he cannot endure the gratitude of her civilizing process, and lapses again into vagabondage.

"Tom Sawyer Abroad" (1894) shifts the merry pair to a fantastic plane and eliminates roguery, for their balloon journey to the Sahara and their adventures at the Pyramids and Mt. Sinai compose a farrago of nonsense. But in "Tom Sawyer, Detective" (1882) realism and roguery rule, although it is Tom and Huck who pose as heroic unravelers of fraud, while the rascals are the Dunlaps. A diamond robbery and a murder, the concealing of gems in a pair of boot heels, circumstantial evidence against the innocent, and the resemblance between twins, constitute the elements of mystery derived from the records of a Swedish criminal trial.

It is in "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" (1885), however, that boyish roguery is at its best. Huck, the town pariah, is a rogue with limitations. Although ready in lies, deceits, and disguises, and a petty thief, he is sound at heart. He scruples at helping to steal a "nigger;" he cannot bring himself to join with professional rogues in a swindle of moment; he protects the weak, and is loyal to his friends. To the Don Quixote of the imaginative Tom Sawyer, he plays a delightful Sancho.

After the pair's exploits with their robber band, Huck is kept prisoner in the woods by his drunken Pap, but escapes to become the Robinson Crusoe of Jackson's Island. Here he discovers a Man Friday in the person of Miss Watson's Nigger Jim, run away from bondage. When pursuit menaces, they set off down the Mississippi on a raft, tying up in shady coverts by day, and slipping easily along by night. They forage for poultry, lift booty from a floating house, relieve of their spoils a trio of scoundrels on a wreck, and are run into by a steamboat. Then Huck, who has swum ashore, enjoys the hospitality of the Grangerfords, and witnesses the tragic progress of their feud with the Shepherdsons. Later, he rejoins Jim, and they save two rogues from the wrath of those they have victimized. The younger professes to be the Duke of Bridgewater, and the elder declares himself the late dauphin, now rightful king of France. Installed on the raft, the rascals exact of its navigators the respect due their rank, and play the towns they pass for a living. Fraud succeeds fraud as the raft drifts south, until they sell off Jim on the sly. But the faithful Huck discovers his black friend, held in durance by an uncle of Tom Sawyer's.

Tom himself appears, come for a visit; land though it is a simple matter to set Jim free, Tom for the romance of the thing multiplies the difficulties of effecting his release, and provides him with every accessory to misery enjoyed by famous prisoners of history and of fiction. At last, when the family is terrified and Jim is bewildered, they escape, pursued by a vigilance committee. But Tom is shot and brought back to recover, and only then does he confess that he knew from the first of Jim's having been freed by Miss Watson before her death.

If Huck Finn is delightful as a matter-of-fact rogue, and Tom Sawyer as a romantic one, and if both are little more than mild mischief-makers, the king and the duke are arrant picaros equal to any swindle. His Majesty fills his pockets at a camp-meeting by confessing himself a pirate suddenly converted. As Edmund Kean the Elder, he impersonates Juliet, despite his beard, and then enacts the Royal Nonesuch, *in naturalibus*, striped with paint. The duke conducts a printing office in its owner's absence, appears on the boards as Garrick the Younger, disguises Jim as a sick Arab to frighten off the inquisitive, and acts the deaf-mute in the pair's most distinguished bit of rascality. This is their posing as the English heirs of Peter Wilkins just deceased, a fraud which fails through Huck's interference, and the appearance of the true heirs. Their later exploits include temperance lecturing, the management of a dancing school, doctoring, and fortune-telling. The last that Huck sees of them they are tarred and feathered, each riding a rail in a torchlight procession. Few books in the range of picaresque literature can equal this in pure fun, and it is deserving of praise for its fidelity to boyhood and to a phase of American life now passed away.

Another type of mild rogue rising superior to dishonest surroundings is happily shown in S. R. Crockett's "Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City" (1896). Cleg is a smart youngster of the Edinburgh slums, whose father is a burglar and a brute. Cleg comes to hate his ways, steals his housebreaking tools, and, when their owner is sent to prison for a year, dances a hornpipe for joy. Unlike the normal rogue, he makes friends with the police, to whom he turns over his father's pilferings; and through admiration for a fair mission worker he seeks honest employment in delivering papers.

Closely associated with Cleg's career is that of Vara Kavanagh who has her small brothers to care for, and her drunken mother to avoid. Cleg champions Vara, and enters the service of a demented general whom he protects against robbery at the hands of his father and of Vara's mother. Both meet their deserts, and Cleg, profiting by the fabulous bequest of his patron, marries his sweetheart. Roguery is throughout at a discount, and the realism of dialect and of slum life is modified by humor and by sentiment. Such is the case, too, with Crockett's parallel tale, "Fishers of Men" (1906), which relates the story of Kid McGhie, whose mother, Mad Mag, is terrorized by her second husband, "Knifer" Jackson, the burglar.

The hero of Kipling's "Kim" (1901) is an adventurous waif, son of an Irishman and a native woman, who being engaged to serve a pious lama, wanders over India, keeping faith with his master, but knowing no scruples in tricking others. He falls in with government spies, is trained to the service, and grows proficient in stealing the papers of Russian and French intriguers. But at best he is only part picaro, his thefts being justified politically, and the zest of adventure, rather than avarice, leading him on.

In "The Little Brother, a Story of Tramp Life" (1902) Josiah Flynt [Willard] describes with pathos the adventures of eight-year-old Benny Myrtaugh, who runs away from his supposed sister, Janet, and becomes the "prushun," or begging apprentice, of West Virginia Blackie.

Life on the road, in tramp hangouts, and in durance, brings its joys and its griefs to the boy. Imprisonment among professional criminals in a county jail shows him the distinction between the crook and the tramp. At last, he falls from a car and lies dying. Oregon Slim volunteers to carry the tidings to Janet. By dint of desperate riding on the trucks of freights and express trains he succeeds, though it costs him his life. In the hobo camp Janet finds her boy, only to lose him, and in Blackie she recognizes the boy's father, whose desertion years before has left her to rear his child as a brother. She has supposed herself legally married, but Blackie, the snarer of his own son, in contrition confesses their marriage to have been a trick. So, at last, Janet is free to accept the honest lover whose protection, accorded without hope of reward, has long been her only resource.

Boy life romantically treated figures in I. Hooper's "His Grace o' the Gunne" (1898), the story of a Restoration rogue engaged by a wicked nobleman to poison the young cripple who blocks his way to an estate.

Lurlin Kirke, son of an unknown gentleman and of a thief, is brought up among thieves at "The Gunne Inn," and gains the title of His Grace by the loftiness of his bearing. Sent into Devonshire to masquerade as tutor and companion to his intended victim, Lurlin repents; and, though he steals the family's jewels, he later restores them, and plays the good angel to his benefactors. He slays in a duel the nobleman who has engaged him to do murder, and who threatens the honor of Madam Celia; he saves the life of that lady, under sentence for witchcraft, by changing clothes with her in prison, and going to the pyre. His accomplices have earlier sought revenge upon him for forsaking their cause, stringing him up to a tree with a dagger through his hands; and he is rescued now in the nick of time, to become steward of the Challoner estates.

The story put in his mouth smacks of the antique, and the thieves' cant of the earlier chapters is drawn from Elizabethan sources and from "The English Rogue."

Best of all such romantic studies of roguish boyhood is Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Adventures of François" (1898), with its scene in the France of the Revolution, and its anti-hero a merry foundling and choir-boy turned street arab.

In the *Île de la Cité*, "the refuge of the finest assortment of thieves, bravos, Gypsies, and low women to be found in any capital of Europe," François lodges with Mme. Quatre Pattes, the fence and thief-taker; and with Toto, his poodle, plies a lively trade. Toto is sold and resold, only to slip back each time to his master. He can carry off a dinner or keep small booty concealed in his mouth, and feign sleep. François himself is quick with his hands and adroit in his practice on snuff boxes. When he saves a juggler accused of robbery by picking his pocket, the grateful charlatan teaches him juggling, card-tricks, and palmistry, but soon the juggler turns Jacobin, and François and Toto fall back on their thieving.

The rescue of a gentleman beset by brigands introduces the boy to a swordsman, and he becomes master of the foils at Gamel's *salle d'armes*. But Gamel is implicated in a Royalist plot; Citizen Amar, who comes to investigate, is wounded by the Marquis de Ste. Luce; and François flees into the country. There he robs the Jacobin who imprisons him, escapes, warns Ste. Luce of a plot to pillage his château, and holds with him a staircase against a howling mob. Soon he is hiding in the woods, and then reënters Paris, carried past the guards disguised as a wounded veteran. Miserable dodging follows, until being denounced as an *emigré* by the old witch, Quatre Pattes, he is haled to prison to await his turn for the guillotine. But he succeeds in being made a spy, clips off the name of his friend Ste. Luce from the condemned list, and finally secures release. Then he entraps the treacherous Quatre Pattes in a net of her own devising, but being pursued escapes to the catacombs. Here he leads through dangers to safety a party of noble refugees, and when they emerge, it is to find the Terror past, and the reaction set in.

François's latter days are honest and easy, for he becomes the servant of those he has saved. Henceforth he is relieved from the necessity of thieving, yet he glories in his former pilferings, sympathizes with the Bonapartes as the most magnificent of thieves, and dies, advising the priest who administers the last rites, that "the left-hand pocket is the safer; we look not there."

4. *The New Realism*

The new realism is distinguished by the variety of its range and purpose. It examines all levels of society in all parts of the world. It records its observations with the impartiality of the scientist, with philanthropic zeal, with irony, or with satire. Cosmopolitan in subject and manifold in aims, it varies widely in quality. Now it wins a hearing by fidelity to prosaic fact; now it surprises by revealing aspects of life unfamiliar; now it shocks by portraying social evils.

Of late, pictures of life in the slums have been especially given to setting forth roguery with realism. Sir Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" (1882), reporting a social experiment among the wretched of Whitechapel, revived that humanitarian interest in the lives of the poor first strongly voiced in the novels of Dickens. George Gissing has followed with fictions pointing to rascality as an inevitable outcome of the struggle for existence among the hopelessly poor. His first novel, "The Unclassed" (1884), had for heroine a woman of the streets. His "Demos" (1886) analyzed the influence of socialism upon the workers, and chronicled the fall from grace of a toiler suddenly grown wealthy. "Thyrza" (1887) gave the history of a factory girl, and "The Netherworld" (1889), in all but two of its characters, showed creatures vicious or shiftless.

Clara Hewitt, a barmaid, runs away with a clerk, turns actress, and is vitriol-scarred by a rival. Pennyloaf Candy, the child of a gin-soaked mother, marries brutal Hewitt, who falls to coining, and dies in jail after a futile attempt to escape. Joseph Snowdon plots to gain a relative's money, but dissipates the inheritance and dies miserably. And Clem Peckover, the shrew made cruel by poverty, who marries Snowdon for the sake of his property, is prepared to deceive and desert him at need, when she is deceived and deserted herself. Then she urges her former lover to get rid of her husband and of his wife by fair means or foul, and, appealing in vain to her mother for sympathy, retaliates with poison, and enters prison.

Roguery like this can show little in common with the gallant rascality of a Turpin or with the subtle wiles of a Raffles, yet who shall venture to deny such a novel some affiliation with the genre launched in Spain ere the birth of sympathy with the miserable poor?

While Gissing in his later volumes, "The Whirlpool" and "The Charlatan," inclined to deal with the vices of a higher society, there has been no lack of those bent upon supplementing his earlier examinations of low-life. Apart from such kindly studies as Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto" (1892) and Elizabeth Robins's sketches of doings among servants in "Below the Salt" (1896), or Annie Wakeman's "Autobiography of a Charwoman" (1900), all of which are remote enough from roguery, the squalid, vicious, or unfortunate poor have been subjected to the scrutiny of many literary observers. Some have modified realistic fidelity with humorous optimism and an appreciation of worthy low-life traits. To this class belong the tales of Edwin William Pugh and of William Pett Ridge, Edith Ostlere's "From the Seven Dials" (1898), Miss G. T. Kimmins's "Polly of Parker's Rents" (1899), Richard Whiteing's "No. 5 John Street" (1899), W. J. Wintle's "Paradise Row" (1896), depicting low-life in Leeds, and American stories of the type of J. W. Sullivan's "Tenement Tales of New York" (1895), Owen Kildare's "My Mamie Rose" and "The Wisdom of the Simple" (1905), and O. Henry's "The Four Million" (1906).

Realism less qualified by sentiment marks St. John Adcock's "East End Idylls" (1897) and "In the Image of God" (1898), A. F. Sanborn's "Meg McIntyre's Raffle, and Other Stories" (1896), containing such studies of the depraved as "A Lodging-

House Bum" and "Episodes in the Career of Shuffles." Still more harsh in their piling up of the horrors of poverty enforcing to crime are Stephen Crane's "Bowery Tales" (1900), W. S. Maugham's "Liza of Lambeth" (1897),— leaves from the life of a wretched factory girl, — and the studies of Arthur Morrison.

As for Morrison, no photographs of the London slums have been so faithful or so free from sentimentalism as his. Residence in the quarter and connection with a charity trust provided material for sketches that began to appear in the magazines in 1891, to be later collected as "Tales of Mean Streets" (1894). Here poverty and vice are the themes rather than professional crime. In "Lizerunt" a girl of eighteen marries a loafer supported by his mother's mangling. She is turned out of the pickle-factory before the birth of her third child, to be beaten by her husband. He abuses his mother till she dies, and then to compensate for a diminished income drives his wife forth to walk the streets. Occasionally, as in "A Conversion," humor softens a grim purpose. Scuddy Lond, the thief, fertile in excuses for wrongdoing, feels himself converted at a Salvation Army meeting. He emerges in high religious ecstasy to snatch the day's earnings from an old cripple peddling trotters at the door.

Morrison's "To London Town" (1899), which traces the history of a family of the docks, shows less distrust of emotion and a better grade of society, and his "Cunning Murrel" (1900) departs still further from repulsive roguery in its Essex witch-finder, only half convinced of his powers and accordingly half a picaro. The author's pessimistic realism is at its darkest, however, in "A Child of the Jago" (1896).

> Here Dicky Perrott, a vagabond of the London slums, grows up a thief and, being ousted from his one honest employment by an avaricious fence, relapses into roguery, and dies in a street brawl. His personal fortunes are subordinate in interest to the social conditions among

which he lives. The Jago is a nursery of crime. Those born or lapsed into it are doomed. The East End Elevation Mission may appeal to neat clerks and smart artisans, but to the clever ones of the Jago it offers only a field for pocket-picking. The County Council may erect barrack dwellings and tear down the vermin-seething rookeries, but the unreclaimed prefer to move farther out, carrying Jago vice with them. Even good Father Sturt, the fighting philanthropist, declares the thing to be hopeless; and the surgeon who ushers into the world a new brother for Dicky cries: "Here lies the Jago, a nest of rats, breeding, breeding, as only rats can; and we say it is well. On high moral grounds we uphold the right of rats to multiply their thousands. Sometimes we catch a rat. And we keep it a little while, nourish it carefully, and put it back into the nest to propagate its kind."

Dicky's mother, though born to better things, yields to the inevitable. His father pockets the bishop's watch which the boy has clicked, and belts him for it. Coming home from street fights, he tucks his bloody bludgeon beneath a loose floor-board, and curses his family. At "The Bag of Nails" he dances attendance upon the high mobsmen. After many robberies he negotiates with the coffee-house fence to purchase his latest swag, but Weech sells him out to the police. Lagged for five years, and released within four because of good conduct, he returns to the Jago to hack his enemy to death with a case knife, and then to be hanged for it.

Dicky is only less brutal because younger. He delights to pummel a hunchback, to ply metal fence bars on the heads of the Dove-Laners, and to engage in all treachery. But what can be expected of one raised among cosh-carriers, — bullies armed with iron rods for stunning the strangers lured home by the prowling sirens of the Jago? He is bred up to violence. He sees his mother's face scored with the jagged points of a broken bottle. He looks on when old Biddy Flynn is robbed and rolled in the gutter by loafers, and when a wagon driver is stripped and beaten insensible. His friends are spirits of evil, of whom Kiddo Cook and Pigeony Poll the harlot alone reform.

The only relief in this story of sickening horrors is Dicky's affection for a donkey and for his baby sister, and the incident of his stealing a music box as a peace offering to the Ropers, victims of his own and of their neighbors' thefts.

A South London rogue is the anti-hero of Clarence Rook's

"Hooligan Nights" (1899), which reports in flash a series of interviews with a youth of Irish Court.

> His father deserts on hearing of his advent, and his mother finds solace in an acrobat-burglar. Alf rises from the nicking of livestock, fan-light jumping, and counterfeit-passing to housebreaking. As page to a toff he induces a maid-servant to aid him in cleaning out their master's house, forgetting, however, to share the profits. Yet at times he is magnanimous. Once, while cracking a crib, he cares for a strangling baby; and again he trounces the Frenchman who has insulted a slavey. The slavey is Alice, whose father is a bookmaker, and whose mother loves the cup. When Alf objects to the rivalry of Ginger and blacks Alice's eyes, she only admires him the more, and they are married at a time convenient for abstracting the bookmaker's pony and cart. The ring is pilfered; even the parson's fee is not paid; yet Alf contemplates a half reformation. With a stolen pony and barrow he will hawk vegetables honestly enough, provided he can pick up his stock for nothing.

Of more importance than Alf's story are his dissertations upon the phases of his trade. He describes tricks as old as those of the jest-books, dilates upon methods of burglary and police evasion, and provides information of the same character as that contained in the anatomies of roguery.

Where Morrison in a mood of despair has laid bare the ulcer of East London vice, and Rook has shown up Lambeth rascality, declaring, "I am not responsible for the universe; and if under the present conditions of life a Lambeth boy can get more fun by going sideways than by going straight, I cannot help it," William Pett Ridge looks upon moral lapses among Cockneys of a better class with indulgent optimism. He studies individuals rather than the groups that constitute a condition, surrounds his rogues with the virtuous, and finds in them elements of nobility. Humor and sympathy determine his attitude, and the worst of his delinquents is capable of sentiment and self-sacrifice.

Thus, "Mord Em'ly" (1898) follows the fortunes of the daughter of a convict and a charwoman, who undergoes picaresque experiences as domestic servant and eating-house waitress. "A Son of the State" (1899) chronicles the rise of a Hoxton waif from roguery to honest sailordom. In "Outside the Radius" (1899) and in "London Only" (1901) are offered amusing sketches of low and of middle-class life; and "A Breaker of Laws" (1900) tells the story of a burglar in love.

Alfred Bateson, who robs the lady philanthropist for whom his sweetheart works, endeavors for the sake of the latter to give over his trade. His faithful friend, William Finnis, a middle-class Major Dobbin, has gone wooing with the burglar and stands by him in every emergency. His little wife believes him a prodigy of virtue and is carefully kept in ignorance of the truth when Bateson, after again yielding to temptation, is sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. Through the kindly deception of Finnis she believes him dead, and when he returns to find her happy with her boy under the protection of her former mistress, and still idealizing him, he goes away that her dream may not be broken.

William Ladd, an old pal in burglary, his cheerful sister, and Mrs. Fayres, the choleric fence who betrays Bateson at his refusal of her exorbitant terms for his stolen van-load of watches, are the other picaresque characters. Bateson himself in his devotion to Caroline and to little Trafalgar, in his humor, patience, and generosity, in his lack of conscience, and in his infidelity even to his best friend, is a very human mixture of good and evil, far removed from the savage brutes drawn by Morrison.

Morley Roberts has depicted London below the surface in "Maurice Quain" (1897), and George Moore has exploited English low-life more broadly with humanitarian purpose in such stories as "A Mummer's Wife" (1884), "Evelyn Innes" (1898), and "Esther Waters" (1894), the last an idyl of horse-racing gentry. The foremost of American realists, William Dean Howells, has studied the American defaulter with dispassionate skill in "The Quality of Mercy" (1892), a novel concerned not at all with roguery, but careful in its analysis of the states of mind of an embezzler who has vainly hoped to retrieve his past in Canada. "The Rise of Silas Lapham" (1885) faintly recalls the picaresque scheme in its tracing of the various fortunes in the career of a self-made man. That the author has recognized the remote connection with a Spanish source there can be little doubt, for in his pleasant confessions, entitled "My Literary Passions" (1895), he records his early "rapturous delight in a certain Spanish book" — "Lazarillo de Tormes," — and his having even projected its translation. "I am sure," he continues, "that the intending author of American fiction would do well to study the Spanish picaresque novels; for in their simplicity of design he will find one of the best forms for an American story. The intrigue of close texture will never suit our conditions, which are so loose and open and variable; each man's life among us is a romance of the Spanish model, if it is the life of a man who has risen, as we nearly all have, with many ups and downs."[1]

More militant and less literary realism marks a series of American fictions that arouse interest as reflecting phases of home-bred rascality. Official corruption is the theme of Francis Lynde's "The Grafters" (1904). Here a corporation lawyer fights single-handed a political ring, and delivers his final blow by luring the "grafters" aboard a special train, then run at break-neck speed across a state frontier. The fallibility and vice of the police are exposed by Josiah Flynt [Willard] and

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[1] *My Literary Passions*, p. 139; cf., also, Mr. Howells's praise of *Don Quixote*, pp. 26, 27. On re-reading *Don Quixote* at fifty, he says, "The greatness of the book seemed to me greater than ever. I believe that its free and simple design, where event follows event without the fettering control of intrigue, but where all grows naturally out of character and conditions, is the supreme form of fiction; and I cannot help thinking that if we ever have a great American novel it must be built up on some such large and noble lines."

Francis Walton [Alfred Hodder] in "The Powers that Prey" (1900), a volume of short stories intended to destroy the romanticist's conceptions of the wholly astute detective and of the wholly black criminal. The only efficient detectives are the spies and traitors of the criminal classes forcibly manipulated by the police. When the friend of a politician is robbed, the police set two innocent crooks on the trail of the thief, threatening arrest on old scores if he be not forthcoming, and promising immunities as a reward. Detective Minick, who wins fame in the papers as a second Sherlock Holmes, secures a handsome reward by such means, and through his emissaries in prison extorts money from convicts for favors accorded. Once he conspires in the escape of a convict who has hidden his plunder and has offered to share it. When the prize is in hand Minick draws a revolver and threatens to take the poor devil back to his cell unless he name his accomplice. But having extorted the name, Minick knocks its giver senseless, and returns him to prison in triumph. A rogue, who has incurred a police captain's hatred, suffers for a murder he never committed, even though the actual offender in dying has confessed to the captain. The mayor of an Ohio town shares with gamblers who operate in the wake of a circus, and the futility of reform politics is laughed at in the story of a crook who secures the position of chief of detectives in order to plunder a bank. Most of the tales are coldly cynical, and the generosity of Peggie Niven, an expert in male impersonation, is unique.

The dishonesty of police, of prison authorities, and of men prominent in affairs is the text of Julian Hawthorne's "Confessions of a Convict" (1893). A ruined banker engages a burglar to break into his safes on the promise of fifty thousand dollars to be found there. But he leaves only seven hundred and victimizes his directors by declaring his bank to have been robbed of hundreds of thousands. A criminal lawyer extorts a fortune from his client as the price of buying a favorable opinion from his father, the judge. Jailers grow sleek by supplying inferior food and medicines to the "zebus," and the police levy contributions on their criminal dependents, and hand over recalcitrants as scape-goats for the complacent.

Hutchins Hapgood in "The Autobiography of a Thief" (1903) edits the reminiscences of a crook who has spent half his days in prison. He is a rogue with a taste for letters, an admirer of Becky Sharp and Barry Lyndon, and a critic of the improbable brutality of Sikes. But his own narrative is as crude and inartistic as Josiah Flynt's "Rise of Ruderick Clowd," of the same year.

This Ruderick is a child of shame early inducted into the mysteries of "fobbin'." Sent to a reform school, he organizes an escape, and is adopted by a gang. So rapid is his rise that the queen of Chicago's underworld falls in love with him, and robs a bank merely to attest her devotion. But Ruderick, at the head of a mob of his own, is informed upon by rivals, and goes to the penitentiary. Eight years of prison prepare him to live more desperately on his release. He loots a bank by posing as a detective on the watch for crooks, and with the connivance of a watchman and the police effects a bond robbery. In England he serves a fence who operates by means of a luxurious yacht. After four years of prison the adventurer returns to America with a distaste for foreign shores.

Ruderick's regeneration begins with his refusal to commit arson in an attempted insurance swindle. His last imprisonment in a Mississippi "stir" is marked by good conduct. He returns to New York, and marrying his honest landlady, becomes in rogue parlance "a dead one."

There is as little plan and form in this story as in the tales of Defoe. Occasionally Ruderick happens upon a relative, but nothing ever comes of it. Usually he remains unaware of the relationship, and dramatic possibilities are thereby sacrificed. Thus, he robs unwittingly the warehouse of his own father;

and the clerk he refuses to burn is his half-brother. In his love affairs he exhibits neither constancy nor affection. Of character he shows no trace, and his retirement from thieving is chiefly the result of a conviction that it does not pay.

Such realism is harsh and unliterary, but that tinged with satire harks back to Thackeray for guidance, and embraces in its objects of assault the single type or profession, and the social group. An example of the latter is E. F. Benson's "Mammon and Co." (1899), a satire upon high-life, distantly descended from the old picaresque tale. To be sure, the rogues are no longer clad in rags; nor do they beg or pick pockets for a living. Yet they gamble and cheat, launch fleets of paper companies, make love to other men's wives, and when in want of money, instead of being haled before a magistrate as vagabonds, entertain princes and give the best of balls.

> The psalm-singing swindler Alington, with his pretended gold mines, installs his Swiss valet as a gentleman in his Melbourne house to control the market. He knows that Chavasse is his creature, for having once detected him in opening the door to burglars, Alington has only to threaten handing him over to the police to exact implicit obedience.
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> Lady Conybeare and her husband are among the swindler's victims, but there is little to choose in virtue among them. Kit may detect Alington's cheating at baccarat, yet she falls into the same practice herself. Lord Comber's attentions to her are valued at first for the presents they bring; and it is only when Jack's younger brother and his wife interfere that Jack discovers how near Kit has been to eloping with the present-giver. It is "Vanity Fair" revamped and made smart.

A similar novel is "Emmanuel Burden, Merchant" (1904), by Hilaire Belloc, wherein the rascality of company-promoting and of "empire-building" is exposed with a brilliant irony that further satirizes the conventional biography of the successful merchant.

The opposite variety of individual and professional satire is illustrated by Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Autobiography of a Quack" (1900), a confession of scoundrelism in the ironical spirit of "Barry Lyndon."

> Dr. Sandcraft, dying in the Massachusetts General Hospital, pens the story of his life, convinced that the world has used him ill, yet unconsciously revealing his roguery. A malicious boyhood is capped by thievery at Princeton. "During my junior year," he says, "I became unpopular, and as I was very cautious I cannot see why." Hazing and practical jests he eschews. "I have never been guilty of any of those pieces of wanton wickedness which injure the feelings of others while they lead to no useful result."
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> Equipped for the medical profession in short order, he begins questionable practice in an unsavory quarter of Philadelphia. Now he mistakes measles for smallpox, and is disgraced by running away; now he conspires to prevent a marriage by convincing a patient that she is consumptive; and now he plays coroner, and pretends a post-mortem to oblige a poisoner and to satisfy his victim's sister that her brother died a natural death. After successful swindling as a homœopathist, he is forced by a burglar patron to interest himself in the case of his friend, the poisoner, who has been condemned to be hanged. He pretends his ability to cut a hole in File's windpipe which will allow of his resuscitation after hanging, and barely escapes with his life when the lie is discovered. In St. Louis new quackery proves profitable. He returns to the East to enjoy dissipation, to rob his aunt of her savings, to engage in schemes against the government during the Civil War, and to be swindled himself and then imprisoned for having feigned fits to escape military service after plentiful enlistments and desertions productive of bounty money. When the doctors declare him fatally ill, he thinks it such a trick as he himself might have played. But he dreams of a sister he has impoverished as "a shameless, worn creature with great sad eyes," and suddenly, as he sees again the phantom of the curly-headed boy he once was, the pen falls from his hand.

The realism that is designed primarily to entertain or to subserve the ends of art, without regard to a serious social or moral purpose, colors much of the contemporary literature of roguery. It is to be seen in such a veritable autobiography as Ralph

Keeler's "Vagabond Adventures" (1870), describing the author's vicissitudes as runaway, boot-black, cabin-boy, and minstrel performer aboard steamers upon the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, and as student in a Jesuit College. It appears also in fictional narratives like J. D. Burn's "Autobiography of a Beggar Boy" (1855); Isaac K. Friedmann's "Autobiography of a Beggar" (1903), which is "prefaced by some of the humorous adventures and incidents related in the Beggar's Club;" Charles Hindley's "Life and Adventures of a Cheap Jack" (1881, 2d ed.), the curious and rambling account of an itinerant fakir; and M. G. Mitton's "Scamp" (1905), the narrative of a dog of the streets, captured by poachers, sold to a counterfeiter, passed from roguish master to roguish master, till at last made happy by a kind mistress.

Such realism is obvious in Bret Harte's tales of the mining camps, with their rascally characters redeemed by generous impulses,— courtesans, gamblers, drunkards, and thieves, envisaged with humor and pathos in the manner of Dickens. It appears in Tom Gallon's "Rogue in Love" (1900), where a jailed anti-hero turns honest after playing the guardian angel to his innocent fellow captive; and it marks Eleanor Frances Poynter's "My Little Lady" (1870), describing the experiences of the daughter of a Belgian gambler, and Margaret Louisa Woods's "The Vagabonds" (1894), picturing the life of a circus on tour. It figures in Lily Dougall's "Beggars All" (1891), where the heroine finds herself married to a thief; and in Ethel Watts Mumford's "Dupes" (1901), whose hero assists a religious adventuress to establish a sisterhood of contemplation, only to discover his own sweetheart entering the fold in good faith.

To this group belongs Edmund Yates's "Black Sheep" (1867), elaborating a murder mystery, in which suspicion is diverted from the actual criminal to an innocent ne'er-do-well by the former's brilliantly unscrupulous wife. A comedy counterpart is Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Prudence Palfrey" (1874), for here Cool Dick of Tuolumne County, having robbed John Dent in the Montana mines, reappears as the dashing young parson of Rivermouth, making love to Dent's sweetheart, and producing a pal to announce her lover's death.

Dr. Weir Mitchell's "New Samaria" (1905) in a similar spirit relates the story of a New York banker forced through accident into trampdom, and befriended by "a dog of picaresque habits" and by a fellow vagabond to whom he had earlier refused an alms. W. E. Norris in "The Rogue" (1888) details the case of another misjudged victim, who supposing himself a widower, courts a widow, and is exposed for a gay deceiver. Although coincidences and sensational situations abound in George R. Sims's "Rogues and Vagabonds" (1885), the novel takes realistic standing by virtue of its many low-life scenes and by the characterization of such rascals as Preene, Heckett, and Marston. The last, as anti-hero, divides interest with the hero, wrongfully convicted of robbery; but the moralities are duly safeguarded by the ultimate misery and death of the rogue and by the escape from jail of George Heritage, who on being exonerated regains his estate. J. H. Crawford in his "Autobiography of a Tramp" (1900) gives in dialogue episodes from the lives of English nomads occupied in basket-making, peddling, poaching, fortune-telling, and in the operation of a puppet-show; and Major Arthur Griffiths, in "Criminals I Have Known" (1895), tells sixty sketchy stories of more sordid rascaldom.

With greater sentiment David Christie Murray, in "A Rogue's Conscience" (1899), describes the escape of a London counterfeiter to a British Columbia mining town where he experiences a change of heart. For the sight of a family in poverty as the result of his knavery touches his conscience, and an experience in being robbed of a valuable claim brings home to him still further the significance of theft. Accordingly, he passes the lesson along by stealing the fortune of his pal and then returning it with a homely apologue of the skunk endowed at length with the sense of smell.

This vein of rogue realism has been cultivated also by Richard Harding Davis. His "Gallegher" (1891) presents green-goods men and burglars, and in "the disreputable Mr. Raegan," creates a sympathetic criminal who succumbs to the wiles of a baby while eluding police pursuit. "Van Bibber, and Others" (1892) describes Hefty Burke's revenge upon the officer that has unjustly jailed him, and pictures a girl, who, awaiting the release of a bank-burglar, is met at the prison door by his coffin. In "The Exiles" (1894) an assistant district-attorney of New York spends a month in Tangier on intimate terms with such refugees as a forger, a divorce co-respondent, a bail-jumping police commissioner, and an embezzler. But learning that the last has robbed the friend of his sister, he, too, stoops to roguery, holding up the unsuspecting embezzler at the point of a pistol. "Soldiers of Fortune" (1897), in a more adventurous spirit, adopts picaresque features, its hero passing through various shifts of condition, playing sailor, soldier, German baron, cow-boy, and railway promoter.

It is Kipling, however, who best illustrates the tolerant, entertaining use of rogue realism. His Mrs. Hauksbee and Mrs. Reiver are undeveloped Becky Sharps, and his Strickland is a mild Sherlock Holmes. That delightful trio, Learoyd, Ortheris, and Mulvaney, are merrily picaresque at times, as when the tipsy Irishman impersonates a god in "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney," or when in "Private Learoyd's Story" the canny Yorkshireman allows himself to be bribed by a lady to steal a valuable dog, and then plots with his companions to pass off upon her the canteen sergeant's cur painted to resemble the other. Various aspects of Hindu roguery are depicted, from the naïve confessions of the rascal dismissed from the police force in "At Howli Thana," to the tricks of the pretended sorcerer of "In the House of Suddhoo," or to "The Finances of the Gods," which describes the cheating of a miserly money-lender well repaid for his endeavors to outwit Shiv and Ganesh and rob a mendicant.

The native courtesan is seen in her intrigues in "On the City Wall;" a wily priest tricks Christian converts by clothing them in a stuff woven from the fibre of a poisonous nettle, which leads them in terror to discard the new religion along with the clothes; and the "Lament of the Border Cattle Thief" is a jail-ballad sung by an unregenerate rogue plotting fresh mischief. Best of the native rascals is jolly Ram Dass, twin brother and duper of Durga Dass in "The Gemini," a comedy of errors, wherein the scoundrel sees to it that his twin shall receive the beating intended for himself. Then, as though it had indeed befallen him, he secures a judgment of five hundred rupees, and after robbing the long-suffering Durga, absconds.

Most characteristic, however, in its presentation of roguery is "The Man Who Would be King." This sets forth with peculiar power the wild ambition of the rascal adventurers, Daniel Dravot and Peachey Carnehan, to cross the borders of India and rule over Kafiristan. It traces their progress thither as mad priest and as acolyte, and their acceptance as divinities by their subjects, until Dravot in an evil moment reveals his humanity by desiring to take a wife. Then when she bites him and the blood flows, the natives revolt, Dravot is slain, and Carnehan after terrible tortures returns to India, crazed and bearing his companion's head in a bag.

Here, as in "The Devil and the Deep Sea," Kipling vitalizes the indomitable will of man, seeking his own or another's, resolute against his enemies, crafty or bold according to his nature. For roguery as such Kipling cares little. He never discusses it as a moral phenomenon; he neither condones nor condemns it. It is simply part of the scheme of things existent, one aspect of the surging tides of life that he has watched upon so many shores.

5. *Bushranging and Convict Life*

Owing to the circumstances of its colonization, Australia has proved prolific in novels of convict life and of bushranging, a species of brigandage resorted to chiefly by felons escaped from their bounds. Reade, Farjeon, and Kingsley broke ground for this type of fiction, and many have followed in their train. Thus Marcus A. H. Clarke's "For the Term of His Natural Life" (1875) describes with gruesome fidelity the sufferings of a Tasmanian convict. George Manville Fenn's "This Man's Wife" (1887) centres interest in the woman who clings to her Botany Bay husband despite his unworthiness. "Robbery Under Arms" (1888) and "The Squatter's Dream" (1895), by Rolf Boldrewood [T. A. Browne], deal with bushrangers; and a victim of circumstantial evidence is the convict hero of "In the Track of a Storm" (1896), by Owen Hall [James Davis]. Sketches of the bush, like Henry Lawson's "When the Billy Boils" (1897) and "On the Track, and Over the Sliprails" (1901), reflect the rough and roguish experiences of gold-diggers, sheep and cattle farmers, and the riff-raff who prey upon them.

The realism of G. L. Becke and Walter Jeffery's "First Fleet Family" (1895), describing the eighteenth-century settlement of New South Wales by convicts, or the more brutal

"Tales of Australian Early Days" (1894) and "Tales of the Isle of Death" (1897), by Price Warung, find their romantic complement in Rosa Praed's "Outlaw and Lawmaker" (1893) and in the melodramatic fictions of Hume Nisbet, "Bail Up!" (1893) and "A Bush Girl's Romance" (1894). Still later accessions to this group have been received in the more plausible and no less entertaining tales of Ernest William Hornung, which, together with such novels as "Geoffry Hamlyn," "Grif," and "Robbery Under Arms," deserve examination.

Henry Kingsley's "Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn" (1859) chiefly concerns a Devonshire rogue, who after several forgeries elopes with a vicar's daughter, squanders her fortune, and being apprehended for coining, is transported to Van Diemen's Land.

Years later Hawker figures in Australia as a bushranger, and chancing to kill his own son who has sought to take him, is hanged. Associated with this rogue as accomplices or enemies are other rascals. One is his son by an unfortunate mistress, a boy who comes up in a workhouse, follows his father's ways, is transported, joins the bushrangers, and dies as servant to an explorer in the desert. Another is a returned convict, who early blackmails Hawker into renewed forgery, and whose death he at last compasses in the bush. But the gloomiest figure is Moody the cannibal, who devours two companions in his flight from imprisonment. The main interest, however, centres less in these rogues than in Hawker's noble wife, who emigrates to Australia, and after many vicissitudes reaps the reward of long suffering by marriage to the faithful lover of her youth.

Somewhat similar in its mixture of roguery and nobility is B. L. Farjeon's "Grif" (1871), whose boy-hero is a warm-hearted thief.

His father, a ticket-of-leave man, belongs to a gang that is plotting to rob the father of Grif's best friend, Alice. Old Nuttall has cast off the girl because of her marriage to a former employee; and the rascals are seeking to force this fellow, Handfield, into their schemes when Grif comes to the rescue. The desperadoes commit a murder on the gold fields, and fasten it upon Handfield; but Grif hears of the villainy, and with Alice travels up to Highlay Station to warn her obdurate father. The station is saved from robbery, Handfield is exonerated, and old Nuttall relents. But Grif dies, slain by his own father's hand.

Grif is not oversentimentalized like his prototype, Oliver Twist. He partially reforms, but merely because his affections are touched, and to the last he feels no compunction at roguery that will help those he loves. His life in the back-yard barrel, his kindness to his dog and to Little Peter, his regard for miserable Milly and her baby, his endeavor for Alice's sake to become one of philanthropic Blemish's moral boot-blacks, and his bearing of false witness in order to protect Alice's husband, present interesting facets of a natural character.

Of the less sympathetic rogues Jim Pizey and the Tender-Hearted Oysterman are chief; the latter affecting wordy mildness, though the bloodiest of the lot; and the former leaving his mistress to die in a delirium of grief and drink. Black Sam and Ned Rutt are birds of the same feather, and Old Flick of the all-sorts store, who aids them in devilry, is Fagin revived.

More minute in its study of rascality is Browne's "Robbery Under Arms." Dick Marston, condemned at twenty-nine to be hanged for highway robbery, sits down in his cell to write the story of his life. His narrative is prolix, but it breathes the free winds of the bush. Its principal rogues are gallant fellows gone wrong, forced by the price set for their capture to venture deeper into crime.

Dick and Jim Marston are first lured into "cattle-duffing" by their father, an ex-poacher and convict. Favored by the discovery of a sunken valley, they make it the stabling place of the animals they steal. Robbery succeeds robbery, with intervals of honest sheep-shearing and occasional acts of bravery, such as Jim's saving the girl whose horse is galloping toward a hidden precipice. The driving to Adelaide of a whole herd of cattle and their auctioning there is successfully compassed through the talents of Starlight, a mysterious gentleman-desperado who figures as captain of the band. Starlight is eventually taken in New Zealand and Dick at his home, but Jim eludes pursuit, and later assists in the escape of the others from Berrima Gaol.

Now they turn to "sticking-up" coaches; then a bank in a small town succumbs to their wiles; and next they go gold-mining, and toil honestly for months together. Jim even marries; but his bride's sister, to be revenged upon Dick's neglect of her, reveals their identity, and Jim is captured. The others waylay his escort, and soon the band is back at the devil's own work, robbing the gold coach and doing to death self-appointed detectives. But feats of chivalry and bravado are theirs as well. Starlight and the Marstons protect the helpless against the brutality of members of their gang. Starlight boldly attends the marriage of a girl who has befriended him, hobnobs in disguise with the chief of police, and races his famous Rainbow against the field. Just when the three have determined to lead a straight life in America, they are informed upon by Starlight's servant, and after a battle with the constabulary only Dick is left alive to be tried and sentenced to death. A reprieve relieves the reader's anxiety, and a further concession is allowed him in a glimpse of the one-time robber, after twelve years' imprisonment, married to his sweetheart, and established as manager of a Queensland station.

Although Starlight is the most attractive among these outlaws, a Turpin in horsemanship and a Du Vall in polish, the other rogues are as carefully drawn. They range from smart Billy the Boy to cruel Dan Moran, from gloomy Ben Marston with his faithful cur Crib to the acute and ubiquitous half-caste Warrigal.

More prolific than Browne, Farjeon, or Kingsley in the creation of rogues, Ernest William Hornung has achieved within this province the highest popularity. His "Boss of Taroomba" (1894) celebrates a plucky girl, who, in company with a German piano-tuner, defends her sheep farm against the attack of bushrangers. The "Belle of Toorak" (1900) [1] shows an escaped convict gaining the protection of a young bushman who for a time believes himself the convict's son. "Irralie's Bushranger" (1896) tells a lively story of Australian adventure in which roguery and heroism counterbalance. "Stingaree" (1905) glorifies a romantic New South Wales highwayman. And even Raffles, the genteel anti-hero of "The Amateur Cracksman" (1899), begins his career in Australia.

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[1] Reissued as *The Shadow of a Man* (1901).

In such novels as shift the scene from Australia to England, crime and rascality continue to flourish. In "Peccavi" (1900) is described the tragic penance of an English clergyman who has committed a crime. In "Young Blood" (1898) the hero's efforts to live down the disgrace of his father bring him into conflict with a villain and a swindler. In "The Shadow of the Rope" (1902) crime and its detection motive the relations between a heroine, suspected of murdering her first husband, and the man who pities and marries her, although believing in her guilt. He in turn falls under suspicion of crime, and it is only with the dying confession of another that both are exonerated.

Hornung's most serious study of rascality and of convict life is made in "The Rogue's March" (1896).

> Tom Erichsen, convicted of murder on circumstantial evidence, receives a reprieve that transports him to New South Wales. There he falls into the clutches of brutal masters, the Sullivans of Castle Sullivan. He escapes, joins a band of outlaws, and raids the Sullivans, but being recaptured is consigned to a chain-gang. From this misery he finds release through the kind offices of Daintree, the stranger who at his trial has interfered to save him from disgrace. As servant to this benefactor, Tom slowly regains his better nature, but presently discovers that the English girl Daintree purposes to marry on her arrival at Sydney is his own sweetheart. Indeed, it is she who has inspired most of Daintree's kindness. Divided between gratitude to his master and love for Claire Harding, Tom for the sake of the former denies his innocence to the latter. At this juncture Daintree is proved to have been the real murderer for whose crime the hero has suffered, and whose vagaries are excused as the results of hereditary madness. A free pardon follows Tom's marriage to the heroine.

The picaresque scenes of this novel appear in three sections. The earliest concerns the rascality of Captain Blaydes, his murder, and the trial and conviction of Tom Erichsen for the deed. Life in the condemned cell at Newgate is vividly portrayed. Companionship with Creasey the wife-stabber gives way to solitude and to a fit of frenzy as Tom hears the crowd outside whiling away the hours before his hanging, and reads the pamphlet describing his "Life, Trial, and Awful Execution." Then comes the reprieve which ushers in a second phase of his picaresque adventures.

In New South Wales he fights the thieves who would rob his drunken master, befriends Peggy O'Brien, the cook of the convict crew at Castle Sullivan, and, exciting Nat Sullivan's jealousy, falls a victim to plots. So he finds himself condemned to fifty lashes, and failing in an attempt to break from his tormentors receives fifty more. Grown desperate, and aided by Peggy to escape from the lockup, he meets in the bush the saturnine Hookey Simpson, a schoolmaster-bandit, the place of whose missing arm is supplied by a sharpened steel hook, the deadliest of weapons. Hookey has just disposed of the Italian chief of their crew, and now with benevolent brow scarcely seamed, and with horn spectacles but jostled, he drives his steel arm deep into the neck of a grumbling subordinate, remarking, as he straightens his glasses, "So, that's all right."

Then follows the Sullivan raid, Tom taking part clad in the clothes of the dead Italian, fleeing before the relief party of troopers, yet captured where his horse flings him in the sand. The succeeding months of nightmare in the penal stockade, as he clanks his chains and doggedly wields a pick, are scarcely lightened by the recollections of the veteran First Fleeter, or by the hatching of a convict conspiracy.

At last, the third phase of his criminal life brings him respite. Daintree is kind. From Paramatta, where the women convicts are shaved instead of lashed, Tom rescues Peggy on the pretense of selecting a wife. And though for a little she turns on him jealously, and Nat Sullivan comes hunting him, and his master proves his rival, all ends as it should. The book is labeled a romance, but it is careful and veracious in detail. Charles White's "Convict Life," together with newspapers, the "New South Wales Calendar," and the "Blue-Book" of 1837, furnished a partial basis for the Australian scenes, as did parliamentary papers for the scenes in Newgate.

Compared with Tom Erichsen, the Australian bushranger presented in the ten tales of Hornung's "Stingaree" (1905) is a creature of fantasy. This cultivated highwayman, who because he admires the singing of Miss Bouverie "sticks up" a concert expressly to give her a place upon the programme and thereby bring her to the attention of a distinguished composer, is as unreal as diverting.

Dressed in the height of fashion, riding his white mare, Barmaid, and surveying his victims through a monocle while he covers them with a pair of revolvers, Stingaree never loses self-possession. Even when captured, he knows a hundred tricks for eluding vigilance, from feigning a swoon and discharging his dozing captor's weapon with his toe, to gagging the admiring criminologist come to study him in jail and escaping in the student's clothes. Occasionally he meets his match, as in the fighting Bishop Methuen, who, in spite of having been robbed along with his chaplain in the bush, races across the burning sands in pyjamas and pounces upon the bushranger just as he and a pal, posing as bishop and chaplain, have "stuck up" an astonished congregation. But even the bishop must recognize the criminal's generosity; for when a youthful anti-hero-worshiper, out of admiration for Stingaree, assumes the onus of having robbed the Deniliquin coach, the highwayman rides to the bishop and exonerates the foolish youth, only to be seized by constables himself. Stingaree, in his creator's words, is "a man of birth and mystery, with an ostentatious passion for music, and as romantic a method as that of any highwayman of the Old World."

6. *Raffles and Company*

The most popular literary rogue of recent times owes to the most popular of literary detectives his birth and characteristics. Hornung's "Amateur Cracksman" (1899), dedicated to Conan Doyle, betrays with its sequels, "Raffles" (1901) and "A Thief in the Night" (1905), the distinguishing traits of Sherlock Holmes. Raffles is secretive and taciturn, a non-professional who excels in ability those of the trade, and a gentleman when not engaged in business. He is gifted with analytic powers of no mean order. He has his fastidious specialities, — cricket and Sullivan cigarettes. His cleverness is heightened by contrast with the surprised stupidity of his associate, the narrator Bunny, who reflects Doyle's Dr. Watson. Raffles's exploits, like many of Sherlock Holmes's, are chronicled by episodes in short story form, and they make their appeal by similar devices to the same emotions.

The great difference between the two groups of fictions is the reversal of point of view. But in this reversal the rogue is at a disadvantage morally and intellectually. To offset his intellectual disadvantage, Raffles is given peculiar and difficult undertakings, as well as special qualities, — "his high spirits, his iron nerve, his buoyant wit, his perfect ease and self-possession." His cleverness and breeding are meant to blind admirers to his moral disadvantage; but the whole question of right and wrong is blinked. Though he dies as a patriot in the Boer War, he is still the rogue and adventurer, and all his creator's attempts to portray him as a hero, rather than an anti-hero, deservedly fail.

Raffles himself holds to the theory propounded by Fielding.

Human nature is a chess-board, a thing of alternate black and white. "Why desire to be all one thing or all the other," he asks, "like our forefathers on the stage or in the old-fashioned fiction? Let us know all squares of the board and enjoy the light the better for the shade." As a matter of fact, he does not know what conscience means. To speak of him as "forever dazzling one with a fresh and unsuspected facet of his character" indicates what his creator wished him to do, rather than what he does. At first, even his skill fails to be convincing. The burglary of the jewelry shop in "The Ides of March" is altogether too simple. When he disguises as a policeman and rescues his pal by apprehending him, Raffles is better; but Mackenzie, the Scotch detective with whom he must frequently contend, is far from the equal of Holmes.

When all is said and done, however, Raffles is an entertaining fellow. His initial crime, an Australian bank robbery, may be too desperate for the first offense of a respectable amateur cricketer; and the purposed killing in cold blood of the fence, in "Willful Murder," is quite out of Raffles's character, as is his tragic love passage, in "The Fate of Faustina" and its sequel, wherein the band of the Camorra seeks melodramatic revenge. But who cares? The individual incidents hold the attention, they are well told, and afford a surprising variety of adventures. They range from the capture in broad daylight of a gold vase from the British Museum, and its presentation in a biscuit box as a jubilee gift to the queen, to the purloining of a Velasquez from the *parvenu* who for a song has bought it of the owner's scapegrace son.

Here are narrow escapes, as well as daring thefts. The hand of the rogue thrust through the hole he has cut in a door is caught by elated schoolboys. When apprehended for stealing the emperor's pearl he dives from an ocean steamer. He wounds and chloroforms himself to color the escape of a blackmailer. He is bound and gagged before a clock arranged to discharge a revolver at a certain hour. He evades the police by pretended invalidism, and a former sweetheart by a feigned death and funeral. Few of these tricks hark back to the literature of roguery, as does by exception the use of duplicate boxes for the stealing of jewels in "No Sinecure." They are chiefly imaginative inventions, careless of the facts of criminology. A romantic glamour, indeed, is upon every exploit. Raffles admits having queried on entering the lists, "Why settle down to some humdrum uncongenial billet, when excitement, romance, danger, and a decent living were all going begging together?"

Just this combination of danger, romance, and excitement is well exemplified in such a story as "To Catch a Thief." Here Raffles plays the detective as well as the rogue, selects Lord Ernest Belville as the mysterious society robber, discovers his loot concealed in a pair of Indian clubs, and surprised by his rival, captures and releases him, only to be followed and captured in turn. Then, at dead of night in the midst of a thunderstorm, Raffles dodges Lord Ernest on the roofs, and in a lightning flash sees him tumble down the gulf of an alley to death.

In the face of such plausible roguery and of Raffles's occasional heroism, Thackeray's wholesome advice in "Catherine" is worth remembering: "Let your rogues in novels act like rogues, and your honest men like honest men; don't let us have any juggling and thimblerigging with virtue and vice, so that, at the end of three volumes, the bewildered reader shall not know which is which; don't let us find ourselves kindling at the generous qualities of thieves, and sympathizing with the rascalities of noble hearts."

Raffles has not only achieved the distinction of a burlesque in John Kendrick Bangs's "Mrs. Raffles, the Adventures of an

Amateur Crackswoman" (1905), related by Bunny, but he has furnished inspiration for various light-hearted tales, loosely bound together, and designed as an offset to the literature of crime-detection. Miriam Michelson's "In the Bishop's Carriage" (1903) presents a resourceful thief in Nance Olden, whose audacity in roguery is her charm.

> Decked in another woman's cloak and with a man's watch hid in her waist, she steps into the waiting carriage of a bishop and feigns sleep. When he enters she awakes to embrace him as her long-expected papa, and then to express chagrin at her pretended error. To shield him from scandal, she poses as the demented victim of overstudy, and then to elude the physician who will expose her shamming, she exchanges clothes with a servant, and having ushered him in, speeds away to safety. In the guise of a hotel bell-boy she pockets a guest's diamonds, yet in escaping is forced to impersonate the attendant of an invalid, who kindly assists in the subterfuge. She detects the bishop's wife in shoplifting, and by feigning herself an employee of the establishment secures the spoils for her own. Then a theatrical manager finds her robbing his flat, perceives her histrionic ability, sends away the policeman he had summoned, and engages her upon the spot.
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> From this moment Nance Olden's reform is assured. She may steal the jewels of a fellow actress, but in a fit of remorse she carries them to her benefactor and confesses. The scoundrel lover who had first led her into temptation escapes from prison confirmed in brutality, and she can care for him no longer. More and more she comes to admire her generous manager. When he is worsted in fighting the theatrical trust, she apparently goes over to the enemy, but it is only to steal from a rival the paper that saves her friend. Fortune smiles, and at last the happy manager marries his reformed protégée.

In "The Wire Tappers" (1906) Arthur Stringer pleads the case of an electrician who nurses a dream of conveying pictures by telegraph, but who pending its realization is induced by a crook, MacNutt, to apply his science to thieving. Clever Jim Durkin becomes an expert in professional roguery, falls in love with his fair accomplice, and finds in MacNutt a rival. Just how dangerous this rival can be is not shown until MacNutt in revenge calls up the unhappy Durkin on the telephone that he may hear the cries of his sweetheart, as she is murdered. Needless to say, the villain is foiled at the last moment, and the lovers elude the police. Then they sail away to begin life anew, and incidentally to take breath for fresh and more honest doings in a sequel, "Phantom Wires" (1907).

Equally modern in picaresque features are "The Electric Theft" (1905), by Neil Wynn Williams, and such fantastic tales as compose Henry A. Hering's "The Burglars' Club" (1906) and Nelson Lloyd's "The Robberies Company, Limited" (1906). The last sets forth the amusing successes of an association of philosophic thieves who argue that superfluous wealth is the worst of all evils, and who in relieving the rich of this burden frankly demand the thanks of their victims. As for "The Burglars' Club," its members are not socialists, but bachelors of cultivation, wearied with the normal pleasures of life, and craving fresh excitement. Their fee of initiation is a town burglary, and the dues of the club are burglaries in the provincial line at stated intervals.

This idea of the gentleman thief, inspired by the gallant Raffles, finds expression as well in "The Social Highwayman" (1905), by Elizabeth Phipps Train. Here Jenkins Hanby, an ex-convict, engages as valet with the elegant Courtice Jaffray, who preys upon the surplus possessions of luxurious friends. After exciting adventures wherein the valet plays an excellent second, suspicion fixes for the first time upon the social highwayman. The valet protests that he alone is at fault, but Jaffray rejects the sacrifice. He confesses to the sleight-of-hand by which he has lived at his ease, and escapes the consequences through death by a merciful accident.

The roguish valet, a survival of the Spanish picaresque scheme, reappears in Arthur Train's "McAllister and his

Double " (1905). This describes amusing episodes from the life of a clubman so unfortunate as to possess a soft heart and a thievish servant closely resembling himself.

When Fatty Welch is discharged he enters prison, but on being released keeps crossing his old master's track with disastrous results; for the clubman is often mistaken for the rogue. After spending a Christmas in "quod" as the result of such an error, McAllister's sympathies are so far aroused that he cannot but assist in the escape of his friend from tight places, even when himself acting the amateur detective with the professional sleuth, Barney Conville.

The extreme of romantic roguery is attained in Sidney Paternoster's "The Motor Pirate" (1905) and in its sequel "The Cruise of the Motor Boat Conqueror" (1906); the one describing a highwayman who takes toll of his victims from the shelter of an iron-clad automobile, and the other introducing a sailor who plies his piratical trade in an invincible nautical machine. Far better, however, in its combination of romance and of fact is "The Picaroons" (1904), by Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin. This fiction in its fantastic interlocking tales catches the spirit of Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights," and adapts to recent American life the method of the old Spanish picaresque novel.

Three vagabonds encounter by chance in a San Francisco restaurant and are pleasantly regaled without charge by Coffee John. A Bohemian journalist, it seems, having made his fortune by a news syndicate conducted here, has arranged to spread a feast for the first three comers on each anniversary of his success. When the picaroons have listened to Coffee John's reading of their benefactor's story, each tells in turn the story of his own career. Coffee John follows suit, and to each gives a dime, with instructions to return on the ensuing evening to report the day's adventures. The telling of these new adventures involves the recital by the picaroons of adventures that have been described to them by six others they have met. Each picaroon with his dime has won a thousand dollars. But Coffee John, disgusted with the methods employed, dismisses his guests as rascals past redemption.

All the tales that fit into this scheme are picaresque. The smart Harvard Freshman, expelled, turned adrift by his father, now a tramp, next a jockey's attendant, then fortunate in crooked racing, and at last a beggar, is the first picaroon. The second is the gloomy ex-medium, Vango, haunted by the ghost of a dupe. The third is a cowboy, who in order to win his sweetheart's favor enlists for service in the Philippines, but being refused by the surgeons, allows the circulation of reports of his heroism in battle, and is exposed and ruined.

The day's adventures of each are sufficiently melodramatic. The Freshman smokes, on a wager, forty panatelas won from a slot machine, gambles in Chinatown with the proceeds, is captured in a police raid, but receives his thousand of winnings on being released from jail. The medium falls from a ferryboat, clambers aboard a smuggler's launch, assists a quadroon there in removing the corpse of her Chinese husband, and secures his thousand for finding a clue to the murderers. The cowboy pursues to a Turkish bath and identifies by a tattoo mark the missing husband of a vaudeville actress, and his thousand is won by impersonating for this rogue the trustee of a large bequest.

Equally roguish are the tales to which each picaroon gives ear, from the street-car conductor's story of cheating the company, or the Klondiker's tale of his strange squaw-wife, to the dermograph artist's recital of a kidnapping, or the quadroon's account of opium smuggling, of fights with highbinders, of Chinese theatrical life, and of the pursuit of her father by detectives unjustly suspecting him of an outrage. The vaudeville actress tells of elopement and Bohemian ways; her husband describes his career in the Philippines, where flirtation with a Spanish beauty led to his capture by insurgents and enforced desertion from his regiment; and Coffee John explains his prosperity as the price of his services in buying off from blackmail a swindling actress who stood in the way of a rich young gentleman's marriage.

Unprofessional roguery is the occupation of all these amusing folk, and the indulgent humor of the recital is quite in the Continental tradition. But "The Picaroons" differs from its far Spanish ancestors in discarding both satire and the service of masters. Like all fictions of the Raffles group, it deals only with episodes in the lives of its rascals, and subordinates the realism of subject-matter to the romanticism of plot.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER XII

1–6

The recent literature of roguery requires small bibliographical comment. The works themselves are accessible, and the only general account of them is to be found in such a volume as Ernest A. Baker's *Descriptive Guide to the Best Fiction* (London, 1903). Biographies of the more important authors may be consulted for criticisms of their writings. Stevenson literature includes Graham Balfour's *Life* (N. Y., 1901, 2 vols.), Walter Raleigh's *Robert Louis Stevenson* (London, 1895), H. B. Baildon's *Robert Louis Stevenson* (N. Y., 1901), and L. C. Cornford's *Robert Louis Stevenson* (Edinburgh, 1899). Kipling is discussed in Francis Adams's *Essays in Modernity* (1899), in J. W. Clarke's *Rudyard Kipling* (1899), in F. L. Knowles's *Kipling Primer* (1899), and in Richard Le Gallienne's *Rudyard Kipling, a Criticism* (London, 1900) Sir Walter Besant's *Autobiography* (N. Y., 1902), James Douglas's elaborate monograph, *Theodore Watts-Dunton; Poet, Novelist, Critic* (London, 1904), and Elizabeth Robins Pennell's *Charles Godfrey Leland* (N. Y., 1906, 2 vols.) incidentally notice portions of the field.

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The use made of the Gypsy in literature has been little investigated, but the people and their language have received extensive attention. Among the best studies are the following: Walter Simson's *History of the Gipsies* (London, 1865; N. Y., 1866) and *Gipsy Life* (London, 1880); Samuel Roberts's *The Gypsies; their Origin, Continuance, and Destination* (London, 1836); John Hoyland's *Historical Survey of the Customs, Habits, and Present State of the Gypsies* (York, 1816); Paul Bataillard's *L'apparition des Bohémiens en Europe* (1844), and many later papers; A. F. Pott's *Zigeuner in Europa und Asien* (Halle, 1844–45, 2 vols.); Richard Liebich's *Zigeuner in ihrem Wesen und in ihrer Sprache* (Leipzig, 1863); Franz von Miklosich's *Zigeuner* (Wien, 1874–78); H. T. Crofton's *English Gipsies under the Tudors* (*Papers of* the *Manchester Literary Club*, 1880) and *Gipsy Life in Lancashire and Cheshire* (*ibid.*, 1877); Hubert Smith's *Tent Life With English Gipsies in Norway* (London, 1873); Ribton-Turner's *History of Vagrants and Vagrancy* (London, 1887, ch. xxii); Dr. Barbu Constantinescu's *Probe de Limba si literatura Tsiganilor* (Bucharest, 1878); David MacRitchie's *Accounts of the Gypsies of India* (London, 1886); Francisco de Sales Mayo's *El Gitanismo* (Madrid, 1870); and Sir Richard F. Burton's *The Jew, the Gypsy, and El Islam* (London, 1898). The Gypsy language is further studied in Dr. Alexander G. Paspati's *Études sur les Tschinghianés ou Bohémiens de l'Empire Ottoman* (Constantinople, 1870); in Friedrich Müller's *Beiträge zur Kenntniss der Rom Sprache* (Wien, 1869); in J. Tineo Rebolledo's "*A Chippicallí*" — *Diccionario Gitano-Español* (Granada, 1900); and in *The Dialect of the English Gipsies*, by Dr. Bath C. Smart and H. T. Crofton. F. J. Furnivall has edited Andrew Boorde's *The fyrst boke of the introduction of knowledge* (*Early Engl. Text Soc. Publ.*, *Extra Ser.*, no. 10, 1870), which contains the earliest Gypsy in print (1542). The *Gypsy Lore Society Journal* (Edinburgh, 1888–92, 3 vols.) includes much interesting matter. Crofton's *Hand-list of Books . . . in English relating to Gypsies* appears there, vol. i, p. 153; and a *List of Works Relating to Gipsies* is given in the *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, N. Y., July, 1906.

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The cultivators of the bushranger in fiction are considered in such works as G. B. Barton's *Poets and Prose Writers of New South Wales* (Sydney, 1866), D. Byrne's *Australian Writers* (London, 1896), A. P. Martin's *Beginnings of an Australian Literature* (London, 1898), and *The Development of Australian Literature*, by H. G. Turner. For historical facts, consult Charles White's *Convict Life*, F. A. Hare's *Last of the Bushrangers* (1892), and Marcus A. H. Clarke's *Stories of Australia in the Early Days* (London, 1897), where figure such picaresque worthies as Barrington, prince of pickpockets; Jorgenson, king of adventurers; Michael Howe, the bushranger; Buckley, the escaped convict; and the perpetrators of the Nelson gold robbery. Major Griffiths's *Mysteries of Police and Crime* (1899, vol. i, pp. 412 ff.) discusses the origin and notable examples of the bushranger; and early studies of convict life are made in James Mudie's *Felonry of New South Wales* (London, 1837), in George Barrington's *Voyage to Botany Bay* (London, 1793), and in *A Sequel to Barrington's Voyage* (London, 1801).

CHAPTER XIII

THE LITERATURE OF CRIME-DETECTION

SINCE the first half of the nineteenth century the literature of roguery has been supplemented and in part replaced by a new genre. This is the literature of crime-detection. Tales, novels, and plays, by the hundred, have presented crimes venial or revolting, open or obscure, only to focus interest upon the pursuit of the perpetrator. The criminal has yielded as hero to the criminal hunter, who may run down his game by reason of intellectual subtlety, or through physical endurance; who may serve in the uniformed police, or in the ranks of the plain-clothes officers; who may represent a private agency, or remain unattached as a brilliant amateur. Whatever his grade or attainments, however, the detective overshadows his quarry, the exploitation of roguery ceases to be an end, its humors are diminished, and as an evil to be overcome it is raised to its highest power of villainy. Hence the literature of crime-detection, allied in its negative aspects with the literature of roguery, diverges from that genre in its positive tendencies. It claims a place in this history, therefore, merely as a *terminus ad quem* of the picaresque novel, and its treatment cannot pretend to be more than suggestive, much less exhaustive.

The literature of crime-detection is of recent growth because the historical conditions upon which it depends are modern. Moreover, its cultivation has been most marked in France because that country first developed the detective system.

The Parisian police, established in the fourteenth century by Charles V, was organized only under Louis XIV. The first police lieutenant took office in 1667, and showed his mettle in clearing out the notorious *Cour des Miracles.* Succeeding lieutenants — notably De Sartines and Lenoir — employed ex-criminals as detectors of crime. Private rather than public spies were used by the political clubs in the Revolution, but the Directory revived the office of police minister, and during the Consulate Fouché and Savary systematized espionage to an extent undreamt of before. Even so, it was left for the reformed thief, Eugène François Vidocq, to organize the first official detective bureau. This was in 1817. For the eight years preceding he had acted as an independent thief-catcher, and for ten years thereafter he did the state service as chief of the new *Brigade de Sureté.* He then retired to manage a private agency, and when, in 1857, he died, after issuing several anatomies of roguery, he left the detective bureau, public and private, a fixed institution, conducted by reputable specialists, and the literature of crime-detection a new and alluring field for the writer.

In the meantime, England had followed France afar off in the organization of its police. The inefficient London watch, established as early as 1285, and bolstered up from time to time by fresh enactments, had attained the acme of impotence early in the eighteenth century. The passage, in 1692, of a law offering state payment for the apprehension of criminals turned thief-taking to a profitable trade. At first, the law applied to the apprehension of highwaymen only, but it was presently extended to embrace all grades of the London thieves, the rewards being proportioned to the enormity of the crime committed. The most notable result of this law was the rise of Jonathan Wild. As a private detective Wild systematically incited to crime, and then when the moment was ripe, and when his victims had done their worst and could be sold at best profit, he would pounce upon them, to reap a harvest, not only of blood-money, but of fees for the return of stolen goods. The Bow Street runners, who were the first professional detectives, proved scarcely more reputable in their methods. It was not to their interest to prevent crime, and the great fortunes left by several bear witness to their practices. In vain Henry Fielding, the novelist, and his blind half-brother, Sir John Fielding, attempted police reform at Bow Street. The horse patrol, suggested by the latter, lapsed with the conclusion of his tenure of office, and the venality of the police increased. In 1815 £80,000 was paid in rewards as a virtual subsidy from the state for the encouragement of crime.

Although in 1798 a river police was organized, it was not until 1829 that Sir Robert Peel succeeded in overcoming public opposition to the establishment of a thorough-going metropolitan police system. Even then, so fearful were Englishmen lest their liberties be compromised, that vigorous protests were offered in Parliament against the practice of employing spies. As a result, detectives in plain clothes were not introduced until 1842. Then, only twelve were appointed. The number was soon increased, however, and in 1878, because of the De Goncourt scandal, Howard Vincent completely reorganized the system, and created at Scotland Yard the present Criminal Investigation Department.

Now the literature of crime-detection rests in part upon this historical basis, and in part upon the literary need for varying the old picaresque formula. Anti-heroes pure and simple are sure to weary. Their range of deed and feeling is narrow. Morally they alienate sympathy; intellectually they compare unfavorably with the trained detector of crime. This new figure was accordingly seized upon as offering a welcome substitute for the hackneyed rogue. He permitted the same graphic portrayal of low-life, but he increased the sensational features of that portrayal, and gratified a common instinct for mystery. As the agent of outraged society he appealed to the moralist; as the disentangler of practical problems of human deed and motive he appealed to the analyst; as a substitute for the fate of the Greeks he appealed to the artist. In short, the appearance of the detective in fact supplied a pretext for reversing the point of view of the literature of roguery.

Within the realm of fiction the police hero had long been maturing; it was only necessary that a Vidocq should issue his "Mémoires" (1828–29) for the literary transition from rogue to detective to be definitely effected. It is Vidocq, more than any other, indeed, who in letters as in life marks the progress from the anti-hero to the hero. Vidocq's "Mémoires" was followed by a "Supplément" (1830), by a descriptive treatise, "Les Voleurs: Physiologie de leurs Mœurs et de leur Langage" (1837); by such volumes of information and advice as "Éclaircissements Donnés au Commerce sur les Manœuvres Captieuses des Filous" (1840) and "Quelques Mots sur une Question à L'Ordre du Jour" (1844), and by other criminal studies edited by various hands.[1] The "Mémoires" was at once done into English, and many editions appeared both in England and in America. Balzac was indebted to Vidocq for the creation of his Vautrin; and Vautrin in turn inspired the plot of Dickens's "Great Expectations."

Balzac's "Histoire des Treize" (1833–34), "Splendeurs et

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[1] E. g., *Les vrais mystères de Paris* (1844), arranged by Alfred Lucas, and *Les chauffeurs du Nord* (1845–46), arranged by Auguste Vitu. Vidocq's *Mémoires* and *Supplément* were edited by L. F. L'Héritier and by Maurice Descombes.

Misères des Courtisanes" (1838–46), and "Ténébreuse Affaire" (1841) presented the police hero in various aspects. Dumas put forward his M. Jackal in "Les Mohicans de Paris" as one of the earliest of the type, but Hugo's Javert had been conceived and drawn at nearly the same time, although "Les Misérables" did not see the light until 1862. Eugène Sue, who in "Kernock le Pirate" (1830), "Les Sept Péchés Capitaux" (1847–49), and similar works had begun to study rogues, wrote a criminal epic in his famous "Les Mystères de Paris" (1842–43), which incidentally exhibits the Prince de Gérolstein assuming the rôle of amateur detective. Xavier de Montépin in his novel and his play, "La Sirène" (1856), showed a police agent whose son as detective succumbs to the wiles of a siren in order the better to entrap her; and in a series of volumes published between 1863 and 1866 the same author continued to set forth the careers of policemen and of criminals.[1]

Paul Bocage in 1862 wrote "Les Puritains de Paris," introducing the detective Fagon. About the same time E. L. A. Brisebarre and Eugène Nus, who had each earlier dealt with rogues,[2] produced their two-part police drama, "La Route à Mélun" and "Le Retour de Brest," later adapted in English by Tom Taylor as "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," and notable for its detective, Hawkshaw. Paul Féval, who in "Les Habits Noirs" celebrated a gentleman burglar, may be looked upon as the originator of the type distinguished in "The Silver King," in "The Amateur Cracksman," and in "The Social Highwayman;" but he knew his secret police better even than his criminals, as witness "Les Mystères de Londres," which saw twenty editions, and "L'Histoire des Tribunaux Secrets" and "La Rue de Jérusalem," which, if less popular, were more accurate still in detail.

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[1] Cf. *Les enfers de Paris*, *La fille du forçat*, *Les métamorphoses de crimes*, *Les mystères du Palais Royal*, *Les tragédies parisiennes*, *Les pirates de la Seine*, *Bob le pendu*, and *La fille du meutrier.*

[2] In *Jacques le corsaire* (1844), by Nus and Desnoyers; and in *Monseigneur, ou les voleurs en* 1720 (1844), by Brisebarre, Dumanoir, and Anicet-Bourgeois.

It was left for Émile Gaboriau, however, to perfect the literature of crime-detection in France. In a succession of novels, from "L'Affaire Lerouge" (1866) to "La Corde au Cou," published in the year of his death (1873), as well as in two posthumous tales — "L'Argent des Autres" (1874) and "La Dégringolade" (1876) — this prolific author developed his famous detectives, Lecoq the professional, and Père Tabaret the amateur. Both agree in the infinite zest and patience with which they track down criminals. They are not so much analysts as blood-hounds, keen on the scent from the first rumor of crime, and untiring in the chase. Action with them is everything. They cannot rest until their prey be found. Unlike Poe's Dupin, they indulge in no calm diagnosis of the case at home, and prepare no carefully constructed theory to be wrought out by others. And because they mix immediately with the world of crime, the account of their exploits is invariably melodramatic.

Gaboriau drew his inspiration from Vidocq, Balzac, and the Archives of the Rue de Jérusalem, — that arsenal of criminal records capable of furnishing forth a whole army of novelists. His method is to open the story with the discovery of the crime to be considered and with a presentation of its mysterious features. Then the pursuit of certain clues leads the detective to fasten suspicion upon some one scarcely to have been suspected by the reader. Here the thread of narrative is usually broken by a long excursion into the family history of the suspect. This injects many new elements into the problem. The detective next reviews the case, his conclusions are confirmed, and his chase leads him through harrowing experiences to successful capture. Frequently Gaboriau dwells overmuch upon the intercalated history of his criminal, developing the motives that produced the crime in so great detail as to obscure the interest in crime-detection. Such passages, however, show the influence of the picaresque rather than of the detective formula, and they tacitly acknowledge the close relationship between the two.

Gaboriau's novels gained immediate vogue, not only in France, but in America as well, where Christern, a New York importer of foreign books, was quick to perceive their possibilities in translation. Adaptations appeared in the Sunday newspapers under alluring and alliterative titles, such as "Crimson Crime" for "L'Affaire Lerouge," "Dark Deeds" for "Le Crime d'Orcival," "Manhattan Unmasked" for "Les Esclaves de Paris," and "The Steel Safe" for "Le Dossier No. 113." The last enjoyed especial popularity because issued in the wake of a similar and actual New York mystery, and made to conform in part to its features. Imitation followed translation, and henceforth the melodramatic literature of crime-detection was firmly intrenched as a favorite with the masses.

Long before the day of Gaboriau, however, Edgar Allan Poe had experimented in the genre. Fascinated as he was with the gruesome and mysterious, and gifted beyond others in devising tales of terror, he nevertheless eschewed melodrama in his detective stories and emphasized ratiocination. To tell the truth, his temperament was analytical as well as romantic, and delight in theorizing suggested to him the character of Dupin, the first purely intellectual detective.

Poe began his career as editor of "Graham's Magazine" by publishing there his "Murders in the Rue Morgue" (1841). The crime in this tale is sufficiently horrible. A mother and a daughter have been brutally slain. The attendant circumstances are seemingly inexplicable. The professional police are baffled. At this point Dupin, the quiet amateur, intervenes. He weighs all the factors in the case, and concludes that the deed was done by an ourang-outang. His conclusions astonish the police, but receive confirmation in the confession of the animal's master. Here attention is focused upon the crime only in so far as it gives opportunity for the display of Dupin's powers of induction. The strange voice that has been heard, the absence of motive, the evidences of superhuman strength and agility, the marks upon the throat of one victim, and the mysterious entrance and escape of the perpetrator by a lightning rod are elements that Dupin artfully notes and weaves into a theory. There is no breathless pursuit of the animal; there are no hairbreadth escapes for the detective. He simply solves a riddle. He does much as Poe himself later did when he correctly unraveled the involved plot of "Our Mutual Friend" long before that novel's conclusion.

A year after the publication of Poe's first detective story he issued in the same magazine two others, — "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt" and "The Purloined Letter." The former reflects the unexplained murder in 1842 of Mary Rogers, a New York cigar-maker. Poe's conclusions were later corroborated by the confessions of two accomplices in the actual crime. Marie Rogêt, the Parisian grisette, is found floating in the Seine. The endeavors of the police prove futile, and Dupin's assistance is sought. With a few clues, such as a strip of cloth tied about the girl's neck in a knot known only to sailors, and the disappearance of a boat, Dupin fastens the deed upon a hitherto unsuspected naval officer.

"The Purloined Letter," Poe's third and best story of the kind, remains a masterpiece of the genre. Here not even a trace of melodrama lingers. A compromising letter has been filched from a high personage by an intriguing minister. The Parisian prefect of police, after vainly searching the minister's house and even his person, appeals in despair to Dupin. The latter promises to procure the missing letter by the next day, and true to his word, hands it over at the time appointed. Then he explains to the friend who narrates the story the method that has enabled him to perform this feat. It is as simple as it is logical. The prefect is merely a mathematician; the successful detector of crime must be a poet as well. He must be able to project himself by means of imagination into the personality of the criminal he is hunting. Only thus can he hope to understand the precautions any criminal will take. The minister must have appreciated the prefect's limitations and the dull invariableness of his mathematical methods. He was certain therefore to have given the purloined letter the most prominent place in his apartment. The prefect overlooked it because convinced *a priori* that it must be in the most secret of places. Dupin, having deduced so much from his knowledge of the characters of both, needed only to call upon the minister, to observe the letter, to imitate its external appearance, and in a second visit to contrive an exchange.

Poe, like Gaboriau, found disciples; but where many could follow the Frenchman, few were able to catch the art of the American. The detective fiction read by the masses has of course largely adopted the methods of Gaboriau. But there has been a constant tendency to rise from the sensational to the analytical; and from a combination of the two a third type has resulted. Its purpose is to gratify the reader's taste for the ghastly, the tragic, or the criminal, and at the same time to propose a mystery whose solution shall exercise all his intellectual ingenuity.

The supreme example of this mingling of the sensational and the analytical is to be seen in the stories concerning Sherlock Holmes; but as early as 1864 "The Autobiography of a London Detective" and the "Experiences of a French Detective Officer," by "Waters," author of "Undiscovered Crimes," combined the two. Such French and English adventures were supplemented in 1865 by an American contribution — "Leaves from the Note-Book of a New York Detective," — detailing episodes in the career of James Brampton, whose powers of quiet observation and analysis were especially emphasized; and to the same group belongs the "Strange Stories of a Detective Officer, or Curiosities of Crime," by an ex-detective.

Since the sixties the output of detective fiction has increased amazingly. The mystery tales of Miss Braddon, of Edmund Yates, and of Wilkie Collins have been succeeded by countless volumes presenting the detective in every situation and endowed with all possible virtues. Now he is of a low social order, like the immensely popular Old Sleuth, Old Rafferty, Chink the Chinese Detective, Ferret the Man of a Million Disguises, or Butts the Boy Detective. Again, he is of a somewhat higher class, like the active Mr. Gryce of Anna Katherine Green's cultivation; and occasionally he appears as a patrician of the school of Dupin and Sherlock Holmes.

Policemen and laymen have composed these stories; the literary hack, the secret-service officer, and the reputable novelist vying in attempts to catch the public ear. Allan Pinkerton, founder of a noted private agency, issued in the seventies and eighties a whole series of such volumes;[1] and to the same class belong George S. McWatters's "Knots Untied, or Ways and By-Ways in the Hidden Life of American Detectives" (1871), Captain George P. Burnham's "Memoirs of the United States Secret Service" (1872), and J. H. Warren's "Thirty Years' Battle with Crime" (1875), depicting "the shame of New York under the glare of an old detective's lantern." More recently, Inspector Griffiths of Scotland Yard has drawn criminal life from the detective's point of view in "Fast and Loose," in "In Tight Places," in "The Passenger from Calais," and in "The Rome Express;" Lieutenant Carmichael has written his "Personal Adventures of a Detective;" Victor H. Speer has edited "The Memoirs of a Great Detective," relating incidents from the career of John Wilson Murray, a Canadian secret-bureau chief; and lovers of mystery have been regaled with Cleveland Moffett's "True Detective Stories," based upon "the archives of the Pinkertons," with "Fifteen Detective Stories by the Police Captains of New York," and with Alfred Henry Lewis's "The Confessions of a Detective."

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[1] E. g., *The Gypsies and the Detectives; The Expressman and the Detective; The Molly Maguires and the Detectives; Strikers, Communists, Tramps, and Detectives; The Model Town and the Detectives; The Spiritualists and the Detectives; The Detective and the Somnambulist; Professional Thieves and the Detective; Claude Melnotte as Detective;* and *Thirty Years*

The transition from professedly realistic studies to pure fiction is marked by the frequent collaboration of the police official and the littérateur. Julian Hawthorne, for example, has issued a series of police novels purporting to be taken from the diary of Inspector Thomas Byrnes of New York, and including such volumes as "A Tragic Mystery," "The Great Bank Robbery," "The Fatal Letter," and "An American Penman." The last may be described as typical of its kind. A Russian count is arrested upon suspicion of having attempted the robbery of a New York bank-messenger. He is really the victim of others, and Inspector Byrnes, to whom he relates the story of his life, at once engages him as a special detective to run down

a Detective, a Thorough and Comprehensive Exposé of Criminal Practitioners of all Grades and Classes. The last is a veritable anatomy of roguery.

in Europe a band of swindlers, chief of whom is a noted American forger. This fellow and his crew are the very rogues who have brought misfortune upon the count in the past. Associated with them against her will is the count's former sweetheart. Plot and counterplot result in the rout of the rascals; and the lady in the case, refusing to betray her accomplices, takes poison after confessing that the report of the confiscation of the count's estates has been a canard. Restored to wealth and to good name, the amateur detective relieves the poverty of the banker who had first cast suspicion on him, and weds the banker's daughter.

Dickens in his later fiction acknowledged the spell of the mystery tale;[1] Stevenson in "The Wrecker" sought to vary and amplify the type;[2] and Mark Twain, although he has burlesqued it amusingly in "A Double-Barrelled Detective Story" (1902), which carries Sherlock Holmes to a Western mining-camp, earlier cultivated it in "Tom Sawyer, Detective" (1894) and in "Pudd'nhead Wilson" (1894). Wilson, a dry-witted eccentric with a hobby for collecting the thumb imprints of his neighbors, at last turns their laughter to admiration when by means of such autographs he unravels a murder tangle in court. This novel has been dramatized, as have many others involving the appearance of crime-detectors. Plays of the first half of the nineteenth century, dealing with old-fashioned thief-takers like Jonathan Wild and Vidocq, have been supplemented by the racier stage-presentations of a Hawkshaw or a Captain Redwood. Yet, except for William Gillette's acting version of the adventures of Sherlock Holmes, it may safely be said that the literature of crime-detection has profited little from the labors of the dramatists. The detective of the stage is perforce less an analyst than an active and sensational police officer, and fiction remains the proper sphere for the unfolding of the mystery plot.

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[1] In *Bleak House*, in *Great Expectations*, in *Our Mutual Friend*, in *Hunted Down*, and in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, as well as in such sketches as *The Detective-Police*, *Three Detective Anecdotes*, *On Duty With Inspector Field*, and *Down With the Tide;* cf. *ante*, pp. 424–427.

[2] Cf. *ante*, pp. 473, 474.

The ranks of the more recent writers of such fiction contain some for whom its creation has become a profession. Prominent among those who have followed the vein with consistent devotion are B. L. Farjeon, Rodrigues Ottolengui, Fergus Hume, Headon Hill [F. Grainger], J. E. P. Muddock, and Anna Katherine Green [Mrs. Charles Rohlfs].[1] Others have lent their pens to the literature of crime-detection but occasionally, as have Julian Hawthorne, William Hudson in "The Dugdale Millions," George R. Sims in "Dorcas Dene, Detective" and

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[1] The list of novels and short story collections by these authors includes the following: *Great Porter Square*, *The Mystery of M. Felix*, *For the Defense*, *Something Occurred*, *Widow Cherry, or the Mystery of Roaring Meg*, *The Tragedy of Featherstone*, and *Samuel Boyd of Catchpole Square*, by Farjeon; *An Artist in Crime*, *Conflict of Evidence*, *The Crime of the Century*, *A Modern Wizard*, and *Final Proof, or the Value of Evidence*, by Ottolengui; *The Crime of the 'Liza Jane*, *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*, *Tracked by a Tattoo*, *The Carbuncle Clue*, *The Crimson Cryptogram*, *Shylock of the River*, *The Crime of the Crystal*, *A Creature of the Night*, *For the Defense*, *The Clock Struck One*, and *Hagar of the Pawn-Shop*, by Hume; *Clues from a Detective Camera*, *Clues from the Notebook of Zambra the Detective*, *The One Who Saw*, *Millions of Mischief*, *By a Hair's Breadth*, and *The Avengers*, by Hill; *Detective's Triumphs*, *From Clue to Capture*, *From Information Received*, *In the Grip of the Law*, *Link by Link*, *Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan? Tracked to Doom*, *Suspicions Aroused*, *Tales of Terror*, *Chronicles of Michael Danevitch of the Russian Secret Service*, and *Records of Vincent Trill of the Detective Service*, by Muddock. Mrs. Rohlfs's contributions to the genre comprise *The Leavenworth Case*, *A Strange Disappearance*, *The Sword of Damocles*, *Hand and Ring*, *The Mill Mystery*, *Marked "Personal," Miss Hurd: an Enigma*, *Behind Closed Doors*, *Cynthia Wakeham's Money*, *Dr. Izard's Old Stone House, and Other Stories; 7 to 12; X, Y, Z; The Doctor, his Wife, and the Clock; That Affair Next Door*, *Lost Man's Lane*, *A Difficult Problem, and Other Stories; One of My Sons*, *The Filigree Ball*, *The Circular Study*, *The House in the Mist*, *The Millionaire Baby*, *The Amethyst Box*, and a dramatization of *The Leavenworth Case.*

"In London's Heart," David Christie Murray in "A Dangerous Catspaw" and "A Race for Millions," Robert W. Chambers in "A Tracer of Lost Persons," S. M. Gardenshire in "The Long Arm," Robert Barr in "The Triumphs of Eugene Valmont," E. S. De Pue in "Dr. Nicholas Stone," R. W. Kauffman in "Miss Frances Baird, Detective," F. M. White in "The Crimson Blind," Jacques Futrelle in "The Thinking Machine," and Arthur Morrison in "Martin Hewitt, Investigator," "The Chronicles of Martin Hewitt," "The Adventures of Martin Hewitt," and "The Red Triangle." But of all these makers of detective fiction the avowed sovereign is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. If his literary activity has by no means been confined to this province, at least his successes within it have brought him his chief distinction, since they have determined the later development of a whole genre.

Doyle's supremacy is due in part to the fact that he has made himself the heir of what was best in his predecessors. From Poe he has taken the analytical element, from Gaboriau the sensational. Where Dupin was sheer reason, and Lecoq sheer energy, Sherlock Holmes is reason governing energy, and energy marked by quiet *nonchalance.* The virtues of Dupin and of Lecoq unite in him, but he is more plausible than Dupin, because by hypothesis a man of exact scientific knowledge, and more plausible than Lecoq, because his success is the outcome of his qualities rather than the result of mere chance. In the matter of construction, also, Doyle has availed himself of Poe's concise presentation, and of Gaboriau's favorite device of interrupting the main narrative to insert the history of the criminal, by way of explaining his motives.

But literary influence was not alone responsible for Holmes's characteristics. During Doyle's medical apprenticeship in Edinburgh he was impressed by the analytical powers of one of his professors. In lecturing to a class Dr. Joseph Bell would supplement his diagnosis by brilliant inferences regarding his patient's manner of life, character, and past, — all based upon trifles. This Dupin of actuality provided a living model more potent perhaps than literary tradition in shaping Doyle's clever hero. At all events, Sherlock Holmes made his bow to the public in 1887 in a novel published in "Beeton's Christmas Annual." This was "A Study in Scarlet." It is largely analytical. Dr. Watson, the narrator, corresponds to the recorder of Dupin's feats, and is used, not only to tell the story, but also to take the edge from the reader's incredulity by his own oft-expressed astonishment. When Holmes investigates the scene and circumstances of a murder that has baffled the police, Watson regards his actions with wonder, and on retiring from the place is amazed to receive from Holmes a detailed description of the criminal and of his deed. Then the culprit is caught, and proves to be exactly as prefigured by Holmes, and there follows an account of the events leading up to the crime in the manner of Gaboriau.

Two years later appeared "The Sign of Four," which resorts more deliberately to the sensational. Here a mysterious treasure-chest, four Hindoos, an Indian captain, a major, a wooden-legged murderer and thief, and a poisoned thorn, are used to perplex the action, until only the acute inductions of Holmes can bring peace to the mind of the reader. Successive complications render the detective's feat more remarkable, and the flame of excitement, kindled by the original crime, is constantly replenished as the pursuit of the guilty gives rise to fresh situations that startle.

The mingling of melodrama with analysis becomes still more marked in "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (1902). Legend declares that the descendants of wicked Sir Hugo Baskerville are doomed to be haunted and killed by a phantom hound. The mysterious death of Sir Charles seems to confirm the story. His heir fears to take up residence upon the lonely moors lest the same fate await him; but Holmes, when called into consultation, laughs at the legend. Investigation convinces him that the criminal concerned in the case is a scheming descendant of another branch of the family, who seeks the extinction of the direct heirs. An attempt to seize the criminal red-handed gives rise to an exciting scene. Holmes and Watson, in ambush by night upon the moor, await the coming of the great hound that gleams with a strange light. They discharge their weapons at the phantom as it sweeps past, and Holmes in pursuit lays it low just as it springs at the throat of the young heir. Then the mystery is solved, for the hound proves to have been coated with phosphorus. His master has vanished, but a treacherous bog sufficiently accounts for his disappearance.

Even more characteristic, however, than these longer fictions are the thirty-six tales comprised in "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" (1891), "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes" (1893), and "The Return of Sherlock Holmes" (1904). Here the technique of the short story of crime-detection reaches its acme, and every phase of mystery and of solution is exhibited. Although several of the tales are told by the detective himself, Dr. Watson as a rule acts the admiring Boswell to his friend, chronicling these cases ostensibly to illustrate Holmes's qualities of mind. Usually the account opens with Watson's calling upon Holmes at Baker Street. There he receives an incidental demonstration of the great man's analytic powers, or listens to the general features of some mystery. The bell rings, and a client enters. If Holmes has not already informed Watson of this client's business, the visitor explains it from the beginning, but if the matter has already been broached he adduces fresh details.

Then, when the detective has engaged to look into the affair, his client leaves, and later Holmes, alone or in company with Watson, journeys to the scene of the crime, surveys it carefully, and meets and interviews various suspects. The solution of the problem may be reached at home, or else upon the spot after exciting manœuvres. In either event Holmes loves a surprising dénouement. So he smokes out the Norwood builder from his hiding place, shows the troubled diplomat a stolen document in the very treasure-box from which it has been taken, paints a missing race-horse and runs him in a steeple-chase beneath the unsuspecting owner's eyes, or serves up in a dish at breakfast the Naval Treaty, whose loss has threatened the breakfaster with ruin.

Sometimes what has seemed no more than an odd mystery proves the preliminary to a crime perpetrated during the course of the story, and Holmes, in the light of what has gone before, is enabled to explain the problem where others fail. This is the case in such tales as "The Red-Headed League," "The Five Orange Pips," "The Stock-Broker's Clerk," "The Resident Patient," "The Adventure of the Dancing Men," "The Adventure of the Six Napoleons," and "The Adventure of the Second Stain." More often the crime has already been committed. Then it is Holmes's duty to exonerate some one wrongfully suspected of the deed, as happens in "The Boscombe Valley Mystery," in "The Adventure of the Beryl Coronet," in "Silver Blaze," in "The Crooked Man," and in "The Adventure of Black Peter." He may even succeed in proving that no crime has been done, as in "A Case of Mistaken Identity," in "The Crooked Man," and in "The Man with the Twisted Lip," or he may apprehend the criminal, as he does the burglar who is burrowing into a bank vault, the thief who has concealed a blue carbuncle in a goose, that other thief who slips the black pearl of the Borgias into a soft plaster cast, the seaman who has slain his old enemy, the father and son who have murdered their servant, or the professor's wife, who having killed her husband's secretary, and, being discovered hidden in a wardrobe, swallows poison. More than once, however, Holmes, although he unearths the criminal, conceals that fact from the police, and allows his quarry freedom, believing that a higher law of justice has warranted this mercy.

Although Holmes is primarily an analyst, he now and then proves as active as the detective of the purely sensational school. When in "A Scandal in Bohemia" he seeks to regain for a noble personage compromising letters held by an adventuress, he pursues the lady to her secret wedding, comes forward to serve as a witness to the ceremony, then disguises as a clergyman, arranges a dispute before her house, and has Watson raise a cry of fire without, so that, when the lady rushes to secure her papers from the supposed danger, he may observe their place of concealment. In "The Final Problem" he dresses as a decrepit Italian priest, in order to elude the insidious Moriarty, with whom, however, he presently engages in a hand-to-hand struggle on the brink of a Swiss precipice. In "The Adventure of the Empty House" he amazes Watson by appearing in the guise of an old book-worm, when supposed to have lost his life, and then leads in the capture of Moriarty's lieutenant, who is shooting with an air-gun at an illusive silhouette of Holmes rigged up in an opposite window. In "The Adventure of Milverton," Holmes and Watson, in quest of certain documents, boldly break into the mansion of a blackmailer and chancing to witness there his murder by an irate mistress, burn the contents of his safe, and escape.

Occasionally, by contrast, Holmes does little or nothing. Thus, in "The Yellow Face" he offers an explanation of a mystery, but when upon closer investigation the truth emerges, he is as much surprised as his client. In "The Adventure of the Engineer's Thumb," a den of coiners that he seeks is revealed before he has had a chance to act, and the criminals themselves escape. In "The 'Gloria Scott,'" moreover, he merely recounts to Watson the story of a convict mutiny aboard a brig bound for Australia, and the later hounding to death of one of the convicts, who, having reformed and grown prosperous, is recognized by a sailor of the expedition.

It is in the more analytical tales, however, that Holmes appears at his best. "Problems," he declares, "may be solved in the study which have baffled all those who have sought a solution by the aid of their senses." He rails at his biographer for having slurred over "work of the utmost finesse and delicacy in order to develop sensational details which may excite, but cannot possibly instruct, the reader." His only emotion is the pleasure born of the chase, or the pride that is fed by success. His closest approach to love is admiration for the woman sharper who outwits him. If he delights to astonish the uninitiated by his prowess, or to patronize Inspectors Lestrade and Stanley Hopkins of Scotland Yard, he evinces no desire for public notoriety, rarely accepts payment for his services, and is content that his professional rivals shall profit by what he himself has achieved. The intellectual satisfaction of having resolved an enigma is his sufficient reward. Watson declares him to be "the most perfect reasoning and observing machine that the world has seen."

Specifically, Holmes is a student of facts and of character, and a specialist in many odd sciences. He keeps a register of the biographies of notables and of rogues for ready reference. With his microscope he can point the significance of every footprint and scratch, or recognize every variety of cigar ash. He is an expert in identifying handwriting, thus being enabled to resolve "The Reigate Puzzle" by proving that the words scrawled across a paper found in the clasp of a murdered coachman have been penned in their alternate letters by two different hands. He is further a master of every cipher, a reader of palimpsests, and a research chemist.

Watson at the outset has said, "I shall . . . give the preference to those cases which derive their interest not so much from the brutality of the crime, as from the ingenuity and dramatic quality of the solution;" and later he insists that the facts have often been commonplace when his friend's most remarkable feats of reasoning have been performed. Accordingly it is in the interpretation of trifles light as air that Holmes is shown to excel. From a hat he deduces the characteristics of its wearer; from a golden pince-nez dropped by an assassin he divines its owner to be a well-dressed lady, whose nose is thick, whose eyes are set close, whose forehead is puckered, whose expression is peering, whose shoulders are rounded, and whose record will exhibit at least two recent visits to an optician. In "The Adventure of the Abbey Grange" the sediment in one of three wine-glasses, a severed bell-rope frayed at one end, and a peculiar knot lead him to conclude that the murder of a brutal nobleman has been perpetrated by a seafaring lover of the latter's wife, and not by the burglars that the lady and her maid describe. In "The Adventure of the Norwood Builder" he proves from the carelessness with which a will has been drawn, from the irregularity of the writing, which has evidently been done in a railway carriage, from bloody thumb prints on a wall, and from measurements which show a secret room in an attic, that the alleged murder has never been committed. In "The Musgrave Ritual" — a piece reminiscent of Poe's "Gold Bug" — Holmes disengages from an old family catechism explicit directions as to the location of a vault where has been hidden the crown of Charles I. His inference that the ritual has already been deciphered by a missing butler is then confirmed as correct, for the butler is found dead in the vault where he has been shut by a jealous maid-servant, his accomplice in the hunt for treasure.

Such tales are typical in their mingling of sensation with analysis, but there are others in which the interest is purely intellectual. In "The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor" the bride who vanishes during her wedding breakfast is shown by Holmes to have recognized at the ceremony a husband she had thought dead, and to have merely rejoined him, leaving her bridal clothes in a pond to throw pursuers off the scent. In "The Adventure of the Three Students" the copier of an examination paper is detected by his unusual height, which alone could have enabled him to look in at his tutor's window, by the strange fainting of the tutor's porter, which is shown to have been feigned in order to cover a glove that the culprit, a son of a former master, had dropped on a chair, and by certain scratches and cones of clay and sawdust, which are identified as the traces left by a pair of spiked jumping shoes carried in the hand of an athlete.

As for the crimes upon which these stories are based, they vary from murders and thefts to kidnappings and forcible marriages. Warnings of imminent death are conveyed by the five orange pips of the Ku Klux Klan, by the hieroglyphics known as the dancing men, and by the footprints observed in the room of the resident patient. Now an ex-whaling-master is transfixed in his shanty by one of his own harpoons; now a hydraulic press closes down on the engineer who has inspected it too curiously. A gang of swindlers employs the fumes of charcoal to suffocate recalcitrant captives, and Holmes himself is dragged over a cliff, apparently to perish. In "The Speckled Band" a malignant physician, in order to prevent the marriage of a stepdaughter, attempts her murder by the means that have proved effective in disposing of her sister. At dead of night he introduces into her room a swamp-adder, which glides down a bell-rope, and being beaten back by the waiting Holmes, poisons its manipulator.

Here, also, are thefts of papers and of valuables, a burglary or two, swindlings, and mysterious appearances and disappearances. In "The Man with the Twisted Lip" a beggar, arrested on complaint of a lady for having made away with her husband, proves to be the husband himself, who has gained a livelihood thus transformed. In "A Case of Mistaken Identity" the girl who deplores the disappearance of her lover on the eve of marriage learns from Holmes that he is merely her stepfather who has sought in disguise to engage her affections that she may continue thereafter unwed, and so secure him in the enjoyment of her property. In "The Adventure of the Copper Beeches" another rascal, inspired by similar motives, imprisons his stepdaughter, and procures a governess to pose in a window as the girl, thus deceiving a watching lover into believing her happy and free. Now a little nobleman is kidnapped from the Priory School by a wicked half-brother; now a Greek interpreter is carried off by plotters who require his linguistic services; presently a lady is seized by a ruffian who hopes through marriage to gain her fortune; and then, in "The Stock-Broker's Clerk," a youth who is lured from the London berth just offered him by the promise of a better position in Birmingham, finds that his name and the former place have been assumed by a rascal, in order to rob the London firm.

Jewels are concealed by thieves in the most unlikely of places; a beryl coronet is filched from the house of a banker, who believes his son guilty of the deed, until Holmes fixes the crime on the young man's cousin and her unscrupulous lover; and in "The Naval Treaty" the theft of that document leaves the reader's suspicions to vacillate among several possible culprits, from the diplomat who has asked that it be copied, and the porter of the office where the copying has been done, to the porter's wife, the copyist's sweetheart, and the sweetheart's brother.

Crime as such, however, counts for little in fiction of this type, for the more analytical the tale, the less is the figure cut by mere roguery. In "The Red-Headed League," for example, an amusing mystery and a clever solution are based upon the simplest of facts. An advertisement offering a position to a red-headed man is shown to a pawnbroker by his clerk. The flaming locks of the pawnbroker secure him the place, which only requires the copying out in a certain office for a few hours a day of pages from the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The pay is excellent, but one morning the pawnbroker finds his sinecure gone, for a placard announces the dissolution of the Red-Headed League. Desiring reinstatement, he consults Holmes, who, learning that the clerk had come to the pawnbroker for half pay, and that he had manifested a fondness for developing photographs in his master's cellar, calls at the shop, notices the man's wrinkled trouser knees, and observes that a bank, located on another street, adjoins this shop in the rear. Evidently a tunnel has been dug during the pawnbroker's enforced absence, and a burglary is in contemplation. That Holmes and the police then capture the robbers as they emerge from their burrow is a matter of minor importance, since it is neither the rogues nor their deed, but the oddity of clues to the case, and the ingenuity of the detective's inductions, that command the reader's attention.

For Doyle, in short, the detective, not the rogue, is the thing. Once only does he conjure up an anti-hero fit to cope with his hero in guile. Moriarty is an ex-professor of mathematics, turned chief of a great criminal syndicate. "He is a genius," says Holmes, "a philosopher, an abstract thinker. He has a brain of the first order. He sits motionless like a spider in the centre of its web, but that web has a thousand radiations, and he knows well every quiver of each of them. He does little himself. He only plans." This modernized and sublimated Jonathan Wild is left undeveloped, however, in order that the fascinating Sherlock Holmes may continue to hold the stage without a rival.

While the upper classes have been catered to by Conan Doyle, the great unwashed have been regaled in shilling shockers and in dime novels by Nicholas Carter [John Russell Coryell], and by countless of his kind. Writers of this school have lent their pens either to cheap periodicals or to paper-covered volumes, published in series. One collection of such volumes already boasts five hundred novels. That few if any of these works deviate from crudest melodrama, and that most deserve oblivion, needs no demonstration. To discuss them, or the output in similar vein of authors more approved, would transgress the limits of this study. It is here sufficient to have recognized in the literature of crime-detection an heir of the literature of roguery, and to have marked the circumstances of its birth and the trend of its development. That this subsidiary genre will attain to the rank or to the influence of its picaresque parent seems unlikely; but that both are destined to survive while society continues subject to the depredations of the anti-hero, who can doubt?

As a force moulding literary history the English literature of roguery has proved most potent in affecting the drift of the drama in the early seventeenth century, in cooperating to create the novel in the eighteenth century, and in amplifying the scope of that novel, and in producing the detective story in the nineteenth century. If it has stood at a far remove from art in such departments as the anatomies of roguery and the criminal biographies, and in such a work as "The English Rogue," it has also achieved artistic distinction in the later fiction, and it has reckoned among its devotees many whose names rank high in the annals of literature. Most picturesque in the days of Elizabeth, most immoral in the days of the Stuarts, and most earnest and at the same time most merry under the Georges, it has become since the advent of the nineteenth century most diffused, complex, and varied. Now it views sordid actuality in the dry light of reason; now it yields to the play of imagination and of sentiment; now it is merely ingenious. It receives the tribute alike of the romanticist and of the realist. It adapts itself equally well to the purposes of the moralist and to those of the jester, to the propaganda of the humanitarian reformer, or to the inventions of the light-hearted teller of tales. To entertain has ever been its purpose, but although much of it has done only this, in the main the genre has acquired significance in so far as it has also subserved the ends of satire, or revealed the manners and life of the underworld, or contributed to an understanding of character, or furthered a study of social conditions with a view to social improvement. In some or all of these directions the literature of roguery has successfully adventured in the past, and these remain the pathways open to its progress in the future.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER XIII

Histories of literature ignore detective fiction, and it has been accorded but slight treatment in the magazines. The most suggestive article upon this theme — H. L. Williams's *Germ of the Detective Novel* (*Book-Buyer*, 21: 268) — is tantalizing by what it omits. A. B. Maurice in *The Detective in Fiction* (*Bookman*, 15: 231) classifies the sleuth according to his social caste. M. Thornton Armstrong in *The Detective Story* (*Editor*, 23: 5) very briefly outlines the requirements of the genre. Most other notices are worthless, although *The Scientific Detection of Crime* (*Green Bag*, 3: 288), *Criminals and their Detection* (*New Review*, 9: 65), and *Fiction and Crime* (*Saturday Review*, 62: 349) may be consulted. I am chiefly indebted to an unpublished essay, *The Detective Story*, prepared under my direction by Mr. Frank de Raismes Storey, a former pupil. Gaboriau is discussed in *The Sensational Serial* (*Living Age*, 230: 129), and in A. E. Gathorne-Hardy's *Novels of Gaboriau* (*National Review*, 3: 591). Captain W. L. Melville Lee's *History of Police in England* (1901), Major Griffiths's *Mysteries of Police and Crime* (1899), P. H. Fitzgerald's *Chronicles of Bow Street Police Office* (1888, 2 vols.), G. S. McWatters's *Detectives of Europe and America* (1883), and Patrick Colquhoun's *Treatise on the Police of the Metropolis* (London, 1806, 7th ed.) afford historical side-lights on the rise of the detective story. Poe's contribution is considered by Brander Matthews (*Scribner's*, 42: 3). His analytical powers are examined in C. O. Hurd's *The Logic of the Murders in the Rue Morgue* (*Harvard Monthly*, 1: 7), but his biographers have not investigated his detective fiction as to source or influence. Wilkie Collins is noticed in A. C. Swinburne's *Studies in Prose and Poetry* (London, 1894). Sir Arthur Conan Doyle receives consideration in various brief articles, notably *The Genesis of Sherlock Holmes* (*Bookman*, 12: 550), *Wilkie Collins and his Mantle* (*Living Age*, 233: 566), *The Novels of Arthur Conan Doyle* (*Living Age*, 242: 641), *Inconsistencies of Sherlock Holmes* (*Bookman*, 14: 446). and *Sir Arthur Conan Doyle* (*Academy*, 65: 444). Doyle himself in the thousandth number of London *Tit-Bits* has discussed his detective fiction.

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